

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *Speculum Perfectionis, seu S. Francisci Assisiensis Legenda Antiquissima.* Auctore Fratre Leone. Nunc primum edidit Paul Sabatier. Paris, 1898.

2. *Vie de S. François d'Assise.* Par Paul Sabatier. Vingtième édition. Paris, 1898.

3. *Legendæ Duæ de Vita Sti. Francisci.* Auctore S. Bonaventura. Editæ a PP. Collegii ejusdem S. Bonaventuræ. Quaracchi, 1898.

4. *Fioretti di S. Francesco.* Turin, 1871.

5. *L'Eresia nel Medio Evo.* Studi di Felice Tocco. Florence, 1884.

And other Works.

**G**IOVANNI, son of Pietro Bernardone, was born at Assisi in Umbria, some time during the year 1182, or perhaps 1181, on a day which cannot now be recovered. At Assisi, likewise, he died, in his forty-fifth year, on Saturday evening, October 3rd, 1226. He was canonized under the name of St. Francis by his friend and protector, Pope Gregory IX., less than two years from the date of his death, on July 16th, 1228. And in 1266, forty years after the same event, in a full assembly of the Franciscan Order, holden in Paris, at which St. Bonaventure presided, the following Constitution was drawn up:—

‘The General Chapter commands under obedience that all the legends of Blessed Francis heretofore made be abolished; and that, where they be found outside the Order, the brethren study to do away with them, seeing that the legend which hath been made by the General was compiled according as he had it from their mouth who were always as it were with the Blessed Francis and knew all certainly, and the matters proved are there set down diligently.’

A modern critic, lighting on this passage, would have his attention immediately awakened by its anxious yet peremptory

tone, and its singular method of reasoning. Why did the Chapter insist, at a distance of forty years and more from the incidents to be described, on dealing, like Omar the Caliph, with so many works as must by that time have accumulated, in a way which was, to say the least, unusual, except where the charge of heresy had been fastened on such writings, and they had fallen under anathema? What, again, is meant by preferring the 'Legend' of Bonaventure to these earlier and possibly more authentic narratives? And why is it stated so emphatically that the General, though he never had set eyes on St. Francis, yet had learned his story 'from their mouth who were always as it were with him, and knew all certainly'? The problem which these words, and the acts following upon them, cannot but imply, would stir up at once a passion for research, and suggest the lines upon which it must move, in the curious antiquarian. He could not refrain from asking himself whether any of 'the legends heretofore made' were still in existence. Or had all alike been abolished 'under obedience,' and was that of St. Bonaventure alone left to tell the tale?

Instinctively, such a critic or enquirer would turn first to the legend thus held up for admiration as true and sufficient, and the quintessence of all others. He would have no trouble in finding it. The 'Life' by St. Bonaventure would meet him everywhere in all the Franciscan libraries of Europe. There is no speech or language where its voice is not heard. The Italian version has long been a classic, and is graceful and debonair, with a charming touch of the antique in its drawn-out sentences.\* The English goes back several hundred years, and was keenly relished in the days when recusants clung to their devout literature in secret, and printed it where they could, abroad or at home. The original Latin text, never much disturbed, has been given forth again quite lately, at the house of the Minor Conventuals near Florence. In a significant preface, these scholarly men echo from after, faintly yet not indistinctly, the warning words of that ancient Chapter, held six hundred and thirty-three years ago. But their drift is not altogether the same. They have caught sight of the critic, whom, without disapproving utterly, they feel tempted to distrust. He is a stranger and an intruder. He may not be a Franciscan, or a Catholic, or a Christian at all. How can he write faithfully of things which he has never experienced? 'But,' say these excellent men, learned in manuscripts, 'to pass a true judgment on this "Life" of St. Francis, we must not try

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\* Read it, as published by Mgr. Leopoldo Amonî, Rome, 1888.



it by that standard which the modern science of history is wont to use.' For history now lays stress upon finding out and setting down the acts, times, and circumstances of a man's life, whereas Bonaventure, in the spirit of that earlier age, drove at practice rather than knowledge, did indeed relate nothing but what appeared to him true, but wrote for edification and painted the soul. 'Nor,' said Leonardo Aretino, 'has any one excelled him in this high province.' Whereupon the critic, leaving editors to their task, opens the 'Legend' and reads it diligently, as it was written.

It is a fine mediæval text, no question, with something in its lights and colours of the richness of a window in stained glass, devout, warm, mystical, edifying—but certainly not modern. It has a rhetoric of its own, pious and abounding in the references to Scripture which the Middle Ages loved, and out of which we might build up the style of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, and Pope Gregory IX. Yet, as the editors have told us, times and circumstances are wanting to it. From its pages of meditative eloquence we cannot learn, or be sure that we know, what manner of man Francis really was. Another classic 'Legend' occurs to our mind as we go forward in this quiet and demure company, where all is said in an undertone without variation of key. We remember the 'Little Flowers of St. Francis,' with their poetry, their wild and fantastic humour, their pretty extravagances, their frolic tone, their 'grandissima allegrezza e caritate'; what has become of this, which paints in still more vivid hues, and as if out of doors, under the cloudless Umbrian sky, a Saint most unconventional, full of sweet fancies, not only tender but jocose, living in sequestered woods and on the mountain side, among birds and beasts, and gathering about him strange child-like followers, grown men with the simplicity of children, Brother Giles and Brother Juniper, whose very names are the signal for a smile? It is not only the chronology that we seek and do not find; it is the man as Italian tradition knows and loves him; the Francis that composed and went about singing his 'Canticle of the Sun.' What has befallen those touching majestic stanzas? For they are not here.

'Altissimu, onnipotente, bon Signore,

tue sono le laude, la gloria, el honore, et onne benedictione.'

Did Bonaventure never hear them? Impossible. But he has passed them by. And many another word and story, which still run from lip to lip, we shall look for here in vain. But the 'Fioretti' are a garland of idle tales, say the severe

Bollandists, which they would not waste their precious moments in glancing at, let alone studying them. Such was once upon a time the art of critics, saintly or scholastic, too high for these things beloved of mere peasants and unlettered folk. Nevertheless, a charm so potent, so enduring, had the 'Flowers of St. Francis,' that to this day, in the common imagination, *they* are his 'Life,' rather than the stately, all too serious, pages of St. Bonaventure or the Bollandists.

What was the man like after all? Not the most austere contemplative is forbidden to ask that question. Cardinal Newman, who will not be suspected of undervaluing works of piety, has said, with characteristic boldness:—

'A Saint's writings are to me his real "Life"; and what is called his "Life" is not the outline of an individual, but either of the *auto-saint* or of a myth. Perhaps I shall be asked what I mean by "Life." I mean a narrative which impresses the reader with the idea of moral unity, identity, growth, continuity, personality. When a Saint converses with me, I am conscious of the presence of one active principle of thought, one individual character, flowing on and into the various matters which he discusses, and the different transactions in which he mixes. It is what no memorials can reach.'

And he goes on to affirm that, if we draw out our materials, 'not according to years, but according to virtues,' we may perhaps be teaching 'moral science,' but we shall not be writing history.

'Nay,' he concludes, 'hardly that; for chronological considerations will be neglected; youth, manhood, and age, will be intermingled. I shall not be able to trace out, for my own edification, the solemn conflict which is waging in the soul between what is divine and what is human, or the eras of the successive victories won by the powers and principles which are divine. I shall not be able to determine whether there was heroism in the young, whether there was not infirmity and temptation in the old. I shall not be able to explain actions which need explanation, for the age of the actors is the true key for entering into them.'\*

This quotation, we trust, will not appear too long. It is, perhaps, a little more decided in refusing to accept the character of individuals on any testimony save their own—when the writers are saints—than the critic will be, who has his peculiar means of sifting out evidence from the conclusions founded upon it, and who, in a certain measure, turns that witness to autobiography. For, as we possess the letters of Chrysostom or Augustine, so, to take a closely parallel instance, we may

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\* Newman, 'St. Chrysostom,' 'Hist. Sketches,' ii. 227-230.

have the recorded conversations of Dr. Johnson. Coming back to St. Bonaventure, it must be said that, while he keeps no order of time, and the indications of place are by no means always clear, his incomparable hero is transfigured into a glory that hides him by its brightness. We feel the lack of humour, the toning down or omission of humble but impressive circumstances which, though nothing apart from a man, are everything as showing him to us near at hand. In brief, this poor fleshly garb of ours, if it be not rendered with all its imperfections, will vanish in the luminous cloud, and we shall yet be seeking the Francis whom his neighbours saw, and wondered at, and could have told us many a droll story about, with the something in it of heavenly, too, which was his charm. He has left this undying memory, romantic and human. Can we trace it to its source, assure ourselves that it is not imagination, and watch it springing up? Was there a *Legenda Antiqua*, in which the Saint himself talked and acted, and told his companions what he meant at setting out, how he fared, and whether he achieved his ideal, or came within sight of it? We are able, at length, to answer that there was, and that we have it still.

The trials, triumphs, and vicissitudes of glory and shame which the Franciscan Order has tasted have long been matter of history. No Congregation in the Roman Church unfolds a chronicle so chequered. None has aimed at higher things, or developed an originality more startling. What scenes will compare, for example, with the ardent hopeless uprising of the Spirituals—or extreme Left Wing, as they would now be termed—led by William of Occam and Michael da Cesena, against principalities and powers, nay, against the Apostolic See itself, in that boundless confusion of the fourteenth century? But here precisely we come upon the track which, eluding Bonaventure, goes round as well as beyond him, and takes us back to the beginning and St. Francis. Read the published fragments—we await the full printing yet—of the ‘*Chronicon Tribulationum*,’ written in the year 1330 by Angelo Clareno. This Angelo was born between 1240 and 1250; entered the Order young; made acquaintance with certain of the first generation of Friars; fought valiantly on behalf of the letter and spirit of a Rule which, by interpretation or enlargement, had grown more and more to resemble the Benedictine or the Augustinian; and lived on, a much-enduring saint, into his ninetieth year, dying as late as 1339. But he complains that—

‘Francis had communicated very many things to his companions and the ancient Friars which have been sunk in oblivion, partly because those things which had been written in the First Legend were,

were, when Friar Bonaventure brought out a new one, abolished and destroyed by his command, and partly because they were held in contempt as they seemed to run counter to the common course. St. Francis, taught of Christ, delivered to his brethren and foretold that as Adam, in the apple of the knowledge of good and evil, had transgressed God's command, so the Friars, by their love of knowledge [*amore sciendi*] would fall from the virtue of truth and humility, and from the love and the operation of poverty.'

What a fierce light is here thrown suddenly across the General Chapter of 1266, sitting at Paris, 'in gremio Universitatis,' with St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, at its head! Nothing less, it appears, than a vital difference in the interpretation of the Rule, in conceiving the Franciscan idea and carrying it out, emerges from this statement, combined with the decree, which we know was issued, for abolishing the earlier legends. But the 'Chronicle of Tribulations' does more than recite a fact: it quotes often from the ancient authorities; the first part of it turns out to be a recapitulation of those books which, somehow, had escaped the fire and survived, without glory or recognition, down to the day when it was lawful to read and possess them again. As at Florence the rival schemes of government, '*largo e stretto*,' had their seasons of honour and dishonour, so, from the moment when Francis quitted a world which had been too much for him, in the Seraphic Order one General revoked what his predecessors had established, or set up again what had been cast down. Brother Elias ruled, was deposed, came again to the supreme power, and again was hurled from it by Papal anathema. John of Parma, his blameless successor, died a martyr for the cause of the strict observance. Bonaventure followed, and after him a line of moderates, zealous for the *juste milieu*; severe on the relaxed, but still more unsparing in their treatment of the Spirituals; resolute in defence of the learning, the temporalities, and the high places which they deemed nowise incompatible with Franciscan poverty. The Popes migrated to Babylon in France; they displayed a luxury which the Renaissance would not much outshine; and at Avignon the quarrel between '*largo e stretto*' was taken up with renewed violence. But a wind of reform had passed over the Brethren; it was now the turn of those who preferred Francis and his ways to the dynasty of which Bonaventure had been the most worthy representative. Legends hitherto suppressed came to light. In the great refectory of the Friars at Avignon they were read by command from the pulpit, and visitors or pilgrims copied, took away with them, and scattered in every part of the world such chapters as  
pleased

pleased them best. When Luke Wadding and the Bollandists undertook the history of the Order, these materials lay dispersed here and there, available though not soliciting attention. Used or neglected, it is only since the beginning of the present century that they have, little by little, asserted their claim to the importance they are now seen to possess. These last years have witnessed a resurrection of documents such as we could not have hoped for. And at length the 'Life' of the Poverello d'Assisi may be written from sources authentic and contemporary, full of those personal, intimate, and characteristic details which Cardinal Newman thought indispensable to a right understanding of any saint, while they suffer the critic to test them upon principles now acknowledged on all sides.

When we speak of the historian of St. Francis, we name M. Paul Sabatier. Others may have compiled; M. Sabatier has interpreted. To him modern literature will adjudge no contemptible crown. For he has made this most human of the saints a living figure once more among the great religious idealists. M. Renan had a mind to boast that he, and no second son of the nineteenth century, understood St. Francis. It was too much and too little. The Francis whom he knew was his own creation, not very solid or real—a phantom rather, airy and volatile. To know the genuine Francis, M. Renan would have found it necessary to comprehend the spirit of the Middle Age; his 'Drames Philosophiques' are surely a demonstration that he had scarcely outgone Voltaire a league on that toilsome journey. Better things may be written of M. Sabatier. Descended from a well-known Evangelical stock, of which Strassburg is justly proud, the historian brings to his enterprise that profoundly serious temper of the Puritans, but also a critical training wherein are mingled elements more gracious. Though hardly, or perhaps not at all, dogmatic in his religious principles, he is devout, sympathetic, and candid. The iconoclast mood, fatal to intelligence, he does not cultivate. But he inherits far too much good sense to handle this rare and touching idyl—this Italian page added to the New Testament—as if it were naught save literature, or an æsthetic theme on which the dilettante might show off. To disengage from fiction, from polemics, from barren or interested moralizing, the unparalleled Saint who never has had equal or successor in his own line, and to set him forth in the terrible and magnificent thirteenth century, as he appeared before the cloud took him and the mortal man was hidden—such is the task to which M. Sabatier has consecrated his days, and he has done exceedingly well.

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The French 'Life of St. Francis' may not detain us now. It is in every way a success, and its twentieth edition a pleasing proof that men and women still read what will profit them, if the writer be not wanting. Its firm yet sensitive style, its self-control, its exactitude, its modesty of tone, and its delicate local colour, gained by a long residence at Assisi, entitle it to be called the best biography of St. Francis in a modern tongue. But if we would take the full measure of M. Sabatier, we must consider him as the critic, who, in preparing and making accessible to European scholars the '*Speculum Perfectionis*' of Brother Leo, has displayed the finest sagacity, and given us back a treasure which might have seemed to be hopelessly lost.

An article might indeed be spent, and to good purpose, in following M. Sabatier through the libraries and manuscripts which have led up to this triumph. But St. Francis waits; we must hasten on. Suffice it, therefore, that we are now in possession of three 'Lives,' and large portions, if not the whole, of a fourth, written between 1227 and 1247, the latest of them anticipating Bonaventure's 'Legend' by some thirteen years. Two are official: the first and second 'Lives,' which we owe to Thomas of Celano, composed, one in 1227, at Pope Gregory's instance, the other in 1247, at the request of the General, Crescentius, and of the whole Order. That of which only portions were extant dates from 1246, and was used by Celano; it is celebrated as the work of the 'Three Companions,' Leo, Angelus, and Rufinus. Within the last few months, more of it has been discovered, perhaps the whole; and it is in process of editing at Rome. But Leo, its principal author, was confessor, friend, and intimate of Francis, '*homo miræ simplicitatis et puritatis*,' observes Angelo Clareno, quoting the words of the Saint himself. Neither did he delay twenty years before committing to paper what he had seen and heard in so privileged a friendship. By an accumulation of evidence, too intricate for this place, but as clear as it is copious, M. Sabatier proves that within a year of the Saint's death, Leo, whom Francis was wont affectionately to call '*la pecorella di Dio*,' had composed in his beautiful hand-writing, specimens of which may still be viewed at Assisi, a large account of all, extending, in its present shape, to no less than one hundred and twenty-four chapters. This is that '*Legenda Antiquissima*' of which all the while we have been in search.

A singular contrast to Bonaventure's 'Legend'! True, that when we first turn over its pages, we make out neither plan nor chronology, save the attempt to illustrate and exalt the virtues of the Seraphic—his poverty, lowliness, gentle dealings, and the pathos



pathos which his last years brought with them. The wandering tale reminds us of a note-book into which matters have been cast for sorting and arrangement by and by. Or it is like Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' 'sine arte, sine ordine,' the hastily drawn portrait which a mourner, occupied with his grief and his love, dashes down lest he forget some precious feature of the Beloved who is gone from him. Written, too, with a strong indignant sense of what was taking place around him, with Elias and the too carnal followers whom that astute ambitious man had won over, dyeing the white purity of the Franciscan ideal in their scarlet dreams. The 'Speculum' is a passionate polemic, yet not only that. For its argument is a life, tenderly, graphically told, with transparent candour, and not without genius, the more delightful to moderns that it never glances at itself, but is utterly direct, absorbed in the story it has to tell, and knows nothing of plays upon words, and the quaintnesses in that day imagined as fit ornaments of rhetoric and a good style. From Frà Leone, and the companions likeminded with him, comes whatsoever is individual, lively, heart-stirring—the fire and the emotion, the divinely-simple heroic, the joy in which a tear is hidden—that has passed into Thomas of Celano, and, wrought to some inevitable wildness and popular fancy, has given the 'Fioretti' their breath of the morning air. Frà Leone overflows with his Master's sayings and doings. He is full of them, and lavishes reminiscence upon everyone who pays him a visit at Assisi, the place where he too was born, and which, after Francis has laid down there his mortal spoils, he never will forsake. But his first memorial, flung off with headlong speed, cries aloud, in its mere disorder, that the heart was pouring out an abundance of life, experienced and unforgettable. There is no plan; yet, with a little care, we arrive at one.

For, unlike the official story, told by a stranger, this has sprung up out of the soil. It is a vision of things done, always before the eyes of Frà Leone, which he sees in every particular as it comes to pass. M. Sabatier, being an admirable judge of the real in history, applies to the 'Speculum' a method not far removed from that of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' familiar to English students. And he draws out for us, from the seeming medley of chapters, a succession, a chronology, as simple as it is luminous. From St. Bonaventure we could get nothing distinct in place or time. Here the details find their proper situation, and every stroke adds to the picture. The visual power is extraordinary in this man, who knows the highways and byways of his little Umbrian town, clinging to the hillside, as none but a native could know them. And the language of  
St. Francis,



St. Francis, here echoing at every turn, is that incommunicable speech of the gods when they come down among mortals, inspired, idiomatic in some country where we have never been, not lending itself to imitation. A made-up legend, observes M. Sabatier, will never stand this test. Blow away the names, and nothing is left; all has gone to colourless water. But, in these pages, the names do not signify. You may blot them out, the reality stands as before, smiling at you, visible as a landscape which you see for the first time and without a map. Because it is experience, it bears within itself this unique power of impressing the spectator. Such is *Frà Leone's* narrative. When we have finished reading it in the right order we know our St. Francis.

The Saint of the '*Fioretti*' and tradition, despite the grave Bollandists. A man not easy to frame, and put on canvas, or so much as persuade to sit for his portrait as one of the canonized; very perplexing to routine, whether in castle, market-place, or church; so inveterately original that nothing would serve but he must go his own way; yet charming everyone, high or low, by his forgetfulness of self, his bright and innocent looks, his gay confidence in the nature of things, and his faith in Paradise at the doors. Never was there such an optimist. 'Be not overcome by evil; but overcome evil by good' is a philosophy which the largest reforming designs have found too wide and deep for their proportions: the reformer, almost as speedily as the mad revolutionist, clutches at the sword in his zeal to bring about with no delay the Kingdom of Heaven. Francis would take up neither the axe of the headsman nor the rods of the lawgiver, whose lictors, in the Middle Ages, went before him, bearing their instruments of torture. But the Saint of Assisi lived all his days in Galilee, transporting by a mighty magic into the heart of Italian anarchisms the world of the first three Gospels, and, amid confusions which no after-time has exceeded, showing himself a moral miracle, his power being simply human, unsullied by rage or force, borne up by the grace in which he believed.

*Frà Leone* is not a philosopher. He has no outlook into the meaning of his own age. To him it appears a matter of course that Assisi should detest Perugia, and Perugia lie in wait for Assisi; that, within the compass even of his native ant-hill, nobles and industrials should be fighting—the '*majores*' against the '*minores*'—and that Bishop and Podestà should need to be reconciled by the song of the dying Saint. What a picture it is, touching and melancholy no less than barbarous, when Francis calls the high people together that they may hear his

his brethren, the 'Joculatores Domini,' the Lord's minstrels, chant his 'Canticum Fratris Solis' and be pacified, yielding up their spirit to the charm of its fresh stanzas!—

'Laudato si, Misignore, per quelli ke perdonano per lo tuo amore,  
et sostengon infirmitate et tribulatione :  
beati quelli kel sosterranno in pace,  
ka da te, Altissimo, sirano incoronati.'

By way of prelude to the deeds which glorified this 'poor man of Assisi,' we should read a little in two books, unlike enough to one another, yet each pouring its own light upon the century into which Francis was born. One is St. Matthew's Gospel; the other Thucydides. If we would set before us the Italy over which Popes and Emperors fought their battles—the 'tented field' of the Fredericks, Innocents, Alexanders, Gregories; of the Lombard League, of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; of the municipalities walled in, and the castles held by captain-brigands; of robber-companies, and bishops in coats of mail, and ten thousand tyrants scrambling for the booty of a growing middle class—and all this calling itself civilization—we may study it in the pages of the immortal Greek. Hellas and Italy exhibit the Aryan madness, which will not combine against barbarians, but turns the sword in its own bowels, and delights in faction-fighting, till some strong hand beats it into slavery, when now too weak for resistance. And the blood feuds, the treason, the defiling of holy things, the oracles sent out from Delphi, the interdicting from the sacred games—in Italian or Greek they are identical, except that no Thucydides arose in the year 1300 to make of the century just gone out in volcano fires and whirlwinds of burning smoke 'a possession for ever.' But we should look again at his chapters on the revolutions of Corcyra, and compare with them our medieval chronicles, Papal Bullaria, and manifestos of Frederick II., if we would realize the heroism of a new sort which ran to and fro in a world so desperately convulsed, crying to every one it met: 'Pax et bonum.'

M. Sabatier does not shrink from the assertion that Francis delayed the fall of mediæval Christendom by three centuries, and was, in fact, its saviour. The perils which menaced it on every side came from its champions as from its most determined enemies. That city should rise against city, the country against the castle, the Upper and Lower Town be embroiled in deadly warfare, was bad enough. But in the never-ceasing quarrel of Church and Empire something far more terrible had come to pass. With the Pope, the Hierarchy, the Monastic Orders,

Orders, all that we now describe as morality and civilization was bound up. How then did these elements of the higher life prosper in a chaos upon which, amid storms and tempests, the fierce contending powers fought out their quarrels? Let one symptom be quoted, concerning which there is no manner of dispute. When Innocent III. reigned—a Pontiff abounding in energy, conscientious, austere, and resolute in putting down evil—the three chief countries of the West were, in whole or part, struck with interdict. So far as in him lay, Innocent did his utmost to suspend the public practice of Christianity for months or years in England, Germany, and France. He smote the people by way of bringing rulers to their knees. It was a hazardous experiment, kill or cure, repeated again and again, until the common man learned to do without those sacraments which, through no fault of his own, might be taken from him whenever it pleased authority to employ this weapon against kings and emperors, republics and magistrates. What way could be more certain of throwing the Christian back on his private judgment, and teaching him to consult the spirit in his own breast, than by locking the Church doors, silencing the bells, and abolishing the ritual? None but the clergy could do this amazing defeat upon themselves; and they did it.

They reckoned that the people would come back to them, suing for reconciliation. But thousands had ceased to distinguish between the Church and its ministers. Tradition held, with Augustine, that, the great High Priest being always Christ—‘*Christus qui baptizat*’ was the formula—it could not signify to the intrinsic worth and grace of the sacraments whether saint or sinner administered them as the instrumental or second cause. Yet even Gregory VII., in his wrath against simony and concubinage in the clergy, had ordained: ‘*Si qui vero [presbyteri vel subdiaconi] in peccato suo perseverare maluerunt, nullus vestrum eorum præsumat audire officium, quia benedictio eorum vertitur in maledictionem et oratio in peccatum.*’ It was a famous canon, ‘*Nullus audiat missam,*’ repeated in many Councils, whereby the supreme authorities did their utmost to separate not so much the people from the priest as the priest from the people, when his guilt had become notorious. But a hundred years afterwards, Lucius III., dreading what might happen if laymen were thus permitted to sit in judgment on their clergy, distinguished between notoriety of fact and notoriety of law: an ecclesiastical court must intervene. It was too late. Arnold of Brescia had taught, or his followers had ascribed to him, a doctrine which, if carried into practice, would

would have left innumerable parishes desolate: 'Quod pro malitia clericorum sacramenta Ecclesiæ sunt vitanda.' The 'Poor Men' of Lyons or of Milan were beginning to give trouble. The Waldensians roamed from city to city, translated the Bible into Provençal, withdrew into secret chambers and celebrated the Lord's Supper, and were evermore denying that a bad priest could consecrate the Body of Christ. Let them have their way and the Hierarchy must come to an end, the religious Orders be deemed superfluous, when weavers and merchants, dwelling in their own homes, professed to be living up to all that the New Testament counselled or commanded. These early unconscious Protestants were now spread along the world's highway. They wandered down as far south as Rome itself; they were encamped in Lombardy; they followed the fairs in France; they travelled north to Paris, everywhere finding disciples, nor thought the people evil of them.

But a new church was rising as the old began to stoop towards its base. The Paulicians, Cathari, Bulgarians, Albigenses, the 'new Manichæans'—by how many names were they not praised or flouted, every one of them a sign that the sectarian fever was at its height? Gibbon has left an incomparable description of their pilgrimage from the mountains of Armenia to the banks of the Rhone and the Garonne; he is not unjust to them; and their cruel sufferings in the war which almost blotted them out have subdued multitudes of readers to a pity and sorrow for them surely not deserving of blame. The thirteenth century was merciless; when we go through its history year by year, and all that tale of blood fills our eyes, stains our imagination, at last in horror we let the volume fall, and ask ourselves if they were of one kindred with us who did such things? It is certain that in action as in speech the mediæval hero was a child dominated by his first lively impressions, headlong, without judgment, and, once roused, a demon whose furious onset aimed only at destruction. We are as much perplexed, when we read of the capture of Beziers, to reconcile with the supposed Christianity of these crusaders their atrocious deeds, as, in the pages of Thucydides, we fail to understand how it was the same Athenians who melted into tenderness before the Euripidean stage and decreed the universal slaughter of the people of Mitylene. But the Athenians revoked their decree. In the Middle Age no revocation was possible, or would have been tolerated.

So it is, and our instinctive detestation of cruelty ranges us on the side of the hunted heretics, not as sharing their doctrine, but as loathing their persecutors. Yet the truth must be told.

'Better

‘Better had it been for Rome,’ says M. Sabatier, ‘had she won her triumph by meekness, learning, and holiness; but a soldier cannot always choose his weapons, and, when life is at stake, he will snatch the first that comes to hand. The Papacy has not always defended reaction and ignorance; when it put down the Cathari, it was the victory of good sense, nay of reason.’

These sectaries, who paid so dearly for their attempt to orientalize Christendom, held an anarchical creed. They were, as M. Sabatier perceives, given over to a mixture of fancies and principles, which, had they prevailed, would in no long while have degraded their converts below the level of Islam. For the Albigenses were ‘Gnostics, Buddhists, Mazdeists’; they held, as Schopenhauer, and not he alone, has dared to express it, that ‘the world was made by the devil’; and, in spite of their chance association with poetry and the new languages of the South, we cannot question that their rule would have been distinguished by severe unnatural rigour on the one hand, to which an emancipation of the flesh passing all bounds would have corresponded on the other. They had conquered Provence; and it required crusades and Inquisitions to conquer them. Already they were meditating an empire in Italy. But they passed, without an Inquisition, and without civil war. To whom was that owing? M. Sabatier replies: to St. Francis.

We are at length come into the presence of this wonderful reformer, who could truly say that his ideas and projects were his own, but who was yet, like all of us, the child of his time and his environment. The more so, indeed, that he possessed none of the learning by which he could have risen above either. We should greatly mistake, nevertheless, did we imagine that ideas in the thirteenth century travelled slowly or could not win their crowds of proselytes because printing had yet to be invented. It was a period of violent, rapid, and extreme fluctuations of thought. Liberty was in the air, and it seemed not wholly impossible that Church and Empire would go down together. The Italian communes were winning their independence; and had Tertullian been alive he might have parodied his own saying and applied it to the Cathari, ‘Faciunt favos vespæ; faciunt et Marcionitæ ecclesias.’ Though Assisi was little among the thousands of Umbria, yet Assisi too had its revolution; its liberties and privileges had been lost; Conrad Count of Suabia and Duke of Spoleto ruled the town from his castle overhead. Then Innocent III., a strong and popular man, was raised to the tiara in 1198. Conrad must abdicate. As soon as his back was turned, the people went to work, and left

left not a stone upon a stone of the tyrant's fortress. They put a high wall round their city. Francis, then a youth of seventeen, may well have joined his friends, the 'popolo minuto,' in their patriotic task. By and by, the hands which carried stones and mortar to build the enclosure of Assisi would be occupied in repairing desolate sanctuaries. But the nobles dreaded plunder and confiscation. They called out to Perugia. One of those mediæval Italian contests followed, half terrible, half grotesque, in the plain, near Ponte San Giovanni. The citizens were defeated, some prisoners taken, and Francis among them.

This event cuts his life in two. When he came back to his native town, a free man, he was on the eve of conversion. It was about November 1203. Frà Leone has little to tell us of the years when his hero lived like other men, except that it was, from the rather modest point of view which in so small a neighbourhood would be habitual, a delicate or luxurious existence. The son of Bernardone was not noble, though with nobles he consorted, sharing their pleasures, and the master of their revellings, thanks to a singularly gay and facile temper which never seems to have had any malice in it. His schooling had been slight. He knew Latin after the vernacular fashion in which many spoke and wrote it around him; for it was not yet extinct in the pulpit, and quotations from the Bible were familiar as household words among the middle and upper classes. To judge from the sample of his handwriting which is left—one of the most precious relics in the Convent of Spoleto—the Saint never advanced beyond a simple schoolboy character. His reading cannot have amounted to much at any time. But he listened eagerly to the epic tales then so widespread of 'Charlemain and all his chivalry,' concerning which he had his own thoughts. Long afterwards it delighted him to say of the Friars, 'These are my brethren of the Table Round.' Frà Leone tells a story which is worth a thousand, how Francis distinguished between saying and doing when a novice asked leave to keep the Psalter by him, which he might not without permission. Why did he want it? The Father broke out:—

"Charles the Emperor," he cried, "Roland and Oliver, and all the Paladins and robust men that were mighty in war, pursuing the infidels with much sweat and labour, even to the death, took a notable victory of them. And, at the last, the Holy Martyrs too died for Christ in battle. But now there be many that by the mere telling of those things which the others wrought, think to receive honour and praise from men. So among us are not a few that by reciting and preaching the works which the Saints did are willing to get honour



honour and praise." . . . And blessed Francis said to him, "When thou hast a Psalter, thou wilt desire a Breviary; and after thou hast a Breviary thou wilt sit like a great prelate in thy seat, and say to thy brother, 'Bring me the Breviary.'"

In these delicious touches of humour, and this abundant style, we recognize how truly one wrote of Francis, '*Homo facundissimus et hilaris facie.*' The satire is too gentle to hurt; and yet it is piercing; and the magnificence of the heroic cycle leads in the Saints, with their deeds of prowess, their 'much sweat and labour.' We catch a glimpse of the lad whose fancy had taken fire and his heart burned within him, as the troubadours and jongleurs came round, chanting their lofty lays. Perhaps too, we can feel the intense passion still warm in these words which made him love France and the language of the French. That language, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was not only, as it is now, an accomplishment greatly desired in countries distant from Paris: it was the dialect of poetry no less than of the court and the camp; and Bernardone, a traveller to many markets, knew it well, and, we may conjecture, spoke it with his family at home. Whenever Francis was rapt out of himself, Frà Leone tells us, he would break into French. The passage is characteristic. We may be sure that the Saint was in this feature not unlike the young man whom his companions thought so prodigal of joy and amusement.

'Drunk with love and compassion for Christ,' says Leone, 'blessed Francis would sometimes do such things as these. For the sweet melody within boiling up would give itself forth in French, and the vein of the divine whispering which his ear received in secret would, in French, break forth into jubilation. Sometimes he would take a piece of wood off the ground, and putting it on his left arm fit another piece to it, as 'twere a fiddle-bow, and with his right hand drawing one across the other, like a *vielle* or other instrument, and making the appropriate action, he would sing in French of our Lord Jesus Christ. At length all this festive action [*tripudiatio*] would end in tears, and in pity for the sufferings of Christ this jubilee would be melted. Therein he sighed continually, and in his frequent sobbings, forgetful of what his hands held in them, he seemed to be clinging to Heaven.'

M. Sabatier remarks, with great justice, that in this description, clearly that of an eye-witness, we behold the rising ecstasy and the very conditions under which it was produced. The similar narrative of Elisha and the minstrel, in the Second Book of Kings, will not be forgotten. At present, however, we quote this graphic story as letting us into the secret of a temperament which was essentially poetical, or, as we say, inspired.

Francis



Francis had neither law, nor logic, nor theology, nor any sort of erudition, among his gifts. He could not have been a student, a critic, a canonist, a professor; the lines on which this work-a-day world is carried forward were strange to him and unintelligible, not because he fell below them, but by reason of these mighty wings, lifting him into the air of the spirit. He possessed, in a degree which only the greatest poets have equalled, the divine *æstrus*, the flame that mounts from within and bears up its votary singing. 'Multa Dircaëum levat aura cyncnum' is a true saying, and admirable science. When Francis was a lad, daintily dressed, in love with music, dancing, and all manner of revelry, he had yet to learn what this enthusiasm signified, and how he could become worthy of the Paladins and robust men that were his heroes. 'Hic vir in vanitatibus nutritus insolenter,' was chanted once in his memory, until pious veneration, shocked at so plain a statement, cancelled it. Not insolent was he at any time. His exquisite good nature and sense of refinement forbade grossness. But he might have followed the troubadours that came about Italian cities then; or become a disciple of Pierre Vidal, the 'Prince of courtesy and song,' consecrating to verse the passion that was in him. At twenty-two, after long months in captivity at Perugia, when he returned, he was more joyous and extravagant than ever. But he fell sick. The mysterious change that we describe as conversion set in. His gaiety passed under a cloud; and like Bellerophon he would wander about the lonely fields, shunning that illusion which yesterday had played its thousand devices in his sight, and now could please him no longer. Some vision had been haunting him, the like of which we may read in *Morte d'Arthur* or the *Mabinogion*, of a palace hung with glittering arms, and a fair lady whom he was to win, after many adventures; all the day dreams floated round that are the very stuff of the fantasy. 'Why so blithe and smiling?' his comrades had asked. And he answered: 'I know it is my fate to be a great prince.' We are reminded of Loyola and his boyish ambitions, which also had their fulfilment in a way far beyond their seeming.

The sequel is a chapter in the world's history too familiar that we should dwell upon it. Frà Leone does not tell his readers what they would have talked over a thousand times, the scene before the Bishop, the angry father, Francis stripping off his garments, and crying, 'Now can I say with truth "Pater noster qui es in celis"'; and the good prelate sheltering his naked body under his cloak. We require of Brother Leo not the outward show of these things but the spirit which prompted them. He knows it better than any one save Francis himself. There had

been a fine rapture in that abandonment which left itself bare and naked in the world's eyes—but most difficult to express, to reproduce; amazing in its time, not less wonderful now. The word 'detachment' has lost its place among words that burn and shine and awaken emotion as soon as they are heard. What shall be said of the yet more mystic term 'poverty'? Francis, when he quitted the Bishop's presence, fled up into the wild ways of Monte Subasio, where the snows were still lying; and as he went his heart burst out into singing. It was his Epithalamium, and the keen March day his wedding feast. For he had espoused his 'gracious dame Poverty,' of whom the Franciscan Dante was to say glorious things:—

'Che per tal donna giovinetto in guerra  
Del padre corse, a cui come alla morte  
La porta del piacer nessun dissera.'

Francis, in his wanderings, was learning to be a prophet. The seer, indeed, though hardly approved by Churchmen who desired to let well or ill alone, had emerged into prominence during these troubled and feverish times. In Calabria, Joachim of Flora, the Cistercian abbot, won for himself, by writing on Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, a reputation which was mixed of light and dark, as though he were a man caught up to the third heaven and shown those unspeakable things which St. Paul might not utter, yet had come to this exaltation by means not altogether lawful. The new prophet was dead before Francis underwent conversion, if we may believe Papebroche, who assigns March 30th, 1202, as the date of his decease. But his bold and taking scheme of the Church's history did not die with him. The three stages, with their respective Saints, Peter, Paul, and John; with their virtues, passing up into charity or love which was to make an end of servile fear and Jewish legalism; with their revolutions of power, and the high clergy yielding place to the prophets who should be clothed in sackcloth and take up their parable, during two and forty months, against Babylon the Great—all this wide view, which, though wrapt in allegory, seemed to bear an instant meaning, to be applicable at once in Church and State, a satire upon acknowledged corruptions, and a promise that they should not long continue, ushers in the thirteenth century with violence. From afar it tells of the sixteenth, and beholds the Middle Ages already passing away.

How much Francis knew of Joachim's prophesyings we cannot measure. As the Poverello did not himself write anything but a few letters, his Rule, and his last will and testament, we  
are

are thrown upon conjectures and probabilities in estimating the degree which bound him to earlier teachers. We are aware, indeed, that Joachim was held by the Spiritual Franciscans in honour almost equal to their Master's, whose coming he was thought to have foretold, in commenting on the words, '*Vidi alterum angelum ascendentem ab ortu solis habentem signum Dei vivi*,' an interpretation which even the cautious Bonaventure seems to welcome, in his Prologue. It is certain that in the later period of reform or rebellion, which led on to Michael da Cesena and William of Occam, when the fanatics of the Order rose against John XXII. and the Roman Court, these prophecies furnished them with weapons which they seized upon eagerly and hanelled without compunction. But Francis, though abounding in what some would call a heart-knowledge of the Bible, was no more a commentator than a School theologian. We may grant in him the deep conviction that men were in need of a renewal from on high, and that, in some sense, these were the last times—'*Hora novissima; tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus*.' The wind of prophecy was blowing over the world; it smote him on the forehead, and he spoke as under its tempestuous power. Nevertheless, we have his word, in the '*Last Will and Testament*,' which proves him free from debt to any man: '*After the Lord gave me brethren*,' he writes, '*no one showed me what it behoved me to do; but He, the Most High, revealed to me that I ought to live after the fashion of the Holy Gospel*.' He had passed beyond commentaries to the text; a prophet he surely was, yet not as opening the future, but as laying down, by the force of a most subduing example, the duty here and now of a perfect Christian.

But the Abbot of Flora had his part in Francis, and not the least noble. He had magnified the riches of poverty, making it glorious in the coming '*period of the lilies*'; and with genuine inspiration he had written: '*One that is truly a monk thinketh naught his own save a harp*,'—'*nihil nisi citharam*'—words which did seem to foretell the advent of those '*Joculatores Domini*' that the new preacher would have sent, with songs and music, to the four winds of heaven, as messengers of peace and joy. Francis never could forget the harp. While the modern Manichæans would, assuredly, have banished from the ranks of their Perfect every one who delighted in the beauty of things visible, and the Waldensians had already put on those sour and downcast looks which we associate with Geneva, with Calvinism in its palmy yet not cheerful days, the Umbrian was a lover of Art and Nature. He rejoiced with the streams and the waterfalls; he felt at home in the fair solitary places. He would

ascend to mountain heights whence he could see spread out the enchanting landscapes of his native country; and he was ever blessing God for the sunshine, the day and the night, the stars and the fire. He would not have rudeness shown to the least of God's creatures; the flame itself must be regarded as a beautiful divine thing, to be quenched with a sort of devout ritual; and with every bird of the air and beast in the thicket he was at peace. We cannot take this still life out of his chronicle without doing it violence. There have been Saints for whom the world of Nature did not exist; but Francis was at one with it, and the contrary of a Manichæan; if his Italian countrymen would follow him, they must not dream of any creed that separated the good God from the world. He became to his century, therefore, the herald who should announce a fresh period in literature, in landscape studies, in the apprehension of form and sunlight, almost, we had said, in science, whenever it gave up idle guessing and unverified tradition, in order that it might see things as they are. The *Risorgimento*, of which Dante is so far-shining an apparition, had likewise its Giotto and the Primitives in painting; but had it not in science Roger Bacon? These were Franciscans, or allied to that school, much more certainly than ever were the masters in logical fence, who tithed mint and cummin, and sat in their lofty chairs reading lectures, not on the Breviary, but on Aristotle, the great misunderstood philosopher, into whose pages they conveyed their too Gothic and uncritical dreams.

The lover of beauty is fastidious, reserved, distant. But in Francis we note the elements of an inward struggle, which gives us the whole man. He adored beauty; he was wedded to poverty. The prophet would not be a monk after accepted fashion, behind the walls of a cloister. His Rule was more simple. 'I will not have you mention to me,' he cried, on a celebrated occasion, at the 'Chapter of the Mats,' when his brethren sought a relaxation from their first austerities, 'any Rule, neither St. Benedict's, nor St. Augustine's, nor St. Bernard's; nor any way or form except that which hath been shown me of the Lord in His mercy and bestowed by Him.' It was, in simple undoubted fact, the hearing of a certain Gospel read in the little Church—the 'Portiuncula'—which had determined Francis on travelling the world, and preaching the good news, in absolute poverty. At Mass, on February 24th, 1209, the Feast of St. Matthias, he had received his commission. It was an apostolate. He must be a vagrant, without gold or silver in his purse, without scrip or staff, without shoes on his feet, or provision in his satchel. And in science

science he was to be as poor as in money. 'The Lord,' whom in vision he had heard speaking already at St. Damian, 'said to me that He would have me to be a great fool in this world; and He would guide us by none other way.' And in his 'Testament' he repeats the lesson:—

'We were idiots,' he says, using the quaint mediæval word, 'men of no account, subject to all. And I used to work with my hands, and am willing to work; and all the other brethren, it is my firm intention that they should work in the labour that pertaineth to honesty. They that know not how, let them learn, not for the lust of receiving a reward of their labour, but for example's sake, and to drive away sloth. And when there should not be given us the reward of our labour, let us run to the Lord's table, begging alms from door to door.'

His preaching was not to be in word but in deed, by example and in charity. Thus had he made a beginning of penitence:—

'For when I was in my sins,' he opens his 'Last Will' by telling us pathetically, 'it appeared to me exceedingly bitter even to look at the lepers. And the Lord Himself led me among them, and I showed kindness to them; and when I went away, that which had seemed to me so bitter was changed for me to sweetness of soul and body. And afterwards I stood still awhile, and I came forth out of the world.'

He would have no home but the lazaretto—that most melancholy prison, a hospital vilely kept, where the air, the food, everything, was tainted. And yet, in the leper house at Rivo Torto, with his first companions about him, days of heavenly peace were spent. When these new apostles were not tending on the stricken, they abode in churches; and, as their numbers grew, they took service in private families, receiving their food and no more. Francis, had he pursued the common way of religious reformers, would now have been ordained; his Rule would have distinguished carefully between clerics and lay brothers; the novitiate of a year, or more, would have found its place among his regulations; money flowing in, lands would have been purchased and buildings arise; and a wall round about them would have shut the people out. He was another kind of man, with one simple, primitive, bold idea; he understood literally what was said in the Gospel, 'Go and preach,' therefore he must not sit still. The question has been often asked: When did Francis set up his Third Order, when his First? M. Sabatier replies that there was no First or Third until, by a development which at all times perhaps would be inevitable, the plain Rule 'of lowliness and simplicity' came to

to be glossed, applied, interpreted; and, he might have gone on to say, until the practice of ordaining all who were eligible had assimilated the Franciscans to the clergy, and given them a place, like others, in the Roman Hierarchy. That this change amounted to a revolution will be clear enough on considering all it involved. Francis himself would never be ordained priest. He stayed in deacon's orders—from a sense of humility, say his biographers, which of course is true; but likewise in the conviction that his task lay elsewhere than in the sanctuary.

Did he, then, lapse into the Waldensian creed, 'Quod propter malitiam sacerdotum Ecclesiæ sacramenta sunt vitanda'? On this rock many were doomed to make shipwreck. Not so the mystic whose faith in the sacrament and in the priesthood, as ordained to its keeping and consecration, was, according to M. Sabatier, the very heart of his religion. This view is abundantly borne out by Frà Leone. He shows us the Saint sweeping the floor of the church, giving frequent exhortations that the altar should be tended, longing to bestow rich vessels for its service, and pleading in secret with the clergy when they forgot their charge. And again in the 'Testament' we read most humble professions of reverence and obedience to them: 'This I do,' adds Francis, 'inasmuch as I see nothing bodily in this world of Him, the Most High Son of God, except His sacred body and blood, which they receive, and which they alone minister to others.' They were his lords; he would not consider any sin in them, but only the Son of God. Neither Waldensian nor Paulician had so judged of the Hierarchy; it was evident that the work of the Franciscans would be carried on within its borders and according to its direction.

If we would see the new apostle as he saw himself, we must accept his principles. He was for realizing the life which he had learned from the Gospel in a Church that has never yet suffered private persons to establish a society the ways of which she does not claim to guide, to alter, and in every detail to judge. This implicit but absolute condition, always present, Francis allowed without murmur as without protest. He believed in the communications which had been granted him from on high; equally did he believe in the authority at Rome apart from whose leave and licence he could not stir one single step. Of Canon Law he was ignorant; his unique and fascinating spirit could never have taken delight in *apicibus juris*; what he wanted he knew; how it must be framed to please the law-givers he did not know; their language was to him a sealed volume. But the glad tidings flew from lip to lip; the fool of Christ, wandering barefoot, singing as he went of the  
 Lord's



Lord's Passion, carrying his broom over his shoulder to sweep the dusty sanctuaries, mending his ragged garment with pieces of sack—a true Patarin, if that Milanese derivation from 'old clothes' be genuine—washing the sores of lepers and eating out of the same dish with them, constantly rapt in prayer, losing his eyesight from the plenteous tears of love and sorrow that he was shedding, and everywhere speaking of peace, humbly and most persuasively, became a proverb, a wonder, and very soon a miracle, between Arno and Tiber, and on to Siena and the North. Among the country-folk his Friars were welcome; in towns the citizens looked on them askance, but by degrees flocked to their unstudied preaching; the clergy, who, it must be remembered, did not preach at all, and the monks, now in various parts fallen from their first fervour to disedifying ways and consuming indolence, had every temptation to be hostile. It might seem the simplest thing in the world to preach the Gospel among Christians. But privileges are not easily overthrown. And though Francis would not have his disciples invade any man's parish; though they took no fees; though they were never meant as rivals to the more ancient Orders, at every turn they must pay the price of their founder's originality. There was a vast and intricate system, legal and almost commercial, secular in its interests, though daubed with religion on the outside, which this unfettered preaching would have swept away, root and branch, had it not, in some score of years, thanks to Brother Elias and the moderates, been itself embodied in the system, and so rendered comparatively harmless.

With dogma and the transcendental, as such, the historian is not called upon to deal. He is concerned with facts as they enter into the human sphere, and with circumstances rather than the principles on which philosophers would account for them. It is undeniable that, in the later Middle Ages, temporal interests were mixed up with every religious transaction; not only was the Pope a prince of this world, but bishops in all European countries were princes; the religious Orders were wealthy corporations on an ever-growing scale; and devotion was accompanied with gifts which came to be regarded as rights or resented as exactions. Into disputes arising from such a condition of things Francis would have been the last to enter. His desire was to live up to the Gospel, to spread the knowledge of Christ, to make men understand that they were brethren; and while so doing, to support himself by the labour of his hands. If anyone else would join him, giving up all things, he was welcome. But for the mediæval canonist, a prey to subtleties and legal fictions, this was a hard saying.

The



The age ran altogether into casuistry, hair-splitting, a logic of endless distinctions and contra-distinctions; it was lost in them; and, despite the great gifts of intellect which many of its teachers possessed, as they were wanting in judgment of realities, so in the event they failed to guide the next age. The thirteenth century had its problems in the social order, in politics, and in religion, which clamoured for a just solution. It led on to the fourteenth, which was a weltering chaos. How then shall we attribute to it success? The original idea of St. Francis of Assisi consisted in his looking beyond the machinery of his day, while denying no article of faith and resisting none of the powers that be, but asking men whether the Gospel, if it were carried out in their daily lives, would not bring them peace. He went to them as some prophet of Israel might have done, as a living symbol, with his torn gaberdine, and unshod feet, and wasted yet gentle countenance. He did not anathematize property, or forbid marriage, or pull down the prelates, or interfere with any man's business. The charm of his coming was so irresistible that a new and better world threw its beams across the horizon. But the old ingrained prejudice even of his followers was more than he could convert. The Friars must be a religious Order, on a par with Cistercians, Cluniacs, and other venerable institutions. They would glory in Francis; but would they do as he did?

The controversy began at an early date. Guido, Bishop of Assisi, could not imagine why Francis had chosen a way of life so hard and painful; he urged the Saint to become a priest—in which case he would be furnished, we may suppose, with a benefice—or to join an established Order. Francis replied that he wanted no property, neither any of the litigation attaching to it. In 1210, he sought the approbation of Innocent III. for the brief Rule, composed pretty nearly in the words of the Gospel, it is thought, which he took with him to Rome. Innocent, repelling him at first, yielded so far afterwards as to suffer the document to be examined by his advisers, among them the Cardinal John of St. Paul. But, as Angelo Clareno tells the story—and it is by no means improbable—the Pope repeated Guido's counsel, judging that the things which Francis proposed were 'exceeding arduous, and, so to speak, impossible to the men of that day.' Nor did he ever approve of the Franciscan Rule in writing; although it is certain, as Dante and St. Bonaventure agree, that he set his seal to it by word of mouth. So all was conditional, and the authorities free to watch how so novel an experiment would turn out. If we give further credit to Angelo, the Cardinal of Ostia,

Ostia, Ugolino, Innocent's nephew, being at this epoch in Rome, helped to load the scale in favour of the unknown and humble postulant. At any rate, the Cardinal, when he became Pope Gregory IX., took to himself the honour of having assisted the Saint while drawing up his Second Rule, and of getting it confirmed by Honorius III. And he believed that he had always stood by Francis, and acted towards him like a friend and protector. Nevertheless, that famous Bull, '*Quo elongati*,' which was put forth by him on September 28th, 1230, repeals the dying injunctions of the founder; dispenses the brethren from observing them; glosses the Rule in most approved canonical style, with abundance of legal contrivances; and brings the first period of the Order to an abrupt and decided close.

Frà Leone is not the sole witness, though by far the most authentic, regarding those points on which his Master had been always in the same mind. Let us state them as briefly as possible. The doctrine of evangelical detachment governs and includes them all. Poverty, said Francis, meant for him and his brethren that they were to possess nothing, either severally or in common. The Friars should own neither houses, lands, nor churches; they were not even to have books except those lent them; and under no circumstances must they touch money with their hands. If houses were built to shelter them, they ought to be of wood, osiers, and suchlike perishable materials; not large, and as plain within as without. The Friars must be satisfied with a single garment falling to the feet, and girt round the waist; only in case of necessity was anyone to wear shoes, or to ride on horseback; and while it was their duty to work, the recompense should be left to those who employed them. If they could not find work, they might beg for the love of God as much as would support them that day. With the pursuit of knowledge they had no concern. Those who were unable to read did not require to be taught; their way, he insisted from first to last, was the path of humility and simplicity, not of science. For their preaching, they should always ask leave of the local authorities. They must not seek exemptions or privileges, under any pretext whatsoever, from the Holy See. Their Rule being the Gospel, it required no glosses or commentaries; and as it was given simply and purely, so must they simply and purely understand it.

The Rule which is here mentioned belongs to the year 1223. There was an intermediate one, lost by Brother Elias, dating from two years previously, but never submitted to Rome or approved

approved by the authorities. In 1220, Pope Honorius III.—a wise and pacific man, whose reign in the stormy chronicles of the time shines by contrast, and is a refreshment to the reader—had issued the Bull which begins, ‘Cum secundum,’ at Orvieto. It was brief and peremptory, showing the hand of Cardinal Ugolino, and not such as one would reckon among the privileges granted to the Order. It prescribed a novitiate of a year; forbade dismissal from the habit except in canonical form; placed the brethren under obedience; and menaced with censures those who ‘should corrupt their apostolic poverty.’ The free association must submit to Canon Law. Francis was for an order of things more difficult to realize, though testifying to the largeness of his own conceptions; ‘Et quicumque venerit, amicus vel adversarius, fur vel latro, benigne recipiatur,’ he wrote, even in 1221. He was the same now as when he despatched his Friars into the woods beneath the Sasso Spicco, to the band of robbers hiding there, whom they were to call with this invitation: ‘Fratres latrones, venite ad nos, quia fratres sumus, et portamus vobis bonum panem et bonum vinum.’ What a changed scene was he now to behold!

Cardinal Ugolino was worthy to be the nephew of Pope Innocent, the enemy of Frederick II., and the protector of St. Francis. He is the Justinian who bestowed on the Roman Church her volume of Decretals. Appointed to the Sacred College in middle life, always in affairs, a gracious and comely person, devout yet vehement, moved to tears and anger with equal facility, there is much in him to attract, more to wonder at, and not a little to dislike or suspect. He revered Francis, wrote letters of singular benevolence to St. Clare, and leaves an impression which, on the whole, so far as regards the Saints of Assisi, and likewise St. Dominic, does him honour. Yet we feel that he is always the too shrewd man of the world, Ulysses, acquainted with kings and courts, to whom the pure ideal is unknown. It may be that he comprehended his century better than Francis did—or he had in view men and women to whom the seraphic pilgrim brought no message, because of their unbelief. But when he is on the right hand, while Brother Elias stands on the left, we cannot help seeing that a great and subtle tragedy is enacted; and that between these two—not bad men, much erected above the common, yet never in the assembly of the gods—a divine idea will lose its brightness and strike its wings downward, failing, since they cannot rise with it, to keep its own height.

The Rule of 1223, finally approved, was a compromise. ‘Many things were withdrawn from it by the ministers, against the

the will of blessed Francis,' observes Frà Leone. And he says elsewhere:—

'We that were with him when he wrote the Rule, and almost all his other writings, bear witness that he had many things written in which many of the brethren opposed him—especially superiors and our learned men—which things would be very useful and necessary this day to our Religion. But because he much feared offences, he gave way not willingly to the will of the brethren. . . . Whence he often said to us, his companions, "In this are my sorrow and affliction, because those things which with great labour of prayer and meditation I win from God's mercy, for the good of the whole Religion, now and in time to come, and I know from Him for certain that they be according to His will, some of the brethren, relying on their science and their seeming providence, make null and void, saying, 'These things are to be observed, and those not.''"

Unless Frà Leone be discarded as a false witness—and there is the 'Testament' of Francis to bear him out—it is now certain that the Saint's last years, from 1220 onwards, were clouded by fierce and ever-renewed dissensions on the subject of the Rule.\* What was at stake we ought clearly to understand. It was not the length of a hood, or the number of rags to be stitched upon an old garment, or how many books a brother might be using at one time, or any particulars, grotesque or trivial, such as these. The question which lay beneath all other controversies was whether a society, founding itself as much as possible on the pattern of Christ, not merely free from the right of ownership but without the care of great buildings, not ambitious of learning and teaching in universities, but left to make its way as it could, without briefs of exemption or Papal Bulls or the assumption of its members to high ecclesiastical place, might be allowed in a world overrun with privileges, exclusive guilds, and corporations incessantly struggling to outdo one another in wealth, splendour, and authority. The most enthusiastic disciple of St. Francis will perhaps grant that his zeal carried him sometimes into a tender or a provoking extravagance, not unworthy of so brave an enemy to this world's foolishness. But the task of men like Cardinal Ugolino, had they understood it, was to seize and sift the ideal amid this brilliant shower of fancies and symbolisms. The self-denial required of originality is not that it shall give up its new creative thoughts, but that, in the effort to realize them, it shall pay regard to circumstances. What happened was something very unlike the issue that

\* Hence we must correct Professor Tocco in this point, now that the '*Legenda Antiqua*' is re-instated. But there is no work of equal compass which will have shed light on so many obscure problems as his '*L'Eresia nel Medio Evo*,' published 1884.

Francis, in his younger days, must have intended. The virtue which he asked in authority was of so rare a kind that even to imagine it then was a stroke of genius. All he wanted was that they would let his poor company of Friars alone, under his direction, as an experiment in holy living. The stream of tradition was too strong. If it would not let itself be absorbed, the Order should at least be assimilated to its predecessors. And hereupon the quarrel between those who had known Francis from the beginning and those who came at the ninth or the eleventh hour passed into an acute stage. The Saint laid down his authority; knelt at the feet of Peter of Catana, the new General, and became no more than a private brother in the society which he had founded. 'From henceforth I am dead to you,' were his significant words on this memorable occasion. 'Then,' says Frà Leone, 'he remained a subject until the day of his death, humbling himself in all things, like any one of them.' It was the autumn of 1220.

But in a few months Peter of Catana departed this life, and the evil genius of the Franciscans, Elias, reigned in his stead. Their numbers had grown with astonishing rapidity. The Bollandists could scarcely believe that in the 'Chapter of the Mats'—that picturesque out-door gathering at Assisi in 1216—five thousand brethren had been present. Jacques de Vitry, an eye-witness of the progress which the Order was making, confirms and adds to this account. Multitudes flocked round the Saint, whose every footstep called out legends, whose days were a romance, and whose preaching in Syria before the proud but courteous Soldan of Babylon must have endeared him to all who had taken the cross, or cherished a devotion to the Holy Sepulchre. When, after trials and miracles, as it was bruited abroad, he came back by way of Venice to Italy, the whole land was stirred at his coming. To depose such a man from the Generalship would have been a stroke of impolicy. Yet we cannot allow that Francis retired without some persuasion adroitly brought to bear upon him. Elias was called minister and vicar; nothing but a lieutenant did he seem in outward show. But in truth he controlled the brethren, Cardinal Ugolino taking his advice and leaving the Saint to spend his days where he listed.

The idyl of St. Mary of the Angels and of Rivo Torto would never now return. It was over, like that Galilean story which at an ineffable distance but yet in tone and colouring it resembled. The younger generation, recruits from many ranks, and sometimes learned or at least intellectual—men of the North, English, German, and French of Paris or Picardy—had not

not tasted the sweetness which overflowed in those lone hermitages and bosky bournes of Umbria. They were sighing to emulate the Dominican Friars, who, themselves having borrowed the rule of poverty from Francis, were rendering it back with usury, and inoculating the mystics with a passion for knowledge, as though in the scholastic cut and thrust of the syllogism, and nowhere else, could salvation be found. Against this delusive superstition, the Poverello of Assisi had lifted up his hands in protest before Ugolino; he spoke and even wrote with almost unparalleled fierceness in condemnation of the Friar who desired to set up at Bologna some sort of collége; in all this he could recognize only 'the works of darkness.' But he strove in vain to keep down the rising tide. His successors, with hardly an exception, were students of Bologna. Peter of Catana and John Parenti were Doctors of Law. Elias had been scriptor there; Albert of Pisa, minister; Aymon the Englishman, lector; Crescentius even composed tomes of jurisprudence. The intellectual aristocracy of the thirteenth century had conquered. If we may not echo the too sharp word of M. Sabatier, that 'theology had murdered religion,' yet it is true that Friars Minors, who should have been humbly preaching the Gospel in the market-place and at the head of the streets, gave in to the rage for disputation, and were jurists, canonists, decretalists, lawyers in grey frocks, not simple but subtle, victims of a science which to no small extent was imaginary, and of a legal system which was far from humane. They had been raised up that an end might be put to the cruel chicanery and insane violence of the half-converted nations. With their privileges and properties, their chairs of logic, and delegations from authority, and bishops' sees, and cardinals' hats, and Papal tiaras—for as early as 1288 a Franciscan sat in St. Peter's chair, and others followed him—it did not seem easy to mark in these disciples the features of a strolling mendicant, ready to yield up his single coat when any one asked for it, dipping his hand in the same dish with lepers, and giving away in charity the New Testament itself rather than leave a poor old woman without a meal.

The Saint could but cling to his first dreams, refuse every dispensation, and pour out his complaints, with dovelike tenderness, in the hearing of those companions who shared his heart among them. Frà Leone had joined the Order about 1211. He, and Bernard of Quintavalle, and Rufinus, and Angelus, with others whom it would be long to mention, held to the ancient ways. They formed the connecting link between Francis and the Convent of St. Clare—an association which never was broken.

St. Clare,



St. Clare, not by any means the pallid rose of the cloister that a certain sickly devotion would imagine, had learned her lesson from Francis: she put back with a touch of scorn the wealth which Ugolino pressed on her acceptance; and to her the Saint looked for encouragement in his darkest hours. A more admirable figure of the heroine who will obey her conscience at all cost was never seen. Thirty years she survived her friend and Master; but the Franciscan ideal did not wax dim in that little sanctuary, though outside it was taking on confused splendours which altered its light. Frà Leone stood by her deathbed. He was still of the strict observance, and did not swerve, till he too died in 1273. He could do no less; for during the last years of the Patriarch, now looked up to universally as a Saint and followed by eager and impassioned crowds, he had never left his side.

The two years from September 1224 to the death of St. Francis have passed into a shining cloud, with its wonders of the wounds of Christ, sealed on His servant's body. Frà Leone, who was his constant companion, not only at Assisi, but in the mountain grottoes and the retreats, as they were called, to which more and more, since the Order was slipping from his hands, he resorted, was also with him on the Verna, that solitary hill in Casentino, where this portent is said to have been accomplished. He mentions the miracle, as in passing, in his ninth chapter: 'In like manner, on the holy mount of Alverna, that time when he received the marks of the Lord in his body, he underwent temptations and tribulations from the demons, wherefore he was unable to show himself rejoicing as had been his wont.' This merely incidental note, we may observe, would never have contented a forger, and says much for the authenticity of the '*Legenda Antiqua*.' But in the convent at Spoleto may still be seen a precious autograph, which completes the testimony. It displays on one side a few words of blessing written by the Saint at his brother's request; and, on the margin above, Frà Leone has added:

'Blessed Francis, two years before his death, passed a Lent in the place of Alverna, . . . from the feast of the Assumption of St. Mary the Virgin to the feast of St. Michael in September; and the hand of the Lord came upon him, by the vision and speech of seraphim, and the imprinting of the marks of Christ in his body. He made these lauds written on the other side of the paper, and with his own hand he wrote thanks to God for the benefit bestowed on him.'

The Poverello had never been strong. Slightly built, under the middle height, and of a delicate constitution, he was worn by his long austerities to a shadow. He suffered from the sharp cold



cold of winter in Central Italy ; was rheumatic, and, as we have said, nearly blind through continual weeping. The surgery of that day, with its steel and fire, did him all the harm it could. From Alverna he came down, being always in a kind of rapture, to Assisi, his fellow-citizens watching, like the 'twa corbies' in the Scottish ballad, for those relics which they boasted would speedily be their own. We hate them as we read, but it was all very natural in the thirteenth century. His illness lasted many months. Now it was that Francis composed the 'Canticle of the Sun,' and had it chanted over and over again in the Bishop's house, where he lay sick, till Brother Elias whispered in his ear that such '*allegrezza*' on a deathbed was hardly edifying. But the troubadour of the Lord could not die by rule and custom. He would still have his singing about him. And they bore him half-dead along the steep ways of the town, until they came to Portiuncula ; there he was to breathe his last. Stripped of his poor garment he was laid on the bare ground ; he asked them once more to recite his canticle. We think of the Abbot Joachim and that saying, 'A good monk should have nothing but his harp.' By and by, he brake bread and divided it among the brethren, while one read aloud the Gospel of Maundy Thursday, '*Ante diem festum Paschæ.*' From moment to moment he joined in the Psalms, especially that one which begins, 'I cried unto the Lord with my voice ; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.' At sundown on October 3rd he passed without pain or agony into the unseen.

Two years more, and Elias had raised over his tomb the great and beautiful church of Assisi, in which the Middle Age has left us a monument of its noblest architecture, its most inspired painting, and the piety of numberless pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Cardinal Ugolino, chosen at eighty to rule Christendom, mounted the Papal Chair, and thence proclaimed that Francis was a Saint, worthy to be seated among the heavenly powers. But the Franciscan ideal—where was it ? It had become a legend, a war-cry, an Apocalypse ; and from the mighty Basilica men who loved their Saint went down to the 'little portion' of St. Mary ; or wandered to Greccio and the Casentine, seeking him as at the first, among the lepers, or in the fastnesses of the hills, where the hooded larks rose to heaven, the swallows twittered, the wild flowers sprang. A fair vision had passed over the world ; but they that saw it in its beauty were not the many ; and once more the path of the ideal had become for the Just One a *Via Dolorosa*.

ART. II.—1. *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. Two Vols. London, 1897.

2. *Christina Rossetti, a Critical and Biographical Study.* By Mackenzie Bell. 1898.

**H**UMAN nature hungers after the concrete. It is this hunger which reduces religions to creeds, which credits the more tangible things of life with the more positive existence, which confines truth to facts, which demands the biographies of well known men and women. It is not suggested that the desire after concrete presentment implies indifference to the reality which lies behind appearance; on the contrary, it is in the effort to touch that reality that men demand some manifestation of it which they may grasp with their senses, or understand with their reason. Consciously or unconsciously, they seek, in the shadows, substance; in the creeds, religion; in the illustrations of truth, the truth itself; and, in the actions, the likes and dislikes, the idiosyncrasies of their fellows, the personality which is the most definite, yet the most indefinable, the most elusive and the most essential, part of each one of us. There is a faculty which can best be described, perhaps, as intuitive insight: it helps to form what is called tact, it is an integral part of sympathy, by means of it much unspoken interchange of thought and emotion is carried on. This is the faculty which, common to the majority of people, keen only in the minority, enables us to apprehend most distinctly that subtle essence of another's being which we term personality; but just because that essence is a subtle thing, and just because the surest means of touching it is an impalpable means, we desire of the one an obvious manifestation, we substitute for the other a collection of facts and acts, of circumstances and surroundings, of habits and the details of personal appearance. The desire is legitimate, the method of its pursuit serviceable; that the one should be unattainable, the other inadequate, is due to the limitations of translation; limitations inevitable, whether we mean by translation the rendering of one language into another, of thought into speech, or of invisible realities into visible form. But there are degrees of limitation, as there are diversities of method; and the first step towards understanding the personality of another being is to find out in what way that personality manifests itself most clearly and most accurately; in other words, to choose the method which, considered in its relation to a particular person, is subject to the fewest limitations.

Biography is the most widely accepted means of revealing personality,

personality, and in a large number of cases it is the only one; for that intuitive faculty spoken of above is robbed of its value, owing to the fact that it is limited in its operation to the comparatively few who come into contact with those men and women whom the multitude elects to know, to criticize, or to imitate. Biography, then, the record of a man's daily life and work, the results of what he does or writes or paints—these are the only means of learning what he is, or has been, open to the world at large; and of these, biography is the one almost universally chosen. In the case of men and women of action, the choice is a just one, for their work lies in what they do; they express themselves in deeds; their influence over their fellows, the good or evil they bring about, the fame they achieve, are the results of acts; their lives are lives of incident, of movement, form part of history, march with and by events. Biography, therefore, records what is most interesting in such lives; autobiography, set forth in reminiscences or letters, throws light on the motives which prompt action, and on the habitual tone of mind and bent of character of the man who leads or controls his fellows; and the two together form a fairly adequate means of reaching a conception of personalities which reveal themselves in acts.

But there are other lives, lived often in obscurity, lacking in outward incident, interest, or variety. Such lives have been lived by people who influence the whole world; people who make, not history, but the spirit which directs the course of it, who create, if not heroes, a standard of heroism, who live, not in deeds, but in ideas; the pioneers, if not the leaders of men; the thinkers, philosophers, painters, musicians, poets. They live in ideas, not deeds; they are thinkers; the very statement implies that the way to understand them is not the way of biography, the record of daily life, of acts, of outward appearance: for in their work, the achievements which survive them, is to be found their only adequate expression; in their writings, pictures, songs, is their truest life, their most vivid experience. Not that one would deny to biography its obvious merits, uses, and advantages; an account of the surroundings and circumstances of a life may, and undoubtedly often does, help towards a right understanding of an artist's work, a just appreciation of its intention: but, whereas the men and women of action live most truly and forcibly in their acts, the artist and the thinker find their truest existence in that inward mental life, which, in each one of us, runs side by side with the outer life, dominating or subordinate to it, according to the temperament, the inherent selfhood of each individual. Biography is far from useless, is

in no case to be despised, as a means of becoming acquainted with the personality of a singer or a seer; but it is inadequate; taken by itself, it may be misleading; for it is to the works of the seer or the singer that we must go for the gist and meaning of lives which come to their own most completely in and through the world of inner consciousness. Autobiography is a means of knowing and estimating personality midway in importance between biography on the one side, and the expression of itself by its works, by what it does, creates, or formulates, on the other; midway in this, that it is more direct than the first, and less spontaneous, because more conscious, than the second. The most spontaneous form of autobiography is the form of letters; but letters, again, may be either a mirror or a curtain; they may illuminate biography and explain achievement, or they may be at variance with the significance of both.

'The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning' and the 'Life of Christina Rossetti' illustrate these theories. Mrs. Browning's correspondence is a faithful record of her life; a life rich, not so much in incidents as in impressions and emotions: for though she lived at the time and on the scene of a great political drama, her part was the part of an onlooker; she was not amongst the actors, but in the audience; her enthusiasm, her passionate interest, were born, not of personal issues at stake, but of intense sympathy with the aims of a people she loved, and of hero-worship of a man to whose character she yielded unquestioning admiration, and in whose policy she put unswerving faith. If the mere events of her life were chronicled, the chronicle would be but a scanty one. The earlier part of that life was passed in a restricted atmosphere; bodily weakness made her for many years almost a prisoner, limiting her intercourse with her fellows, save by means of correspondence, to the narrow circle of her own family and a very few friends; and later on, when the romance of her courtship and marriage was past, and her husband led her out into a wider world, her lot was cast, for the most part, in the pleasant plains of happiness, untouched by adventures, picturesque or terrible, unbroken by dramatic incident or unusual experiences. Such a life as hers, lived by an ordinary woman, would be indistinguishable from the multitude of ordinary lives; but Mrs. Browning was not an ordinary woman; and it is her self, her qualities of heart and brain, which lift her existence above the monotony of the commonplace, and give it interest, variety, and individuality. It is true that she had opportunities of intercourse with many of the most remarkable characters and  
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intellects of her day ; but, allowing that some of those opportunities were due to her husband's position, some were also, and some altogether, due to her own achievements ; and the results she won from them, the friendships she formed, the interests she accumulated, were owing to her own talents, her own charm, her own personality. That personality was essentially feminine ; womanly too ; and the terms are not synonymous, nor are the qualities indicated by them always found in combination : for womanliness implies a certain strength, whereas femininity may exist with or without strength ; the latter is foreign to virility, while the former may be virile, and yet distinctively characteristic of a woman's nature and point of view. Mrs. Browning's poetry is, in a very marked degree, the expression of herself, the outcome of her individual opinions, emotions, tastes, beliefs, and hopes. Her personality as represented in her letters is identical with that revealed in her poems ; her mental development records itself in both ; her weakness and her strength proclaim themselves alike in the easy conversational prose and in the sometimes faulty, always sincere, generally impulsive verse. But the letters reflect the outer daily life, its trivial incidents, its joys and sorrows, humour and pathos ; while in the poems is contained her view of life as a whole, the end and aims of it, her conception of its meaning, its bearing upon her inmost intellectual self, the significance which her spirit read in or into it. The two records are in harmony, the letters supplementing the poems and showing the woman chiefly in her womanhood, while the works reveal the poet ; for in Mrs. Browning the woman and the poet were rarely far away the one from the other, and were never wholly parted.

Not so with Christina Rossetti. The woman breathes low in her writings ; if she raises her voice, it is in the character of a saint or a mystic. There is a certain aloofness in her poetry ; the emotion in it is of a more abstract character than that which utters itself—sometimes, indeed, with too shrill a note—in the poems of Mrs. Browning. It is as though, when in the mood to sing, she betook herself to some far-off domain, in the world, perhaps, yet not quite of it, where the passions of the world, though strong, are not stormy, where emotion, though it possess the singer, may not master her. In her life, as recorded by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, we look in vain for traces of the poet soul which dominates her published works. The biographical part of the book is an account of trivial doings and sayings, interspersed with scant quotations from unremarkable letters, the whole conveying the impression of a woman who might be somewhat of a prig, very much of a devotee, not

noticeably individual in character or gifted in mind; conscientious, loving and sincere, to the same extent as many other good women, but not in any unusual degree original, thoughtful, or imaginative. One turns from this unsatisfying narration of her surface life, from the scraps of correspondence, behind which her personality lurks blurred and indefinite, to the poetry wherein her spirit, free and unconstrained, declares itself with no uncertain sound, but with a note individual, distinct, and sublimely simple. Such a personality, marked and impressive to those who came into direct contact with it, expressed itself but faintly in acts which can be recorded; and letters were obviously not to Christina Rossetti, as to Mrs. Browning, a vehicle of spontaneous expression. One feels, in reading them, as though they must have been more of a task than a pleasure to her; they contain here and there a few opinions, but they have no distinctive atmosphere; they breathe of letter-writing, not of a particular writer of letters.

But the poems show her very self, restrained, direct and sincere. The outer life, as pictured in the biography, gives an impression of monotony, of being bound down to the level of the commonplace; but there is nothing commonplace or monotonous in the poems. Quaint, often, in diction, approaching occasionally to colloquialism in phrase, the touch is always sure and distinctive, the language, though child-like sometimes, is never trivial. Take, for example, these two stanzas from 'Bird or Beast':—

'Did any beast come pushing  
Through the thorny hedge  
Into the thorny thistly world  
Out from Eden's edge?

'I think not a lion,  
Though his strength is such;  
But an innocent loving lamb  
May have done as much.'

The last stanza especially is well-nigh prosaic, both in rhythm and in the choice of words, and just misses, in fact, being ridiculous; yet it is poetry, not prose, and, though almost fantastic in its extreme simplicity, is not absurd. Few writers could have rendered so quaint a fancy so quaintly, but Christina Rossetti's poems contain many instances of the kind; and so strongly characteristic are they of her individuality that one is tempted to advance the seeming paradox that it is in her least personal poems, those in which symbolism and allegory predominate, that we get the truest presentment of her personality.

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For the purely devotional writings, outcome as they are of an elementary part of her nature, are, to a great extent, the expression of that one part only, and lack the peculiar quality which is the hall-mark of her veritable self. They are poetical, but the poetry is less inevitable in them than the religious feeling: the soul of the poet is dominated by the heart of the saint. The statement again sounds paradoxical, inasmuch as the soul is generally credited with qualities more spiritual than those assigned to the heart; but the spirit of Christina Rossetti had a wider vision, understanding, and sympathy than could be contained within the limits of definite religious feeling or a conscious creed; and the poet's perception, apprehending intuitively the spiritual element and import in much not commonly associated with religion, was more inherently part of herself than the devotional consciousness which both animated and controlled her heart. Nevertheless some of her religious poems rank amongst the finest in the language; but their merit seems almost in inverse proportion to their purely devotional feeling; that is to say, that those in which the poet's fancy proclaims itself in quaint conceits and imagery—bringing to the reader's mind that foremost master of sacred verse, George Herbert—have greater strength and greater distinction than those in which the saintly impulse gives utterance to the emotions of the sinner. Yet there are exceptions; for instance, the fine appeal by Christ to a human soul, entitled 'The Love of Christ which passeth Knowledge'—verses which, devoid of imagery and direct in phrase, are instinct with a dignity, restraint, and pathos which stamp them as a masterpiece. The metre is in singular accord with the spirit of the poem. Listen to the first few lines of it:—

'I bore with thee long weary days and nights,  
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;  
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,  
For three-and-thirty years.'

Reproach lies in the cadences, but reproach waited on by tenderness: form and substance are mated here with complete felicity. Then there are the poems which, though not classed by their writer amongst the devotional pieces, are still religious in sentiment. Such are 'Amor Mundi' and 'Up-Hill,' and such, though in a lesser degree, is 'Twice.' 'Up-Hill' is a fine example of that extreme directness of utterance peculiarly characteristic of its author, and by means of which she produces some of her finest effects; a directness entirely unaffected and unstudied, the natural expression of a nature child-like in  
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its simplicity. It would be interesting to know how far her Italian origin bore upon her mental constitution; but it would seem certain that, while her brother Dante Gabriel drew from the land of his ancestry a lavishness of warmth and colour, a wealth of diction and idiom, typical of the South, Christina's heritage lay chiefly in the direction of that unfaltering completeness of imagination which made the unseen worlds of Dante into realities, not only for himself, but for his readers. An unhesitating capacity for make-believe is a necessary quality in such an imagination, a capacity common to children and to poets; for to the poet or the child the thing which he imagines is, whether his conception be founded on tangible objects which he transforms at will, or grow out of 'airy nothings.' This quality was strong in Christina Rossetti: her conceptions were never blurred, nor her thoughts indeterminate; the mental images in which they clothed themselves were vivid to her vision, and their embodiment in words was the congruous outward presentment of the inward ideas.

Besides this simplicity of conception and expression, one is conscious of a certain austerity in the writer, which opposes exaggeration of emotion or language, and which, though her fancy may exercise itself in symbolism or imagery, forbids floweriness of speech. To this austerity, touched here and there by asceticism, is due, perhaps, the absence of sentimentality from her poetical utterances: she may be slightly morbid now and again, she is constantly romantic, but she is never sentimental. And the more human, the more what is called secular, the character of her verses, the more pronounced is the austerity. She wrote many love poems, many poems of sorrow and of parting; but in none is the joy delirious, the passion vehement, or the sorrow desperate: yet the controlled atmosphere of them is due, not to paucity of feeling, but to plenitude of restraint; somewhat, too, to that aloofness of attitude spoken of above, which seems, in a sense, to lift her out of the tumult of the world and set her on a remoter plane; the plane, it may be, of veritable art. The inference would be logical, for Christina Rossetti was as eminently an artist as she was emphatically a poet; instinctively and unconsciously an artist, as is shown by the fact that her style, though peculiarly her own, is free from mannerisms. And, being a poet, she revealed herself most surely in those poems which are the direct outcome of the poet's involuntary attitude, not in the writings coloured by personal feeling. It is commonly taken for granted that it is to the autobiographical touches in the works of a writer that we must look for indications of himself. Limited

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to the term *indications*, the theory may hold good; by such means tendencies and tastes may declare themselves; circumstances and conditions may be hinted at or described; all the details, in fact, which a friend might relate about a man may be set down, more or less accurately, more or less openly, in what are called personal references: but it is in the more poetical part of a poet's work that his essential self more positively reveals itself; it is his most impersonal, his most abstract utterances which bear the true stamp of his innermost personality: and the greater the poet the more emphatically is this the case. In dealing with women poets this consideration is doubly important; for women, as a rule, have a tendency to put more of what is called personal feeling into their writings than men; their creative mental life is less distinct from the outer practical one than is the case with men, as is evidenced from the fact that it is rare to find the spirit of a woman's work and her conduct in complete antagonism, while with men poets, painters, and artists of all kinds, the phenomenon is a frequent one. The reason is that a woman's personality dominates and permeates her character to a greater degree than does a man's; and, if we separate character from personality, of which it is but a part, and not the whole—is, indeed, in a sense, but one of the mediums for the expression of personality—we shall understand why characteristic tendencies and feelings appear more frequently and more pronouncedly in women's writings than in men's: that is to say that, to the extent to which personality pervades character, will a writer's characteristic opinions and attitude appear in his writings; whereas the more distinct is the inner from the outer life the less does the autobiographical element enter into his work. Yet, in the latter case, the more distinctive will that work be, the more positive will be the impress upon it of the inward spirit of the man, his ultimate personality. With the greatest poets this is demonstrably so. Who could tell from his writings whether Shakespeare, in his daily life, was a sad man or a sorry one; what his circumstances were, or his opinions; whether the world went well or ill with him? And this is the case apart from his dramatic writing; his poems throw as little light upon his surface character and existence as his plays do, while both bear the impress of a spirit unique and consistent; his personality is manifest, though what would be called his personal characteristics remain in obscurity.

Christina Rossetti is a woman poet whose finest work is uncoloured by her individual experiences or opinions; and in this, that her poems express her abstract spiritual self, lies her greatest

greatest distinction. This it is which gives her a higher place in the poets' kingdom than can be accorded to Mrs. Browning, whose work, larger in volume, greater in scope, more intellectually thoughtful than that of her sister poet, has yet less originality of imagination, and is lacking also in beauty of form, the sense of which was a never-failing element in all that Miss Rossetti put forth. For in Mrs. Browning, as the woman is never quite submerged in the artist, so the imaginative idea is constantly coloured by the emotional impulse. In her longest poem, 'Aurora Leigh,' we are conscious throughout of the author's point of view. Elizabeth Barrett Browning speaks in the person of her heroine, acts as she would have acted had she been a man in the position of Romney Leigh, feels as she would have felt had she suffered the wrong suffered by Marian Earle. And her attitude towards the problems with which she deals is not dramatically negative, but clearly manifest: it is emphatically the attitude of the generous woman who, beginning to reflect upon certain facts and inequalities of social life, is stirred to emotion, keen, indignant, and somewhat sentimental, and who is deliberately defiant of the conventional standard of propriety of her day. Mrs. Browning felt passionately, and the passionate emotion characteristic of herself and evident in her letters is characteristic also of her best work, forming at once its greatest strength and the chief element of its weakness. For intensity of emotion may find full expression only when the treatment of it is dramatic: when it is lyrical—and Mrs. Browning's poetry is generally lyrical in spirit, though it is various in form—emotion, if it be not bound fast to dignity by the strong bands of artistic restraint, tends to become exaggerated. This exaggeration of sentiment into sentimentalism mars with its weakness much of what the poet made; but in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' the woman and the poet would seem to be fused in a combination which, in the result, has the effect of an abstract personality. The woman's emotion is present, indeed, and strongly; but it is, on the whole, so controlled by reverence of that which inspires it, that its flow, though full and free, is measured, its expression, though impulsive, is dignified by that purity of utterance, exempt from mannerisms, which results from nobility of feeling made shapely by definiteness of thought. Emotion here is subject to law, the law of restraint, and, rising above sensation, becomes exalted, ordered, and serene.

'What I do

And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes.'

This

This is a fine idea, made finely palpable; and the whole series of sonnets is rich in quotable lines, in striking thoughts and apt expressions. Written out of the heart of a woman to the man she loved, the poet's soul informs them, raising love from 'an emotion to a motive,' changing it from a fire that burns to a light that illumines, subduing the wail of desire to the chant of endurance. We seem to hear in these sonnets something of the same note which distinguishes the love poems of Christina Rossetti, a note which forbids tumult and defeats despair, a joy in love which is concerned, not with the fulfilment of its cravings, but with the realization of its finest capacities. Yet, in these two lovers of Italy, the one with the Italian blood in her veins preserves the greater austerity; the South maintains more constant restraint than the North. Christina Rossetti's work, indeed, is instinct with the quality, not critical so much as clear-sighted, which intuitively discerns and inevitably complies with the requirements of the three graces of creative achievement: proportion, treatment, and form. It is rare, this gift of discernment, especially rare amongst women, whose creative work, as a rule, is the outcome of something which they have strongly felt or thought or realized, and as strongly desire to express, the desire for expression being constantly in excess of the sense of form.

The impulse to give voice to the workings of heart and brain is particularly noteworthy and interesting, taken together with the consideration that this century is the first in which women have become articulate. We do not mean to assert, it need hardly be said, that never till within the last hundred years have women expressed themselves in any form of art or literature: instances would at once arise in one's thought and confute the assertion. But never till now have women as a body made themselves audible to the world at large. The fact gives rise to three considerations. The first has been already suggested: it deals with the note of sincerity in women's work, rooted in this, that they write because they have something to say; the second is that women, writing about themselves, give a different impression of womanhood from that which has been created in the presentment of it by men; the third is that women have begun to speak in a day of subtle reasoning and complex emotions.

Taking the first reflection, that women poets have, as a rule, something to say, one may venture to assert that sincerity, as it is the prevailing characteristic of their writings, is also its chief merit. More egotistical in their subject-matter than men, more concrete in the manner and substance of their thought, more  
impulsively

impulsively emotional, it is rare to find a woman poet who has not some message to declare, some conviction to lay down or emotion to vent; some distinct thing to say, if not about the world she lives in, then about herself. The men minor poets of the day would seem to spend themselves chiefly in the effort to attain perfection of form. Volume after volume comes forth, graceful and more than graceful; verse delicate and melodious, various in theme, modern in touch; and the reader, carried onward by the melody and the merit of it, does not realize, till the book is closed and the music is still, that the substance is thin, the thought conventional, and that there is little suggestive, stirring, alive, behind the dainty utterance, the carefully modelled form. Not that the writers of the kind referred to are limited in their range of subjects. Nay, very far afield do they often go for the substance of their song; so that much that in former days was accounted common or unclean is now gathered, as it were, into a sheet of art, let down by the four corners into our intellectual midst, and presented to us as fitting food for our mental, artistic, and spiritual cravings. Far be it from us to quarrel with what might be termed the democratic tendency in artistic intention; nothing in human nature, and no manifestation of it, can or should lie without the pale of the artist's kingdom; subject, be it said, to the artistic sense which determines selection and treatment. Whether that artistic sense is always evident in the works of the modern minor poet is not our present consideration: we are concerned only to note whether there be any differences in the poetry put forth by men and women, and, if so, to note those differences, and to trace the sources from which they spring.

A perfectly definite conclusion on the subject is perhaps hardly possible; but, without laying down too dogmatic a statement, it would seem on the whole as if women were chiefly concerned with what they have to say, whereas the growing tendency amongst their brothers is to say something particularly well. One might imagine a man poet looking round upon his world and thinking: Where shall I find a subject whereon to expend my poet's art? Surely such and such an aspect of life, such and such a trait in human nature, such and such a train of thought, would work out into a fine poem. A woman, on the other hand, would appear first to have been swayed by some emotion or conviction, and then to have set herself to give it forth in words, the rendering of it into concrete form being the primary consideration, the form itself but of secondary importance. In the finest works of the finest poets, this kind of analysis is necessarily impossible; form and substance go hand

in



in hand; the seer sees and the poet speaks; and the world sooner or later accepts the truth of his conception, feels the beauty of its presentment. But, leaving aside the masters, the tendencies in the various schools of their followers are a real source of interest; and the fact that sincerity is a prominent characteristic of women's poetry is noteworthy when taken in conjunction with the additional fact that it is but comparatively recently that women have spoken at all. Without committing the obvious absurdity of confining sincerity to the writings of women, it may nevertheless be contended that the lack of it is frequently apparent in the poetry recently produced by men; but the contention does not necessarily imply inherent differences in the mental constitution or artistic consciousness of men and women, but merely suggests that while the lack of sincerity is a sure sign of decadence, its presence may be an inevitable feature in the first period of artistic development.

We come now to the subject matter of women poets, to what it is they want to say, whether it is worth saying, and to what extent it is effective. Mainly they express themselves, the woman's point of view, and what women appear to themselves to be. There are, broadly speaking, two standpoints from which one may look at the world: the abstract point, from which self, in so far as it is possible to eliminate self, is eliminated; and the individual standpoint, from which life as it affects one's own being is the principal consideration. It would be inaccurate to say that the woman's outlook upon life is, as a general rule, more egotistical than the man's; but one might hazard the more negative proposition that women, in their writings, attain less frequently to an abstract consideration of life than do men: and it is possible that this fact, assuming it to be a fact, may be accounted for on the same ground as that taken up with regard to the note of sincerity in women poets, namely, that the poetry of women is of recent growth. For literature begins with the epic, in which man, naively egotistical, though contentedly un-selfconscious, takes the world simply as a background to the record of battles, triumphs, and adventures which to him represent the purpose and the sum of life; and it may be that modern woman, though actively self-conscious, may nevertheless, in her first expression of herself, have this much in common with the earliest poets, that the self appears the centre of the universe. Life, in its conditions and its aims, has changed since Homeric days; changed so that the bulk of poetic expression is no longer epic in form: the habit of analysis sets the seal of inward impression upon the record of outward events; and the natural expression of a self-conscious

self-conscious view of life is lyrical. Joanna Baillie, indeed, the pioneer poet of her sex, wrote plays, and she is by no means the only woman who has produced dramatic work (though, be it observed in passing, the dialogue form does not ensure drama, any more than the narrative form makes the epic): but the mass of women poets speak lyrically, or, if not in strictly lyrical form, reflectively; for when a woman has the dramatic instinct, she as a rule, sets down her conceptions in narrative prose, writes, in fact, a novel; and the novel, indeed, when it is dramatic in treatment, is perhaps the nearest approach to an epic that the times permit of. Take, as instances, the Brontës. Poets in soul, their creative faculty declared itself in imaginary characters, so forcibly depicted that they are alive with a life of their own, moving through narratives so frequently dramatic, so full of passion and of human interest, that the world surely will never let them die. But the narratives are in prose: when the Brontës spoke in verse they spoke lyrically; and it is notable that, while Charlotte was the greater dramatist, inasmuch as her range of character drawing was wider than Emily's, her atmosphere more varied, Emily's lyrics are the finer.

But, apart from the question of what form predominates in women's verse, it is undoubtedly the lyrical element in it which is the most forcible, and has produced the greatest effect upon literature and thought. No doubt, in dealing with the question of women's contributions to literature, it is difficult to separate cause and effect, difficult even to determine precisely which is which; for who is to say whether expression is the outcome of a certain stage of social development, or whether certain tendencies of the times are due to the fact that women have become articulate? But whichever way it be, it is certain that the utterances of women have influenced both the thought and the writings of men. If we look back to the period before which women's voices were audible, and compare it with our own, we shall find that there is a far greater difference between the heroines of romance of the past and present than there is between the heroes. The heroes of the past, though other than those of the present, were yet various in type and individual in character; whereas the women were of only two kinds, the wholly good woman and the wholly bad; the men were compounded of flesh, but the women were made of wood. They belong to a time when Byron's statement that love is woman's whole existence might have been supplemented by the further statement that it was her only claim to any existence at all in the lives of men. She was a being to be loved and protected, and in return she was to love with unselfish and unflinching devotion:

devotion: that was the good type, and it endures in the works of Thackeray and Dickens; or she was faithless, the embodiment of temptation, possibly a shrew—and in any case she was unreasoning—submissive or cunning as she was angelic or the reverse. That was the man's conception of woman in her silence; and it is only since she has found in art the means of declaring her nature, its complexities and inconsistencies, its contending forces of good and evil, that she has, in the works of men, ceased to be a lay figure and become alive. Here and there a genius like Shakespeare, glancing 'from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' and perceiving the inherent elements in things created, has fashioned a human woman, a woman who has eaten the apple and is yet within the garden; but in the female characters of most of the literature of the past will be found Eve before her temptation, or after she has been driven forth from Eden and is held responsible for the fall of man.

But women, taking up the poet's lyre, and finding that they can draw melody from the strings, have sung divers songs, telling of the world as it appears to them, of that in it which they deem pitiful or joyful, unjust, desirable, worthy of love or of scorn; and, singing thus of the world and what it means to them, have shown themselves as they are.

And this brings us to the third consideration arising from the fact that the poetry of women is of recent development, the consideration, namely, that women have awakened to artistic existence in an age not primitive, as when the earliest poets began to sing, but in a stage of advanced civilization, in a day of subtle emotions, of conflicting tendencies, of highly-strung nerves, of intellectual unrest. Life is not simple now, as in the days of prompt warfare, of quick passions and swift revenge; the line between right and wrong is less sharply defined, duties are less obvious though more insistent, self-consciousness opens the door to morbid imaginations, and wider views take from the unhesitating certainty ensured by a single point of vision. In these days women have, for the first time in any number, added their voices to the voices of men, and the treble note, quivering with the desire of utterance, has made itself felt in the chorus. It was tentative at first, strung to the conventional pitch laid down by tradition; for women, beginning to write, unconsciously painted themselves from the models they found ready made in existing literature; and when they spoke not of the beauties of Nature, the main burden of their song was limited to the sorrows of the maiden, faithful and forgiving, dying from the desertion of the lover, of the mother mourning the child, or the child the mother; to the theme of the woman  
virtuous,

virtuous, or, if not virtuous, deserving of all suffering and contempt. It was later on, when expression, by dint of usage, had become a more familiar tool, that the desire after it became fraught with self-consciousness, and women, looking inwards upon their own hearts and temperaments, as well as outwards on the traditional examples of poetry and themselves, began to realize what it was they really wanted to say. Then came the positively womanly note, as distinct from the acceptedly feminine, and variety of temperament declared itself amidst the distinguishing characteristics of sex. We do not wish, be it noted here, to insist too strongly upon these characteristics, or to institute comparisons between the mental attitude and achievements of men and women; on the contrary, it is because women in their writings have shown themselves to be compounded so much more nearly of the same materials as men than would seem to be the case from men's presentment of them in the literature of bygone days, that their portraiture of themselves is peculiarly interesting. It must be remembered, of course, that in those other days, women were doubtless simpler than they are now; the narrow interests, the limited sphere, the few opportunities of development, which were theirs in former times, had much to do, not only with what they seemed to their painters to be, but with what they actually were; and had they become articulate a century sooner than they did, no doubt the poems they wrote would have been very different in feeling, aspiration, and intention from those which are the outcome of a later period. Complex, ardent, hungering after knowledge and experience, the modern woman is very far away from the grandmothers who seemed to be content with a limited education, domestic interests, wifehood at twenty and caps at thirty. One wonders if they were better, those women, or only less frank, than the daughters who, speaking out of themselves in a restless age, have declared themselves to be not wholly saints or sinners, or goddesses or housekeepers, but creatures made somewhat after the fashion of men, with good and bad mingled in the same nature, the battleground of opposing impulses, combining high aims with small ambitions, desiring good, yet allured by evil. Such is the heroine of latter-day literature, depicted by the writers of both sexes; but while, in the case of men writers, it was after a long course of poetic achievement, begun in simpler days, that there was added to their conception of woman woman's conception of herself, women, entering into their corner of the poets' kingdom, were surrounded at the very outset of their artistic existence by the complex tendencies of an advanced age. To both,

both, in one sense, belongs, besides the poet's imagination and perception, which are of no time, but of all time, that heritage of accumulated thought and experience which increases with the ages; for it must never be forgotten that every woman has had a father, as every man has had a mother: but yet it would seem as if the women poets of the day, attempting to attain, and attaining, on the whole, to a lower standard of beauty of form than that reached by their brother singers, have nevertheless in a greater measure some of the attributes of youth than these, that they are more in earnest, more vigorous in substance, stronger in impulse. There may be faults of immaturity in women's poetry, but there are few traces of decadence; the woman poet, born into an old world, is still young; and though, giving voice to the cravings, the restlessness, the complicated ideas and aims arising out of her own rapidly developing nature, and the times in which that development takes place, she may be sometimes unduly emotional and exaggerated in sentiment, the fact that her utterances are the outcome of a genuine impulse makes her worth listening to, makes her, too, certain of a hearing.

It is interesting to note the growth of self-consciousness in the writings of women. In the beginning, as has been already remarked, they wrote from what might be termed the conventional point of view, representing the world as they had been taught to consider it, looking at life objectively, choosing as subjects its more prominent aspects. Later on, the highways of outlined delineation and simple reflection are forsaken for the more intricate paths of a subtler analysis, and the distinctively womanly note becomes increasingly audible: for, while there is no sex, as there is no impress of individual experience and opinion, in the highest flights of poetry, there are always sex, opinion, and experience in a point of view, and in lyric expression a point of view is almost inevitable.

Let us begin with Joanna Baillie, well to the fore in the ranks of women poets; prominent in this, that she was amongst the first women who wrote, was the first who produced poetry considerable in amount, and that what she produced was also considerable in merit. Born nearly a hundred and forty years ago, the language she uses is the language of another day than ours; more stately, of a stricter rule, more temperate in term, more measured in expression. She uses this language well: a wide vocabulary, discreetly chosen and aptly applied, marches, metrically correct, in blank verse which has both dignity and force, or in rhymed stanzas in which the rhymes are almost invariably tuneful and the rhythm is always smooth. The  
largest

largest part of her writings consists of plays, but only the tragedies and dramas are in verse; the comedies are in prose. Whether they are good acting plays, excellent in stagecraft, it is not our province to determine, but that they contain dramatic situations, dramatically treated, is undoubted. Take the scene in 'The Family Legend,' in which Maclean comes, falsely mourning the wife whom he supposes to have been murdered, to the castle of her father, Argyll. It is dramatically conceived and dramatically treated; short and sharp, the climax treads close upon the heels of expectation; and the reality of eager impatience in the host and his retinue is shown by the author in allowing but little time to the actors to play with the situation. The treatment, in a word, is not theatrical, but dramatic. The women in these plays conform generally to the type accepted of the times; they serve men with unflinching devotion or are stumbling-blocks in their career; though now and again, as in the character of Victoria in 'Basil,' the creative instinct of the author, ignoring the dictates of tradition, vivifies the dry bones of type with some of the inconsistencies of the flesh. Yet, speaking generally, though the first woman poet held a recognized position amongst the writers of her generation, her poetry exercised little influence on the thought or tendencies of that generation. Dowered with the gift of dramatic consciousness, the consciousness of self was in abeyance; the questioning note, the introspective and analytical impulses which led to a new revelation of the needs and nature of women, had no part in her writings; and, accepted by her contemporaries as worthy of a poet's place, she gained and held that place as an exponent of current ideas, not as an innovator.

Born three decades later than Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans passed out of the world fifteen years before the elder poet, and as the life of the one was thus covered by that of the other, they may be called contemporaries. But the thirty years of difference in their ages are not without their effect upon the mental attitude of the younger; for while Joanna Baillie is altogether of the last century, Mrs. Hemans belongs, in some ways, to the new. The touch of pedantry is still apparent in her writings, and she is correctly feminine; indeed, that she was feminine in her point of view, handling of subjects, and methods of expression, seems to have been the merit for which, according to the reviews of the times, she was chiefly esteemed: but her vocabulary and phraseology are more modern in character than are those of her forerunner, her range of subjects is wider, inasmuch as it includes the simpler facts and aspects of every-day life, her method of treatment is less artificial.

She



She too wrote plays, but they are not essentially dramatic: her true sphere was that of sentiment, refined, thoughtful, and a trifle obvious. She had more learning than imagination, was more cultured than original; but many of the poems which found a place in the affections of her contemporaries have survived till the present day, and existence is a test of vitality.

Mrs. Browning followed close upon Mrs. Hemans, but in style, in thought, in her outlook upon life, she would seem to belong to another era. Beginning with the century, she began, it is true, in somewhat stilted fashion. Her first poems are artificial rather than artistic, cast in the mould of recognized poetical thought and language; and it was only later on, when her heart was touched, that her poetical being quickened into veritable potency. The Brontës, contemporaries of Mrs. Browning, though in no way her rivals, as they won their fame in another field, wrote, however, besides their novels, a certain number of poems. Curiously unsophisticated are these poems; trite often in sentiment and commonplace in diction, they are, for the most part, neither strikingly original nor essentially poetic. There is thought in them, and fancy, but the imagination of their authors found a full outlet only in prose romance; and we must endorse Charlotte's verdict in her preface to *'Wuthering Heights,'* that the poems of Ellis Bell contain all that is worth preserving of the poetry of the sisters. But Emily has written some verses which deserve to live; and there is a lilt in her lines and a quaintness in her fancy which seem to say that poetry, had she lived to write more of it, might have become with her the fitting instrument of a genuine inspiration. She possesses that distinction which is the inevitable outcome of original conception; original in the sense that it is born in the brain of the writer, and is, therefore, in its freshness and spontaneity, unaffected by the fact that it may have been thought and expressed already a dozen times by a dozen different people.

We come now to the noon-day of modern poetical tendencies. The poets of the Victorian age, brushing aside tradition, made new schemes of verse, a new use of language, a new vocabulary; and by the time that women poets were no longer few but many, the English of Joanna Baillie had passed away and another mode of expression reigned in its stead. To Christina Rossetti, greatest of women poets, it is hardly necessary, in this connexion, to refer; partly because her style and the merits of it have already been commented upon; and partly because, using English in a way of her own, making of it an instrument strong, beautiful, and adequate, but simple, eminently the

reverse of ponderous, admirable in its union of delicacy and force, she gives to it a character which bears the impress of herself rather than of any particular period. Augusta Webster, ten years her junior, and writing in the days when the newer tongue was firmly established, uses this tongue with facility, but without any great distinction. Her lyrics hardly rise above the commonplace, and—to pierce through the shell of language to the kernel of its being, thought—when she reflects, she is apt to moralize. The best of the lyrics is ‘To One of Many,’ more spontaneous in feeling, stronger in utterance, than the rest; but the gist of what she has to say is interspersed in her longer poems, which, though hardly great as a whole, contain many fine ideas, and some that mark an onward step in the growth of that self-consciousness which, according to our theory, is partly the origin and partly the result of the poetical expression of women. In her the woman speaks, the woman who is beginning to recognize her own complexities.

‘Tis only loveless wives who must not fret,  
For fear of being understood—indeed  
For fear of understanding their own selves.’

This is far away from Joanna Baillie and the heroines of her day. Then, loveless wives hid their lovelessness, suffered in shame and silence what fate or folly had brought them, died dumb and uncomplaining; but here there is a note of rebellion, of bitterness, an implied protest against the assumption that a woman’s happiness is ensured by the fulfilment of her duty. And the note sounds on: amidst much written by women in the last fifty years of a kind purely poetical, dramatically or intellectually impersonal, one catches every now and again the strain of self-consciousness, hears, more or less distinctly, the flutter of wings against the cage-bars of custom or circumstance. That the note is a questioning one does not make it any the less positive, since enquiry comes often nearer the truth than does assertion: and when this, the analytical and the more forcible element, is absent, there is still much in the poetry of women which reveals by implication their general attitude towards life, their intellectual and moral conception of its meaning. Harriet Hamilton King belongs to this latter class. Her chief poem, ‘The Disciples,’ is narrative in form, and the gem of it, ‘The Sermon in the Hospital,’ is calm in atmosphere, and, though reflective in character, is untouched by lyrical self-consciousness. It is, indeed, the wrongs of nations, of humanity in the mass, and not her individual needs and emotions, which inspire the author’s strongest utterances; but

but while she paints her heroes brave, devoted, and inflexible, one is sensible, behind the daring deeds of men, of the woman's ideal of fortitude. Resignation plays a part in this ideal; not in its false form of apathy induced by indifference or forgetfulness, but in the rarer nobility of dignified submission to the inevitable; and endurance is a part of valour.

There is but little calm in the poetry of Constance Naden. The spirit of the metaphysician breathes throughout her works, questioning and restless. If we except those verses, which, aiming at comedy, attain but to a poor semblance of mirth, the burden of her utterance is *Whence, Whither, Why?*—and though she seems sometimes to answer the questions, one feels that she never answers herself. Here is the poetry of thought rather than of feeling; viewing the world subjectively, the self that speaks is less the self of the woman than of the philosopher; and though philosopher and poet are not, in their essence, conflicting, but one, the problem in her poems sometimes, yet by no means always, mars the poetry.

If Constance Naden is the poet of intellectual enquiry, Adelaide Procter is emphatically the singer of sentiment. There is in her verse little of the restlessness, of the subtler emotions and desires which characterize in an increasing degree the poetry of more recent days. Her writings are not of the kind to alter or disturb ruling ideas; she is the mouthpiece of current feeling, not a prophet giving voice to the dawning desires of the future. Very gentle is her muse; resignation waits always upon sorrow; forgiveness treads close on injury; and love is tenderness, not passion. Her style is straightforward and clear, but hardly distinguished; language is to her simply a vehicle of expression, and she is not particular in her choice of words or the sound and run of her phrases. Writing for the mass of her sisters, her attitude towards life is that of the majority of women, touched by the light of the ideal; and the form in which she embodies her conceptions and her thoughts is of less importance to her than that what she writes out of the fulness of her heart should reach the hearts of her audience.

Mathilde Blind strikes a more individual note, with more of fervour in it and more of romance. She is not content with things as they are; to her sorrow is less a teacher than a foe to be fought with; and love is the light of life, its absence dearth and darkness. She feels the vanity of things created, and longs after something which shall still the hunger of her nature; but, unlike Constance Naden, it is the heart rather than the mind in her which craves satisfaction; and in her best verses the poet finds her material in the emotions of a woman. Unequal

in power of expression, halting sometimes in metre, there is much of her work which bears the poet's mark, and at times her form is adequate to her intention. 'Love's Completeness' is one of her short poems which shows her at her best; and her best entitles her to an honourable place in her sisterhood.

Jean Ingelow has one of the highest attributes of artistic excellence, an atmosphere of her own. Her readers are conscious of it, and breathe it with her; and she shows creative power, not by merely having her own world, but by the fact that she can make others see and feel and enter into it for a while. Much acute observation goes to the fashioning of this world, observation of the moods and aspects as well as the facts and objects of nature, together with a strong conviction of the reality of existence and a persuasion that its aims are worth pursuing, its ideals worth striving after. She takes no mystic view of life; hills and trees, the murmur of streams, the daintiness of flowers, the glory of the sunset and the dawn, are to her not symbols, but exist in and for themselves: she speaks of them cheerily and tenderly, with an aptness of epithet due to knowledge and a wealth of delight in them born of love:—

'What change has made the pastures sweet  
And reached the daisies at my feet,  
And cloud that wears a golden hem?  
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—  
They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
But yesterday had finished them.'

These lines indicate her attitude towards nature; and her outlook on humanity is the same in kind, healthful and hopeful, free from morbidity, touched with the freshness of a spirit which seems to have drunk of the elixir of youth. Not that she is blind to the sad side of life; and she too strikes now and again the self-conscious note, the realization by women of the restrictions imposed upon them by custom and their own nature, as witness the lines:—

'Our life is checked with sorrows manifold:  
But woman has this more—she may not call  
Her sorrow by its name.'

But there is never despair in her grieving; and the evil in the outer world finds no place in that which she has made for herself.

A considerable portion of E. Nesbit's poetry is in narrative form. Legend is dear to her, and the romance that clings to the ashes of dead days calls to her with a voice she cannot resist

resist to kindle the dull embers into flame again. A certain dramatic sense enables her to carry out the behest successfully, but rather as regards the spirit than the letter; for while her legendary poems call up the pictures she desires to paint, she rarely adopts, in the form of her verses, the wording, phrasing, and metre of them, the special characteristics of the ballad: they are legends rendered in modern verse, rather than ballads in their essence. But the chief value of her work is not to be found in her narrative poems; it is the lyrics which bear the burden of what she has to say. In the lyrics she sounds repeatedly the modern note of independence, the woman's desire for freedom; and she gives this desire as the subtle thing it is; not a wish for independence in itself, but the intermittent longing of the self-conscious woman of later days for the capacity of living her life alone; an impatience, not only of the control of the man, but of that in her which urges submission to his domination:—

'To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.

'Could I only stand  
Between gray moor and gray sky  
Where the wind and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand.  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain-wet face, and know  
I am free—not yours—but my own.  
Free—and alone!'

There sounds the characteristic note, of longing after freedom, of escape, not necessarily from unhappy wifehood or from the limitations of convention or custom, but from the voluntary bondage of the woman's nature; for look at the ending of this poem, 'The Woman's World':—

'I cannot breathe, cannot see;  
There is "us," but there is not "me"—  
And worst, at your kiss, I grow  
Contented so.'

The note is rarely so clear as in the above poem, and there are many of the lyrics in which it does not sound at all; yet one is conscious in most of the author's lyrical work of an element of dissatisfaction, a sense, too undefined, perhaps, for conviction, that love, marriage, and maternity are insufficient in themselves to fill a woman's life, that her nature craves a wider scope for its development than is afforded by these, that she is, indeed, hardly justified in being contented with the happiness which  
concerns

concerns and satisfies her womanhood alone, and ignoring or neglecting a larger world of suffering, endeavour, perplexities, and sin.

This consciousness of pain in the outer world is evident also in the poems of Mary Robinson; distinctly formulated in some, notably in her 'Prelude,' latent in many; and in combination with a great tenderness towards human wrongs and suffering, Madame Darmesteter possesses a strong love of nature and a true sympathy with its manifestations. She has a musical ear, and is happy too, in her selection of words and metres; and this, the charm of sound, leads us to speak of the writer who, perhaps, of all women poets, bears the palm for beauty of utterance.

Mrs. Meynell has the sense of metre, and not only of metre but of rhythm, and not only of rhythm but of cadence; and added to all this she is singularly happy in phrase, discreet in vocabulary, apt as well as picturesque in simile. The restraint of strength is hers, and her emotion is so well controlled, her thought so definite, that the expression of the one is never exaggerated, of the other is never obscure. The slur of sentimentality is absent from her pages; dainty or forcible, sad or impassioned, the song she sings is never hysterical or sickly; and the judgment of the artist directs the eloquence of the poet. Her sonnet, 'Renouncement,' is too well known to call for quotation; but there is a line in it which must be cited as containing a word used with rare felicity:—

'But when sleep comes to close each difficult day.'

*Difficult* is a word which both in sound and sense has little kinship with poetical usage, but one feels that in this instance it is the one word which is exactly appropriate. It carries so much meaning; that it should be at the same time apt and unusual lends it distinction; and even the superfluous syllable adds merit to the metre. Mrs. Meynell uses the superfluous syllable fairly frequently, and always with just effect; the cadences in the poem, 'To the Beloved Dead,' prove, indeed, that she has full understanding of the measure and melody of words:—

'Beloved, thou art like a tune that idle fingers  
Play on a window-pane.

The time is there, the form of music lingers;

But O thou sweetest strain,

Where is thy soul? Thou liest i' the wind and rain.'

The rest of the poem is equally beautiful, in thought as well as in form; and the imagery of it is consistently maintained throughout,



throughout, as are also the delicate tenderness of the tone and the yearning wistfulness of the sentiment. And is there not a grave beauty, both in the conception and wording of this?—

‘Farewell has long been said; I have foregone thee:

I never name thee even.

But how shall I learn virtue and yet shun thee?

For thou art so near Heaven

That heavenward meditations pause upon thee.’

The temptation to quote is great when there is so much that is quotable; but we must pass on from this deft mistress of expression to the poems of a young writer whose life ended when her artistic career had barely begun. The poems of Amy Levy are shadowed by a morbid strain: they are a cry rather than song. Not destitute of reflective power, and with a measure of dramatic intuition, the sad side of life, its emptiness, weariness, disappointments, has so impressed itself upon her heart and brain that her eyes are all but blind to the sunlight. It would be unwarrantable to charge her dramatic utterances with personal significance, but the subjects chosen for these utterances are always the same in kind, the speakers have all found life sad or bitter; and in the lyrics there is still the wail of the minor key. She was a poet at heart, and speaks with poets’ words and by and through the similes and fancies of a poet; but it would seem that the spirit in her was bruised, and when she died her wings had not grown strong enough to lift her outside and beyond herself.

There are many other women—poets, or the writers of rhymes and verse—whom it is not possible to discuss here: in the past, even, they are not a few; and in present days their ranks are enlarged every month. Mrs. Norton and Eliza Cook; the delicate sentimentality of L. E. L., and the obvious reflectiveness of Mrs. Pfeiffer; Isa Blagden and Isa Craig-Knox; Katherine Tynan and Mrs. Radford; Lady Wilde and M. B. Smedley; there is neither time nor space to speak of all these. And amongst the newer singers are many the mention of whose merits must be limited to the mention of their names. Violet Fane has a public of her own; and Graham Tomson, Mrs. Piatt, L. N. Little, and Mrs. Margaret Woods are some of those who swell the chorus of the day.

Looking back from the modern women poets and their writings to the first woman who spoke clearly and continuously in the tongue of poetry, to Joanna Baillie, we find many great gulfs fixed between them and her; and that this must of necessity be so is obvious. For time, in the course of a  
century

century and a half, has seen the development of many phases of consciousness, and, as the consciousness of each generation is reflected, broadly speaking, by the writers of its day, poetry must vary, in subject and in sentiment, with the varying perception, the varying spiritual and mental attributes of each age. The geniuses are always in advance of their age, and always, in a sense, above all ages, in that they attain to a higher and wider consciousness than is reached by the ordinary man: yet the general consciousness of the majority is not without its influence, even upon genius; and the differences in the dramatic portraiture of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, and a Robert Browning are due, not only to possible differences in the quality of and capacity for mental imaginative insight in the three poets, but also, and in a large measure, to the fact that in the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and the nineteenth centuries, the common consciousness of the time was awake in a different degree to the complexities of human nature and the subtleties of its self-deceptions.

The question of consciousness brings us back to our original starting point, to the question of personality; for in personality is concentrated the sum of consciousness of the individual; and out of his consciousness does the poet write: of the outer things and the outer side of them; or, entering the realm of thought, of a wider world, restless with problems; or again, having realized himself and his limitations, and rising on the wings of imagination to the plane of intuitive perception, he apprehends some of the truths which lie behind seeming and substance. The first women poets reflected rather than affected the age in which they lived: it was not till self-consciousness urged them to speak of their own needs, their own mental attitude, their own inner world, that they made any abiding impression upon thought and literature. But the revelation of themselves enlarged the general consciousness of their fellows; and, as the world of each one of us is limited to that of which each one is aware, the artist or the thinker who unlocks the door to a fresh fact or phase of existence has extended by so much the sphere of those whom he enlightens; and he who enlightens also influences mankind. The view that personality is the sum of consciousness gives a further explanation, too, of the facts noted in commenting upon the value of biography, namely, that that which is called the personal note is more pronounced in some writers than in others; that the lives and writings of some authors are more in accord than are those of others; and that the biographies of men of action are more representative of their subjects than are the biographies of writers: for it is obvious that

that the men whose consciousness is concentrated in deeds, in passing events, in the stir and the outer aspects of life, reveal their personality in ways much more direct and much easier of record than do those whose paramount consciousness, lying beyond the range of action and of the concrete facts of life, finds its fullest development in abstractions; also that they whose intensest consciousness is centred thus in abstractions, may reveal in their writings a self far different from that shown in daily life; and again, that the man whose fullest consciousness lies in the realization of himself, will show more of his personality in his writings than he who has either not attained to or has transcended the consciousness of self. Poetry is the written embodiment of the poet's consciousness, and the value of the one varies with the quality of the other. We find self-consciousness expressing the needs and the attributes of a sex, an individual, or a class; we find abstract thought or intuitive perception treating of ideas and possibilities not cognizable of the senses; we find the consciousness of form declaring itself in musical sequences of sound, in metre, in construction, in the choice of words.

Of the range and nature of the consciousness peculiar to genius; of how nearly and in how many cases women have entered upon it; of the extent to which it is positively inherent, developing of necessity, or exists potentially, dependent upon conditions, it is not possible here to treat: but in the consciousness of genius there is surely an element of prescience; the prophet foreknows—a quality of intuitive perception; the seer apprehends: or it may be that the poet, piercing time, penetrates to the eternal consciousness, free from the distinctions of present, future, or past, so that the note of prophecy, the declaration of truth, is due no more to prophetic or perceptive insight than to memory; to that recollection of which Plato spoke long ago. But be this as it may, the highest consciousness of the poets appears in their poems, not in written records, biographical or autobiographical, not in the things they do, not in the character they display: else were they, indeed, men and women, it may be, of high aims, fine qualities, and great achievements, but not poets essentially, inevitably, and first of all.

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ART. III.—*Harrow School*. Edited by Edmund W. Howson, M.A., and George Townsend Warner, M.A. Illustrated by Herbert M. Marshall. London, 1898.

**I** LOVE Harrow and I like everyone who is a friend to Harrow, but I hate everyone who is hostile to Harrow.' It is obvious that such an unqualified assertion of patriotism must have come from someone who was born about the time of Waterloo, and had lived on into a less outspoken generation. Happily the schoolboy mind is not philosophical. It confines itself cheerfully within the bounds of its little realm, and is conscious of no absurdity in assuming that it is the one ideal republic. For a republic it must be, if it is to satisfy the instincts of a boy. The feeling must be deep, too, if we can judge it by its constancy. Lord Palmerston was typical of many another, whose attachment to their old school survived into extreme old age; and who, amid the preoccupations of busy lives, found leisure to attend to its interests. Robert Grimston was ashamed neither of his acts nor his sentiments, and would have defended, in his own sturdy fashion, his statement that he loved Harrow and hated her enemies. If some of her champions are less outspoken in their advocacy, their affection has been none the less real for the cause to which he gave a lifetime's labour.

It is due to those who have been wont to assemble in the Fourth Form room, to render thanks for their founder, John Lyon, to give some few details of his life. For there was much point in the text chosen one Founder's Day—'The more part knew not wherefore they had come together.' In an age little concerned with archæological problems, the current belief sufficed that he was a London tradesman. But, with growing fortunes, there comes to the English mind a desire for pedigree. And the researches set on foot by Dr. Butler prove him to have been a man of position, owning land in Middlesex and three neighbouring counties—all of which he bequeathed to the school which had become the object of his childless life. The same enquiry carried back the date of the school from 1571 to the preceding reign—an entry having being found at Caius College, Cambridge, of Richard Gerarde, of Harrow School. The Gerard's of Flambarde occupied the house well known as the Park. Sir Gilbert Gerard was Treasurer of Gray's Inn, with Sir Nicholas Bacon, and it is assumed that John Lyon and his friend Gerard had the assistance of Bacon in drawing up the rules of the school. Further evidence of the existence of the school prior to the date originally assigned to it is found in a letter of the Roper family, which is worthy of notice as a proof

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of the tender charity of a Queen of whom little good has been recorded. It was after the death of one of the family who had been keeper of Enfield Chase, Hyde Park, and Marylebone Forest, when, as the quaintly told story runs:—

‘Queen Mary came into our house within a little of my father’s death and found my mother weeping, and took her by the hand and lifted her up—for she needed—and bad her be of good cheer, for her children should be well provided for. Afterward my brother R. and I being the two eldest were sent to Harrow to School, and were there till we were almost men.’

It is apparent, then, that the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth was in favour of a school already existing. In the demise of his property, John Lyon reserved a portion for the maintenance of the road between Harrow and London, as it was thought desirable to facilitate communication with the metropolis—to which, early in this century, it took a waggoner a day to drive his team. The total income, 179*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, sounds strange to our ears. There is a tone of old-world thrift about the Founder’s directions as to building ‘mete and convenient rooms for the Schoolmaster and Usher to dwell in, and a School house with a chimney in it.’ The modest edifice had, however, the stability of its day; and it is matter of congratulation that, through all the subsequent changes, the original structure was allowed to remain. With the exception of its oriel window, the historic Fourth Form room retains its primitive simplicity.

In providing further accommodation for the growing needs of the school the initiative was taken by Dr. George Butler, by whose exertions funds were raised for a speech room, class rooms, and a school library. The reign of another headmaster, Dr. Vaughan, would have been rendered memorable, if for no other cause, for the rebuilding of Dr. Wordsworth’s Chapel in 1857. The foundation stone of the south aisle was laid by Sir W. Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, while the memory was fresh of those Harrovians who had fallen in the Crimea—to whom it was dedicated. The beautiful chancel was the gift of Dr. Vaughan. As a loving tribute to the same benefactor the Vaughan Library was built and opened by Lord Palmerston in 1863. Nor were play hours forgotten. The bathing place emerged from its pristine simplicity, though it retained its modest appellation of Duck-pond; and large sums were expended on the cricket and football fields. As time progressed a new speech room, gymnasium, and the Butler Museum were added. But space forbids to enumerate many of the benefactions.

In summing up the gifts with which the affection of former scholars has enriched their *alma mater*, Dr. Butler estimates that

that a sum of 150,000*l.* has been subscribed since his father eighty years ago issued his first circular, bearing the avaricious motto—

‘*Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque.*’

It was enjoined by the Founder that, after satisfying the wants of his own parish, such number of ‘foreigners’ shall be accepted ‘as the place can conveniently contain.’ But he little foresaw how greatly the latter would outnumber those for whom his bequest was designed. The disproportion grew steadily, till in 1816 out of nearly three hundred boys only three were free scholars. The modest room which he had provided soon proved inadequate, and to meet the rapid increase of the foreign element separate houses were established. During Dr. Wordsworth’s headship, Leith’s, the last of the dames’ houses, had been closed. The eccentric and able scholar Mr. Steel had left the Grove, and only three boarding houses remained—the Park, Mr. Oxenham’s, and Mr. Drury’s. Mr. Shilleto, who had occupied the Grove for a year, had returned to Cambridge, where he used to speak of the ‘blessings of unity upon which Dr. Wordsworth dwelt at a time when the school was reduced to number one.’ The advent of Dr. Vaughan effected an immediate change. The headmaster’s house, which had been rebuilt after the fire, was soon filled. The four great houses of that day, the Park, the Grove, ‘Billy’ Oxenham’s, and ‘Ben’ Drury’s, were occupied by the new-comers. They were presided over by men of mark, who held their ground for a generation and carried into the new *régime* the continuity of the old traditions. Fresh houses were opened and new masters came upon the scene. Among these were the present Bishop of Durham, who started with a few boarders at the Butts, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Rendall; while three were shortly called to higher scholastic posts—Dean Farrar, Pears, and Bradby.

The internal economy of the houses could only be accurately described by a denizen of the place. Any great emotion, such as the match at Lord’s, could fuse the mass; but the tribal instinct was the ruling passion. Every man’s hand was against the Benites; but no stranger was reckless enough to thread the narrow passage which led to their fastness. ‘Leave hope behind’ was the legend over the door. The inhabitants of the Grove were as skilful with the *missile telum* of their day as their ancestors had been with the arrows which were the cognizance under which Harrovians fought. The Billyites were a thorn to their enemies from their point of vantage at the junction of the roads; but their powers of offence were curtailed



at length by gratings to the windows. The increase of outward decorum is obvious at a glance to one who revisits his old haunts. There are fewer holes bored with hot pokers through the doors and partition walls. There are more buttons on the coats and less tallow on the trousers than there used to be. But the top hat, the index of the storm and stress of life, on which squash day and impromptu football had set their mark, has passed away. It was a strange dress—looking back on it—coloured trousers and waiscoat, a tail coat, and a shockingly bad hat. It would have required an Adonis to set it off. Yet certain boys discovered an inclination for foppery, which was, however, promptly repressed. This quaint garb doubtless had its merits in the eyes of masters. Identification was as easy as if we had been dotted over with the broad arrow.

Much patient labour has been expended on the attempt to give vitality to the roll of early masters; but, though little of personal interest emerges from the obscurity, we catch a glimpse at times of the varying fortunes of the school. Of the first master the notice is brief: 'Buried Anthony Rate, (formerly) Schoolmaster at Flambards, (afterwards) elected Schoolmaster for the free schole'; the register bears date 1611. An entry in 1614 relates that eight pounds was paid to the master for two years' salary. By the election in 1669 of William Horne, an Eton master, Harrow obtained a man of mark. At his request the Governors relaxed the Founder's decree that the masters should be unmarried, and voted him ten pounds annually towards a house, as it was found that both he and his boarders were suffering cold. His successor, Bolton, takes rank as a literary man, on the strength of two loyal sermons on the Stuarts and a Latin poem on a laurel leaf, which he had found efficacious as a cure for rheumatism. In 1691 another Etonian, Thomas Bryan, was chosen. The emoluments for teaching were by this time on the rise; the headmaster formerly had to content himself with four pounds, but the usher now receives a quarter of the fees for teaching the 'foreigners,' and his stipend is raised to 23*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Bryan's successor absconded, 'after leading for a great while past a disorderly, drunken, idle life,' during which he had undone much of his predecessor's good work. Happily he was followed by a strong man, Dr. Thackeray, the great-grandfather of the novelist, who has been called the 'second founder of Harrow.'

Thackeray was an Etonian, as was Sumner, who followed him; and when Benjamin Heath, another master from the same school, was nominated, the boys rose in insurrection. Samuel Parr, the Harrovian, was their favourite, and they gave  
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vent to their patriotism by protesting that 'a school of such reputation should not be considered an appendix to Eton.' As this did not suffice, they proceeded to wreck one of the Governors' carriages. It was for his share in this rebellion that Lord Wellesley was expelled. Failing to gain his point, Dr. Parr seceded with forty boys and set up a rival school at Stanmore. At this point we reach the Drury family, who, with the Butlers, have given so many distinguished masters to Harrow.

On the resignation of Dr. Heath, his place was filled by his brother-in-law, Dr. Drury, whose energy and powers of teaching, backed by rare scholarship, raised the school to the highest point it had gained—the numbers exceeding three hundred and fifty. But a richer gift was conferred on the society over which he reigned by his moral influence. Lord Palmerston, in one of his speeches, remarked that the charm of hearing his mingled rebuke and exhortation was almost a temptation to sin. The scene amid which he closed his last lesson proved how readily boys yield to the strong rule of love. When he revisited them, his old pupils drew his carriage up the hill. Mark, William, and Henry Drury supplied an assistant- and two under-masters; and the connexion of this gifted family with the school did not cease until the retirement of Mr. Benjamin Heath Drury, who possessed in an eminent degree the hereditary gift of elegant scholarship. Three Drurys figure among the contributors to *Arundines Cami*, that monument of scholarship, ingenious as Byron's rhymes, where such lays as 'Ride a Cock Horse' and 'Little Jack Horner' appear in the dignified garb of Greek and Latin. What more graceful dalliance with the dead tongues could be found than in the lines which record the fate of Humpty Dumpty:—

'Humtius in muro requievit Dumtius alto;  
Humtius e muro Dumtius heu cecidit.  
Sed non Regis equi Reginæ exercitus omnis  
Humti, te, Dumti, restituere loco.'

The families of Drury and Butler each put forward a candidate for the vacant post, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as arbitrator, deciding in favour of the latter. Mark Drury was the boys' candidate, and they supported their opinions with their customary licence. Byron's attachment to the Drurys is well known, and he rallied to their side; he used his budding powers in writing satiric poems, and spread a train of gunpowder. The explosion was, however, prevented by the embryo judge, Richardson, on the plea, not that it would destroy the headmaster,

headmaster, but the walls on which their fathers' names were inscribed. Dr. Butler encountered another revolt, the suppression of which not unnaturally called forth the approval of George III. The honours to which he subsequently attained have somewhat eclipsed the memory of Dr. Longley's life at Harrow. Between the years 1836 and 1862 he filled the sees of Ripon, Durham, York, and Canterbury. In attainments he was no match for many of those who had occupied his seat, but he was assisted by an able staff. A curious waste of force is observable in the fact that Kennedy, destined to make an epoch in his profession at Shrewsbury, was employed in teaching the Fourth Form, which, even a generation from this date, was not regarded as a seat of learning. Dr. Longley was not enamoured of change, but he yielded to the not unreasonable request that mathematics and a little French should be added to the curriculum. He maintained the school about at its level until near the end, when that fall in numbers set in which attained such alarming proportions under Dr. Wordsworth. Hitherto, with brief exceptions, the fortunes of the school had been in the ascendant. It will be convenient to reserve for another place the history of its decadence and revival.

Hampered by its scanty foundation, it was long before Harrow overtook its wealthy competitors and began to make its mark in the world of politics and government. First in order of time and in that fascination which lingers round a name was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Who shall claim this brilliant genius—the world of fashion, politics, or letters? It is said of him that no man ever moved in more worlds, or shone with equal brilliancy in all. The memory of his early romance brought him back to his old school. He lived for a time at the Grove with his wife, the beautiful Sophia Linley, while his schoolboy rival retired sadly to India to compile the 'Bengali Grammar,' and translate the Gentoo creed. It was to Sheridan he wrote:—

'Adieu, my friend! nor blame this sad adieu—  
Though sorrow guides my pen it blames not you.'

Dr. Parr lamented Sheridan's inattention to Latin and Greek. But if his oratory was 'Asiatic,' too florid for the classic taste of Pitt, Fox, and Canning, it created an enthusiasm which is unknown to-day. When Sheridan denounced Warren Hastings, his quondam schoolfellow, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Don Whiskerandos, Tilburina's lover in the 'Critic,' took the opposite side. Pitt said of him that had he taken seriously to politics he would have beaten all of them as a speaker. Bentley Priory, his house at Stanmore, became the rendezvous of the celebrities

celebrities of the day. It was here that Rogers wrote the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and Scott a part of 'Marmion.'

As to the bulk of those who have deserved well of their country, their roll must be called with the brevity of a Harrow 'bill.' To the question where they obtained or developed the characteristics which made them great, the answer must be: 'Here, sir.' Two former comrades of Lord Abercorn's—the Marquis of Hastings and Sir John Shore—were Governors-General of India—the post which Lord Wellesley, whose career at Harrow had been so summarily terminated, had himself filled. The year 1848 found Lord Dalhousie administering the affairs of this splendid proconsulate with conspicuous success, and laying down his life at the call of duty. One more Governor-General must be recorded—Lord Lytton—who proved that a poet and a brilliant author can be a capable man of affairs. The proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India was congenial to a taste which lent itself to pageant. But his management of the Afghan troubles, and of internal reforms, proved the capacity which was confirmed as Ambassador at Paris, where he solved the difficult problem of placing himself *en rapport* with French sentiment. His career commenced under his uncle Lord Dalling, another Harrovian, who was at that time Ambassador at Washington.

Two of Lord Byron's schoolfellows fell under his lash for their attempt to rescue some of 'the gods of Greece':—

'Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of virtue.'

Lord Elgin was pilloried with Alaric, and incurred the curse of Minerva; and his companion, 'the travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen,' fared little better. Pepys, Lord Cottenham, 'a plain, thick-set boy,' won the highest legal honours as Master of the Rolls and Lord Chancellor; and the brilliant career of Sir John Karslake, brought to an untimely conclusion by failing sight, will not be forgotten. Richard Chevenix Trench, the 'grave, gay little person' of school days, developed into the Archbishop of Dublin, the stout champion of the Irish Church. Other names which deserve more than a passing word are Herman Merivale, distinguished at the age of twelve by his love of Dante; Sir Harry Verney, the life-long champion of Liberalism and reform; Sotherton Estcourt, the staunch Tory and School Governor, who let no day pass without reading from the classics; Sir William Gregory, the accomplished Governor of Ceylon; Sir Thomas Wade, of Chinese celebrity, who said he 'never passed Harrow in the train without taking his hat off'; Beresford Hope,

Hope, son of the author of 'Anastasius'; Charles Buller and Julian Fane, alike in sprightly genius, personal attractions, and a too early death. One of Buller's squibs is so inimitably faithful to the English idiom that it needs no translation:—

'Si subvertimus Peelum, mortuæ certitudini habebimus Johannulum. Hæc est res non singulo momento contemplanda. Necesse est igitur ut faciamus quodcunque vult Peelus. Peelus vult pretendere esse liberalis. Necesse est, igitur, ut nos etiam liberales esse preterderemus.'

But room must be made for the five Prime Ministers whom Dr. Drury trained for their work—Spencer Perceval, Lord Goderich, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston; as also for Lord Harrowby and Lord Althorp, who declined that honour. There is a shadow on this page of history. Pitt suggested Perceval as his successor, if he himself should be killed in his duel with Tierney. Perceval was assassinated in 1812 by Bellingham; and it was in Lord Harrowby's house that the Cato Street conspiracy to murder the whole Cabinet was to have been carried out. Perceval was the embodiment of that undying tenacity which triumphed over every obstacle and broke the power of Napoleon. Lord Goderich, known as 'Prosperity Robinson,' lacked the nerve for those stormy days, and made way for Wellington. Then on the roll comes Peel—a name of pathetic interest to every heart which honours virtue. What were the attributes of the man whose fame was so cruelly assailed?—Courage to abandon opinions in obedience to conviction, heroism to hold fast to conviction, and magnanimity to forgive. His last speech was made in the House on June 28th, 1850, and, as is the wont of many a wearied politician, he walked home in the bright summer morning, saying to a friend that he felt at peace with all the world. A few hours later the world heard that he had received a mortal injury by falling from his horse on Constitution Hill. 'It may be,' he had once said, 'that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will.' But it would have assuaged the pain of his long martyrdom could he have heard but a faint echo of the eulogy which followed him to the grave. We applaud ourselves on the 'generosity' of our party politics: would not 'justice' suffice? The augurs smile when they meet. It is the rule of the game. But the people are growing wiser than the augurs believe. They arrange their parallel columns, and ask whether that which is wholly white after death could have been absolutely black during life. Are they wrong in concluding that politics *are* a game, and that anything is tolerated except consistency? Peel was described at school as a blue-eyed fair-haired

boy, full of mental energy, and disposed to find companionship in himself. His father, at his birth, had dedicated him to the service of the State, but, somewhat inconsistently, was perplexed to find that one of his favourite pursuits was reading Pitt's speeches. But Byron, who knew him well, foretold his greatness. His training, at any rate, could have sown no seeds of unworthy ambition. He won a peerage and the Garter, and declined both; while burial in the Abbey was prohibited by his will.

At the Speeches of 1804 Byron and Peel had recited together; at those of 1800, the two remaining Premiers, Aberdeen and Palmerston, were performers. The youth of Lord Aberdeen was marked, like that of Peel, by a premature sobriety, a refined and unselfish disposition. A studious regard for Greek literature betrayed an inclination to those classic researches which were ridiculed by Byron. But he lacked the gifts of a popular leader. In less stormy times his innate rectitude, his love of justice, and broad tolerance would have met with more general recognition. But he fell amid the disasters of the Crimea, and with him went Sydney Herbert—worthy of the Pembroke line. He died too soon, worn out by unselfish devotion. But he left one of the fairest memories that have ever graced English politics. It is a relief to turn to the joyous, successful career of Lord Palmerston. He was accounted the best-tempered and pluckiest boy at Harrow, and he never falsified the verdict. Genial, witty, and audacious, he carried his point where a more serious disposition would have shrunk from the attempt. For twenty years Secretary at War, he was always ready to go to war—or at any rate he said he was. And foreigners learned reluctantly to acquiesce in his assertion of '*Civis Romanus sum.*' Friend and foe alike knew that in him they had a watchful patriot, who loved his own country better than any other. And they came to realize that his apparent levity was backed by sterling qualities of sagacity and indefatigable energy. He sat in sixteen Parliaments, and was a member of every Government but two from 1807 to 1865. He never forgot his old school, and proved his kindly disposition and rare physique by riding down in an hour from London, to attend the Speeches, after reaching his eightieth year.

When the dust of the contest has settled down, we can see things more clearly and respect the feelings of those who had to break the bonds of friendship and tradition or be traitors to themselves. Heine said that Rheims Cathedral could only have been built by an Age dominated by convictions; and in the hour of our crisis our destinies were shaped by the convictions



victions of a few resolute men. The red spectre of the French Revolution was laid, but it was natural that the men who had stemmed the tide which was submerging society should be impatient of those who would reopen the floodgates. Others might apostatize, but—

‘ We who beside the pilot stood  
Who bore us through the storm ’

would stand fast in the hour of trial.

Lord Harrowby and his followers earned the sobriquet of ‘the Waverers’ by advocating one of those compromises which have played so large a part in our national life. But to mention the Reform Bill is to name Lord Althorp, who, after a ten years’ apprenticeship at Harrow, made an early appearance in the arena of politics. ‘It was Althorp who carried the Bill; his fine temper did it.’ This was the clue to the unique influence of a man gifted with neither genius nor eloquence. He started as leader of an unreformed, and ended as leader of a reformed, House of Commons. He was mainly instrumental in passing a measure bitterly repugnant to his friends without alienating their sympathy; and he ruled the House with an ease unprecedented, by sheer force of character, truth, honesty, and single-mindedness. When his work was done, he reverted to those country pursuits from which he had been reluctantly torn. He was the type of those men who have been the salt of our political life: whose ascendancy is mainly due to the fact that their creed and methods have no kinship with those of the professional politician. The one Whig whom George III. tolerated must not be lost sight of, Duncannon, Althorp’s cousin and bird-nesting companion, whose aviary consisted of three skylarks, two titlarks, and two sparrows, a fair collection, considering the disfavour with which the authorities looked on natural history. He could not make a speech, but, as Greville says, he could carry measures without attempting one. He found a place in Irish song among some equivocal characters; but this has been the fate of other Viceroy. His title to gratitude is that he died at his post, worn out by his struggles with the Irish famine of 1847.

Two names remain, whose halo will ever linger over earth’s dark places—Lord Shaftesbury and Cardinal Manning. The foremost has set his seal on some of the most beneficent legislation of our Statute Book; and the latter, by his statesmanlike grasp and faculty of organization, shows the power he would have wielded in a mediæval theocracy. But we have bracketed them momentarily merely to show that the dominating influence

of both lives was a divine compassion for suffering. A tablet near the school gates marks the spot where young Ashley witnessed the scene which led him to dedicate his life to the poor man's cause—a pauper's coffin was being carried to the grave by drunken and ribald bearers. Few more pathetic figures sadden, while they grace, the annals of the poor. The highest suffer most, and by that mysterious law he carried more than one man's burden of the world's woe. A joyless youth, weighted by inherited melancholy, led on to a life darkened by hourly contact with sin and sorrow, and often overcast by family troubles. Yet he never flinched from his boyish resolve—unmoved by the promptings of self, and undismayed by the threats of those whose interests he assailed. He cared not who filched his honours, and he left his justification to others. 'My Lords,' the Duke of Argyll said, 'the social reforms of the last half century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party. They have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury.' Who could emerge a hero from such a search-light as his biographer poured on Cardinal Manning? Let it suffice to ask who best could pass through the needle's eye—the layman or the cleric. It is pleasanter to view the bright beautiful boy, looking out with wistful eye into the future, gleaming with its noble enthusiasms. The stairs he had to climb are too steep if you enter by the front door, and he had convinced himself that each step he won was won for the cause of religion. Life parted the schoolboys' ways, but they met again at the grave. The costermongers formed a funeral *cortège* for their 'dear Earl,' and a long string of cabs followed the Cardinal to his rest. And over both was pronounced the poor man's blessing. Such were some of the men who have borne an active part in the conduct of affairs. Of most of them it may be not unfairly said that in their unpretentious devotion to duty they exhibited some of the best characteristics of the body from which they sprang. Of those who are still before the public it is not time to speak.

We pass to those whose influence, though less obtrusive, permeates society, perhaps on that account more thoroughly. While fully cognisant, we may be sure, of the fact that an author cannot be made, Professor Courthope, in his masterly survey of Harrovian men of letters, seeks to show in what measure they were severally influenced by the *genius loci*. Those of whom he treats grew up under the old *régime*; and no praise that he could have lavished on a classical training could be so eloquent as the fact that he omits all mention of any other, unless it be to note defects incidental to its absence. It suffices

suffices for him to point out that this early moulding of natural gifts is distinctly traceable, and that those who yielded themselves most readily to it are most conspicuous for thought and style. To learn how to write terse, forcible, and correct English without ever seeing an English grammar or composing an English theme is paradoxical; but much that is best in our national life is found among its anomalies. Byron would have been a poet if he had been a ploughman or a shepherd, but we may learn from his own statements how much his enthusiasm was kindled by his beloved master, Dr. Joseph Drury:—

‘With him for years we searched the classic page  
And feared the master though we loved the sage.’

It may be attributed to his wayward disposition that on another occasion he speaks of ‘Horace whom I hated so.’ The boyish dreams which suffused his imagination took form in later years. While the great passions which sway humanity shall continue, and the halo lingers over Greece and Rome, can it be that lines woven out of material that is imperishable should themselves be destined to decay! Remembering the year—1834—there is a pathetic interest in an anecdote related of ‘Harry’ Drury, who, while looking over a pupil’s exercise, the subject being taken from ‘Childe Harold,’ remarked: ‘Ah, little did I think, a few years ago, when I was looking over Lord Byron’s exercise in this very room with him, that I should shortly be looking over a monitor’s exercise being a translation from one of his principal poems.’ But the pathos had a comic ending. Byron’s old tutor took a deep interest in fires, and on a great fire in London being announced, he and his pupil hurried up to the churchyard, and, seated on tombstones, from nine o’clock till midnight watched the burning of the Houses of Parliament.

If we pass *per saltum* from Byron to Anthony Trollope, it is to remark that his works are lacking in those distinctive attributes which belong to a classically trained mind. He himself supplies the clue, remarking that he learned nothing, even of classics—a feat which is worthy of record. In his ‘Autobiography’ he says that it was not till late in life that he could find any pleasure in reading a Latin author. Two other of Byron’s contemporaries were capable of resisting the influence of even such a teacher as Dr. Drury: Theodore Hook, who hated Greek, and ‘Barry Cornwall,’ the ‘gentle Euphues’ whom Byron playfully charges with attempting—

‘To set up for being a sort of moral me.’

From the *libro d’oro* in which Harrovian men of letters are inscribed we can only select a page. But their names are not writ

writ in water, and less than most men does an author stand in need of a biographer. It may be said that they lent lustre to the school—not the school to them. Yet is the wish permissible to trace in later growth the effects of early culture and judicious pruning. Pruning, indeed, was practised with an unsparing hand, and the terse pregnant sentences of Tacitus were inculcated as models with untiring perseverance. No one who ever heard him will forget the obvious delight with which Mr. Oxenham dwelt on this peculiarity of his favourite author. It was the special effort of such masters as that perfect scholar and chivalrous gentleman to ‘correct the taste and control the exuberance of the imaginative.’ It was his wont to denounce, in that language which Dr. Vaughan euphemistically described as ‘so very hasty,’ those long wormy sentences which he designated ‘spiders.’ In his eyes a false quantity and a lie were the most hateful things in the world, and a good copy of verses about the best. Is it unreasonable to assume that the prolixity, the tendency to uncontrolled meandering, apparent in such a brilliant writer as Lord Lytton, or in the poetry of Roden Noel, would have been restrained had they been subjected for a longer period to the discipline of a severer taste? John Addington Symonds laments his lost opportunities with undue self-consciousness in the presence of such a work as the ‘Renaissance of Italy.’ Of those whose writings bear such eloquent testimony to the spiritual force of the Oxford Movement were Manning, Faber, Isaac Williams, and Henry Oxenham. Isaac Williams digressed, it is true, into mediævalism, under the influence of this powerful emotion, but it was foreign to his taste. He says of himself that on the rare occasions on which he had to write an English theme, he had to translate his thoughts, out of the Latin idiom in which they ran, into English.

As we emerge from the dark ages, from which little light comes, into the early years of the present century we obtain a picture of the conditions under which the work which has been described was carried on. The social conditions differed widely from those now prevailing. But many of the institutions, still existent under a modified form, are distinctly traceable. The general aspect is one of greater licence, held in check—often at irregular intervals—by severer punishments. Life was hard even under legally constituted authority, and harder still at the hands of self-elected tyrants. Boys entered on a career of hardship at a very early age, and remained for seven, eight, or even ten years. The duties of a modern fag are a sinecure compared with those of an earlier day, which entailed at times  
having

having to get up at five o'clock and break 'lock-up,' to gather sticks for the fire. Other duties consisted in waiting out in the rain or cold to announce whether certain masters were on their way up to morning school; or standing on the parapet of the school house to throw down footballs which might happen to lodge there. Some of the more brutal institutions, such as 'rolling-in,' were by degrees suppressed. This initiation into the freedom of the hall consisted in having some four dozen hard rolls discharged at your head from a distance of four yards. The prestige of the 'milling ground' had sensibly declined by the middle of the present century, and 'squash day,' the ordeal to which Augustus Hare so feelingly alludes, disappeared about the same date.

Lessons were performed under circumstances which give some colour to the statements, made by others besides Trollope, that they learned absolutely nothing. Four forms mingled their Babel in the Fourth Form room, the rest of the school crowding all the available space up to the 'cock-loft'; one faggot was lighted in the Fourth Form room, and masters and scholars brought their tapers. Learning, however, was to a large extent voluntary, for the same period turned out some rare classics. Stimulus to learning was not wanting, whether corporal or in the shape of endless lines. The diary of Walter Charles Trevelyan, kept from 1812 to 1815, bears ample testimony to the time bestowed on Latin verses. It makes no mention of mathematics, and a confirmatory witness says that, though the Sixth Form dallied with Euclid once a week, an adequate knowledge of arithmetic, writing, and algebra was taken for granted. The same diary records some of the writer's 'puns.'—the *formatio temporum*, awarded by Dr. Butler; twenty chapters of St. Matthew, by 'Harry' Drury; 871 lines of Virgil (i.e. 'Æneid' V.), by the same, and fifty pages of Greek grammar to write out, 'for not knowing something that was not in the lesson.' Looking back, it seems as if punishments might have combined some profit. Writing out Virgilian hexameters on closely ruled paper in multiples of fifty had little effect beyond spoiling one's hand—and worse still were the symbols of Euclid, the inevitable result, to those who had an 'obtuse angle' in their head, of attending 'Tommy' Steel's lesson. 'We will write out the proposition' was the formula which concluded each day's work, culminating at Trials in the verdict, 'We will write out the whole of the propositions.' The curiously worded sentence by no means implied that our preceptor undertook half the task. The occupation was as profitable as digging holes and filling them up again: perhaps therein lay its merit at a time when

when the task of Sisyphus was considered a model for prison labour. The order of Mr. Oxenham to transcribe the whole Bible was not liable to this objection, but it was an undertaking which would have appalled a mediæval monk. The schoolboy who was asked by Queen Elizabeth how many times he had been flogged, replied :—

*‘Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.’*

But life did not consist wholly of pains and penalties: Wellington was winning victories in the Peninsula, and victories meant holidays for Harrow—as did the visits of distinguished persons. There were seven holidays and two half-holidays in fifteen days from June 24th to July 8th, 1813. It might have been supposed that there was little need of extra relaxation when Tuesday was a weekly holiday, as were Saints’ days, the King’s birthday, Gunpowder and Accession days, four Speech days, and many others. Cricket was played on a steep bank, football and rackets in the school-yard. But there were other pursuits with a flavour of illegality which increased their zest. A considerable business was done in gunpowder and fireworks. Duck-puddle was used for testing cannon and sailing-boats; the unsavoury ponds which abound in that part of Middlesex were dragged for fish; and Jack-a-lantern long held its ground against hostile edicts. This most popular sport consisted of a chase by night after a boy carrying a lantern, whose aim it was to lead his pursuers over the dirtiest ditches and most impracticable hedges he could find. Nor were the fleshly appetites denied. A bill has been handed down from 1788 by which, even under the disguise of the pastry-cook’s spelling, we get a glimpse of the tastes of a youthful Vitellius—one Daniell Griffiths—who in six months expended ten pounds on ‘veal poy and muck turtle, shery torte and glace ice, potte rasbury,’ and suchlike delicacies.

The cricket of early days partook of the nature of the ground upon which it was played. Its present scientific form dates from the advent on the scene of ‘Bob’ Grimston and ‘Fred’ Ponsonby—names which will ever live in grateful remembrance. An estimate of the respective points of Eton, Winchester, and Harrow, while ascribing more showy qualities to the two first, credits Harrow with the very characteristics which it was the life-long aim of its two voluntary preceptors to impress upon it. It was on the rigour of the game that they insisted. But their teaching went far deeper. It was the spirit of unselfish devotion which they preached by their lives—summed up in their familiar adage that it was the duty, not only of a cricketer, but



of a gentleman to play for his side and not for himself. In the days of Dr. Wordsworth the grass was said to have grown in the streets of Harrow; but a former captain of the eleven makes the spirited retort that if it grew in the street it did not grow under their feet. The school numbered only sixty-nine when Dr. Wordsworth left, but in the two previous years they won the matches against both Eton and Winchester. This spirit has been maintained, and with far inferior numbers Harrow heads the list by two in the matches against Eton—that contest which was so harrowing to Robert Grimston that he could scarcely trust himself to be an eye-witness. The modern schoolboy is said to be more staid than his father; but, in spite of the match having become a function of the London season, it still calls up, as few other things do, the memories of the past. Happy is the place which can fill up the gaps of death from its own ranks. And on none could the mantle have fallen more fitly than on I. D. Walker. Born of a family of Harrovians and cricketers, he inherited the traditions of Ponsonby and Grimston, and proved himself pre-eminently worthy of them. In his successor, Mr. A. J. Webbe, Harrow has secured the services of a cricketer who, besides being a brilliant batsman and field, has established the reputation, wherever cricket is played, of never giving up a game till it is lost.

Mr. Roundell, who speaks with the authority of a quondam head of the school and captain of the eleven, gives a graphic description of life as he found it during 'the forties.' But 'the forties' must be studied in close connexion with 'the thirties,' from the time, in fact, when, in 1836, Dr. Wordsworth took over the reins of that government which has been described as a 'moderate anarchy'—the substantive more accurate, as some will think, than the adjective. Tried by the evidence of statistics he failed. He reduced the school to sixty-nine, but he himself contributed to the reduction by expelling those whom he knew to be a source of contamination to their fellows. He knew that his drastic methods of reform would bring unpopularity to himself and the school, but he braved the risk for conscience' sake. Let us hear his own view of the 'reductions': 'It is not necessary,' he said, addressing the boys, 'that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred or of fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' The words might have been spoken by Arnold. Equally exalted in the conception of their mission, it was in constitutional character, and therefore in methods, that they were sundered as the poles. The closing years of 'the thirties' passed sadly enough in the struggle of a saintly nature to

to breathe something of its own purity into the surrounding atmosphere of vice and irreverence. It was not the survival of some of the ruder forms of licence which he felt most keenly. These were an offence to his refined nature; but the source of his distress lay deeper—in the prevailing irreligion of the place. It was this which saddened the otherwise happy retrospect of Henry Manning. Harrow was to him the least religious period of his life: 'We were literally without religious guidance or formation. The services in the church were for most of the boys worse than useless. The public religious instruction was reading Waller's Catechism on Sunday morning for an hour in school; and in private, at Evans', we read Paley's *Evidences* or *Leslie on Deism*.' A multitude of witnesses attest that this is no exaggerated lament of an over-sensitive nature. Memory recovers nothing from the sermons except the fact that 'fourthly' is not necessarily synonymous with 'lastly.'

Dr. Wordsworth was an ecclesiastic, not a schoolmaster. But he was, what he tried to make others, a Christian gentleman. The light of goodness shone conspicuously through him; and when all seemed darkest the dawn was near. He sowed; and if another reaped, he was at least happy in having for his successor a man noble enough to recognize his labours. Dr. Vaughan was warned not to throw himself away by going to Harrow. But he took his own line; and at the earliest opportunity he said: 'I went to Harrow expecting to find a desert, and I found a garden.' It was, however, a garden full of weeds, not all of which were eradicated when, after fifteen years of faithful labour, he resigned his work, to the surprise of most men, and the regret of all. Dr. Vaughan, one of Arnold's most cherished pupils, had come to his work imbued with the enthusiasm of his great master, and endowed with every attribute which commands success. He was a consummate teacher, possessed, as Dr. Butler says, of the true scholar's instinct, and 'the exact perception of the force of words, whether separately or in their junction and cadences,' in a degree which has rarely been equalled. But, like Arnold, he declined to put teaching in the forefront of his duties. It was as a resolute but sagacious disciplinarian, and by the *mitis sapientia* which pervaded every act, that he carried the fortunes of the school from their lowest ebb to a point never previously attained. No one who watched events at Harrow till the time when the gentle but resolute rule of Dr. Vaughan had crushed, if it had not extirpated, the evil which he found, will deny that the furnace was very hot, and that none but the most highly tempered clay came out unbroken. Few would have the  
hardihood

hardihood to advocate a return to the old system. Yet it must be conceded that in those who were equal to the struggle, it toughened the fibre and nurtured that strong individualism which is a life-long possession.

It is not the place to speak here of the beauty of Dr. Vaughan's subsequent life, into which no thought of self ever intruded. Few men with gifts so great ever practised more consistently the law of self-renunciation. He, too, was succeeded by a favourite pupil, Dr. Butler, who would desire no other recognition than that which is afforded by a candid survey of his work. The tide of prosperity flowed unbroken and with ever-growing force. Inheriting the old traditions, he grafted on them the changes which modern requirements demand; and gave to the 'modern side' a development which would have appalled those who had yielded tardily to the request for a little French and mathematics. It is well for any institution that it should effect its transition under a man so competent to weigh the claims of both sides. When changes were first mooted, Lord Palmerston had deprecated the haste of those who 'rush in where angels fear to tread.' The rule of the two Butlers covered a period of fifty years. They gave without stint of purse and person, and take rank among the greatest benefactors of the school.

Previous struggles won for the headship of Dr. Welldon that peace which is unfruitful of dramatic episode, but is, on that very account, a period of steady progress. Of his tenure of the office, to which he devoted himself with characteristic energy, it is too soon to speak. Still more unsafe would it be to hazard predictions of the future. The omens of the new reign are favourable; that they should be fulfilled is the ardent hope of all Harrovians.

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ART. IV.—*Impressions de Voyage.* Par Alexandre Dumas.  
Paris, 1833, 1847.

**A**MONG the many who have been fascinated by the elder Dumas he had no more fervent admirer than himself. Among all the luxuries in which he loved to indulge, none gave him such stimulating and abiding pleasure as his enjoyment in the triumphs of his pen. Fame or notoriety, celebrity and popularity, were the incense which intoxicated without emasculating him. Overweening and almost aggressive self-confidence, acting on an intensely imaginative and emotional temperament, hurried him along in a flood of phenomenal achievements. His mind and imagination were profoundly dramatic: he regarded everything, his own personality included, with an eye to stage effect. Even his most intimate domestic griefs were never sacred; and over the death-bed of his mother he posed for the public and a patron. He had been the best of sons and sincerely loved her, and it was instinct or impulse, rather than conscious affectation, which made him sit down over the corpse to pen a sentimental effusion to the heir to the throne. It was simply an opportunity too good to be neglected. That ardent imagination was always on the alert, throwing out its tentacles like Victor Hugo's octopus. The slightest suggestion develops into a vivid scene, and as situations swiftly succeed, the actors group themselves naturally. Few men have had more inexhaustible funds of originality, and none have been more frequently convicted on unimpeachable evidence of borrowing, stealing, or conveying. It was the pace that told, and he detested trouble. But always we recognize the skill or spells of the alchemist who turns carbon to diamonds and transmutes lead into silver. He had written so much that latterly when laziness had grown on him and his powers were failing, he would repeat himself with comparative impunity, and often, as we honestly believe, he had forgotten from whom he was borrowing.

Dumas, in modern slang, worked his marvellous imagination for all it was worth, but he could never have made the great fortune he squandered had he not been equally blessed in an Herculean constitution. To the iron health of the Duke of Wellington we owe the victories of England from Assaye to Waterloo. Like the great Duke the elder Dumas was never known to be sick or sorry. For forty years he drew as recklessly on his health as on his publishers or the editors who secured his services. And if any man could take liberties with himself it was Dumas. From his father the General, who had anticipated the feats of our 'strong men' of the music halls, he had inherited his magnificent

magnificent frame. Hurrying from his workshop at the sound of the dinner-bell, he would sit down at the head of his table among the guests he had gathered around him, coatless, and with his shirt-front thrown open, delighting to display the proportions of his chest. He described sympathetically the gastronomic achievements of Porthos, which awakened the interest and excited the admiration of the musketeer's sovereign. His appetite was as enormous and his digestion as admirable as that of the Grand Monarch himself, or any other of the Bourbons. The busiest man of letters of his time, or perhaps of any time—for even Lope de Vega was less prolific and infinitely less versatile—seemed to lead the life of the *flâneur* of the Boulevard de Gand. He would rise like a giant refreshed to resume the pen, after a breakfast of many courses at the Café de Paris or Philippe's. Suppers after the theatres, at Vésfour's or the Maison Dorée, were prolonged to the small hours of the morning, where the unstinted flow of champagne upon Burgundy only stimulated the sparkle of anecdote and *causerie*. The other *convives* might pay the ordinary penalty, but with Dumas there was neither headache nor reaction. Far from being hurtful to his work, those habits were of the essence of his activity. Had he been exiled like Hugo to the solitude of the Channel Islands the seething brain would have stagnated, and the pen would have slipped through his fingers. He could only breathe and think freely and fast in society or in incessant movement. Wherever he went, he woke up a little world; and as he said himself, when he sought seclusion at suburban St. Germain, 'Wherever I go, and I know not how it is, I bring with me an atmosphere of life and action.'

A singularly vain and, in some respects, a morbidly sensitive man, his overpowering and penetrating self-appreciation triumphed over drawbacks that would otherwise have troubled him. He prided himself on being what Brantôme would have called a *seigneur de par le monde*; yet black blood is not considered a recommendation in the higher circles of Parisian society. Dumas was undoubtedly indebted to a pure-blooded negro grandmother for his indomitable capacity for work and even drudgery, though it was his lot to cultivate letters in place of sugar-canes or coffee. Perhaps the only quadroon ever distinguished in literature, he had thick curly black wool, broad negroid features, and a complexion which was rather bronzed than swarthy. Whether or no he believed that transcendent genius could carry everything off, he prided himself rather than otherwise on his appearance. It was picturesque; it was striking; it was romantic; and if inquiries had been indiscreetly

indiscreetly pushed home, he would have probably boasted of his black granddame as a Princess of St. Domingo. He cared so little to keep his African descent in the background that, as his son remarked with affectionate cynicism, he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to say that he kept a black footman. The dominating weakness and superb self-sufficiency of the man were never more pointedly indicated. And when his *châlet* at Port Marly had swelled into a superb *château* he imported two negroes from the French Soudan to be in keeping with the Oriental splendour of the decorations. He was sublimely unconscious of, or sublimely indifferent to, the witticisms it must provoke among his friends of Paris. He had taken the idea from the dumb servitor in the household of Monte Christo; and he would have said of himself, in Monte Christo's words, 'All that I do is well done.'

The cross of the black proved a rare combination with the strain of the Frenchman. From the one side came the nimbleness of thought, the exquisite lightness and brilliancy of fancy, the spirit that danced and sparkled like the bubbles in what he calls his '*joli petit vin d'Anjou*,' also the buoyancy that floated him superior to circumstances whenever any temporary pressure was removed. On the other side was not only the capacity for labour to which we have referred, but the rich and garish exuberance of the wayward and emotional tropical temperament. He had the negro passion for gorgeous colouring. He fitted up his suburban palace regardless of expense, but the superb decorations were often in infamous taste, though Garibaldi did select him to be director of the Neapolitan Museum. So in his travels and romances we are not infrequently shocked by the misplaced glitter of tawdry mosaic jewellery. But Dumas is Dumas, and we must take him as we find him. He was as careless of his style as Scott, and in that very carelessness is the fascination. The obvious defects and glaring inconsistencies that would provoke the critic if he were given time to consider, are far more than compensated by the inexhaustible luxuriance of the creole's fancy. As Janin said, 'He lived without a moment's rest. Even when travelling he wrote, composed, and thought, and every subject suited him.' He always wrote from hand to mouth, adhering conscientiously to the Scriptural maxim of taking no thought for the morrow. What other man could have run two such *feuilletons* abreast, on such opposite subjects, as '*Les Trois Mousquetaires*' and '*Monte Christo*'? The instalments of each day were thrown off in inspiration, while the printers were badgering him for copy as they used to beset the door of Balzac. Seven cities contended



contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer. It was almost as flattering that the seven leading journals of Paris brought a joint action against Dumas for simultaneously disappointing them of as many *feuilletons*. Characteristically, on the spur of the moment, and scarcely troubling to give notice of his purpose, he had started on an expedition to Spain and Algeria. He was always eager to seize on the most illusory links of coincidence that associated him with the great spirits of the past. He notes with dignified *naïveté* in his 'Causeries' that the little town of Villers-Cotterets, which was his birth-place, was within two leagues of La Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and only seven leagues from Château-Thierry, where La Fontaine first saw the light. But to do him justice, with regard to the dead, he rose superior to jealousy. He did not love the English any more than his Musketeers, but he is free to acknowledge his obligation to Scott, whose 'Quentin Durward' inspired his historical romances, and he recognizes Shakespeare as a man of remarkable talent, though he can have only appreciated the plays in a translation. Indeed, to a *pièce de circonstance*, brought out at his Château of Monte Christo, he gave the title, 'Shakespeare and Dumas.' The remark that provoked Madame Dejazet's happy repartee at Rouen is too well known to be worth quoting.

Moreover, Dumas was blessed with a really astounding memory. It was not the tenacious memory which Johnson defined as the vice that holds fast; it was rather the lawyer's memory, which gets up and assimilates a subject for a purpose, and yet it must have been something more. It is true he gives it credit for qualities it did not possess. In 'Mes Bêtes' he explains his facility of production by the fact that he need never turn for reference to his bookshelves: he relies absolutely on his exactitude and the remembering all he has read. He proceeds to illustrate his point by making three mistakes in as many pages. That, however, is an unfortunate and exceptional case. In reality, in his historical romances, as in the historical episodes of his travels, he is quite as exact as he needed to be. Pedantic accuracy is not his foible, nor is it demanded by the average reader. Happily we are not all being coached for competitive examinations, and a score or so of years, more or less, count for little in mediæval chronology. Many a man who makes pretension to being fairly well-informed would own, if he were candid, that he is mainly indebted to Dumas for what he knows of the annals of France from the St. Bartholomew to the Fronde and further. The conclusive proof of the marvellous gift of recollection is to be found in the 'Impressions  
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de Voyage.' He did not take a library about with him on his tours, and assuredly he never revised those hasty travel notes. Yet the chroniclers are all pretty much at his finger-ends, and if the memory fails or the chronicles should be a blank, the creative imagination comes plausibly to the rescue, and there is no semblance of patchwork. As for the innumerable legends of the saints and martyrs, whose shrines were visited in the course of his wanderings, the ponderous Church histories are so picturesquely condensed and so richly embellished that the original of the transfigured palimpsests is undecipherable.

Such a genius was necessarily a chaos of contradictions. He rings the changes in an endless variety of moods; he is for ever preparing sensational surprises; and although we are always suspecting him of posing, it is impossible to say how much of his rhapsodical enthusiasm is simulated. As an intellectual conundrum he is the most seductive of studies. Of course, he wrote his memoirs and published them in countless volumes. We doubt if anyone ever read from beginning to end the diffuse and wearisome autobiography of the brilliant creator of 'Monte Christo' and the 'Musketeers.' In desperate pecuniary straits, he had ceased to regard reputation. The memoirs were spun out with the reproduction and sweepings of his earlier writings. They tell us next to nothing that is new, and of what they do tell we are always doubtful. The real autobiography is in his novels, but above all in his 'Impressions de Voyage.' These travels of his, which are for the most part along well-beaten tracks, are impregnated and inspired by the irrepressible personality. The excitement of constant change of scene sets his blood and brain in perpetual motion. Not even after a nocturnal carouse in the Boulevards was he in happier vein than when he had found supper and bed in some wretched *auberge*, fatigued and half famished, after a thirty-mile tramp through rugged mountains. The breezes of the Alps, the blue waves of the Mediterranean, even the sun-blaze of Provence or the sands of Algeria, had an equally exhilarating effect on his fancy. He could forget the faint modesty that seldom oppressed him; and in all the situations, as in the interviews with crowned heads or celebrities, Dumas, the illustrious man of letters, is invariably the commanding figure. The feigned humility of the Colossus only adds some cubits to his stature. He founded the fashion of interviewing in a magnificent manner of his own. Monarch he met as monarch, and we must assume that we may believe his report. He halts at Brussels on his way to the Rhine; he presents himself and sends up his card, at the Palace of Laeken. King Leopold is all that is frank and hospitable.

hospitable. After a long, a friendly and familiar talk, the King invites his famous visitor to some *fêtes* that are coming off at Ghent. Royal invitations are generally considered equivalent to commands, but Dumas visibly hesitates. The King, with fine tact and an excess of *bonhomie*, immediately sets him at his ease. He saw that an unseasonable invitation had upset the tourist's plans. 'Do better,' he said; 'go your way while I go mine, and if we meet again *venez me demander à diner*.' Yet if he was not dazzled by the royalty of rank, he bowed to the equality and fraternity of genius, and no man could pay more delicate compliments—at least, when he had time to think, for we are somewhat sceptical as to the *impromptus*. Here is an interview in different vein. He had walked into Laeken unabashed, but when he went to pay his reverence to Châteaubriand at an inn in Lucerne he was shamefaced as Roland Graeme in presence of the Regent, and his heart beat so breathlessly that he could scarcely climb the stair. But the great poet of Christianity was as affable as the King, and they sat down comfortably to breakfast. Châteaubriand had talked of turning Cincinnatus in Normandy or Brittany: that he believed to be the vocation of his old age; and there, we may remark, he was outposing his guest.

'Permit me to doubt that. You remember Charles V. at Saint-Just; you are none of the emperors who abdicate, or of the kings they dethrone; you are of the princes who die under the daïs and whom they bury like Charlemagne—the feet on their shield, the sword by their side, the crown on their head, and the sceptre in their hand.'

But Dumas was a master in the art of flattery. The most reckless of men in money matters, he had always a keen eye to ambition and the main chance, and he was almost servile in insinuating compliments when there was reasonable hope they would pay. It was his misfortune that his sensitive vanity would clash with his solid interests, and some sudden tornado blowing up in his tropical temperament would wreck the fairest promise of assiduous and patient courtiership. He was for ever squabbling, offending, and pleading for forgiveness with his patrons of the House of Orleans, from the shrewd old King himself to the volatile Montpensier, who, with something of the paternal astuteness, was rather a *tête de linotte*.

In the all-pervading personality that gives a seductive dramatic charm to those *causeries* of travel, Dumas had much in common with Boswell. He was the antithesis of Boswell as

to scrupulous exactitude, which makes them the more delightful, though in a different manner. But he was impervious as Boswell to the sense of ridicule; and where he did not spare himself, unconsciously parading his amusing foibles, he could not be expected to be considerate of others. The objects of his respectful adoration, the companions of his travel, the strangers who offered frank hospitality or volunteered their services as his guides, must often have had reason to regret their acquaintance with him. For he finds 'copy' in everything and everybody he came across, from Queen Hortense at Arenenberg, whom he reverences and whose confidences he betrays, to the lettered headsman of Heidelberg, who was far from being proud of his hereditary honours.

Next to the glorification of himself, his mission was the magnification of his country. To his patriotic sympathies and sentiments we are indebted for much that is infinitely amusing, and for more that is romantically picturesque. Whenever he crosses the march of the French armies there are brilliant sketches of the strategy and feats of daring which made Europe, under Napoleon, a dependency of France. In his admiration of the genius of the great soldier of fortune he is inclined to forgive, if he can never forget, the autocrat's prejudice against the sturdy Republicanism of his father, which relegated the Hercules of the legions to penury and obscurity. All Frenchmen, down to the comical *commis-voyageur* of the Rigi, have inherited the chivalrous spirit of the Crusaders. The tragical memories of the Revolution have made them more careless of life than before, and they are always ready for the ordeal by battle, though they have never touched a trigger or handled a sword. In the worst extremity there is the resource of suicide, and the man who falters when he has made up his mind to self-extinction is the cowardly exception that proves the rule. In contrast we have the typical Englishmen, who are among the most delightful creations of the vivid fancy. Pure creations they are, for he knew them as little as their language. They are the Englishmen of French stage tradition and of Boulevard caricature. There is the Englishman oppressed with the spleen and travelling to get rid of the incubus. There is the *milord* of the millions who spares no expense to gratify his caprices and morbid eccentricities, and who is the hero of some of the tourist's most lively stories; while we meet everywhere the more common *Anglais pour rire* as he used to be exhibited in the windows of the print-shops, with the broad grin on the rubicund face, showing the gleam of the strong white teeth which indicate his carnivorous propensities. For he is always  
a glutton

a glutton and generally a *soudard*. In short, all the English are cast for the comedy or farce which should bring down the galleries at the Bouffes or the Palais Royal.

But it is time we passed from the abstract to the concrete and followed the mighty romancer in his travels. If we have seemed somewhat to depreciate him in the preliminary survey it is only because he so persistently parades his foibles. He struts about his pages like his English prototype at Stratford, when the greatest of British biographers ticketed himself 'Paoli Boswell.' For when all is said we stand in amaze at the glorious talent of Dumas—at his amazing dramatic vigour, at the marvellous union of strength and flexibility which, like the trunk of the elephant, can move a piece of ordnance or pick up a pin. He passes lightly from monkish legend or mediæval history to mockery, *persiflage*, or genial profanity. Starting for his tour on the banks of the Rhine, he describes his method of travel. In town or country he goes straight ahead, trusting to chance or his happy star to guide him. Wherever they may lead him he cannot go wrong. So everywhere he stumbles upon the unexpected; consequently it impresses him the more. Previous studies have prepared him to dispense with guide or plan. When he turns a corner or comes out upon a *Place*, the scenes are peopled to him with all the familiar memories of the past, 'and I force them to pass one after another before me, like so many phantoms.' It would really appear as if this remarkable man could command not only his memory but his moods. Kinglake has an amusingly cynical passage as to the impossibility of approaching the sacred shrines—the Church of the Sepulchre or the Sanctuary of the Nativity—in fittingly reverential mood. Dumas apparently has no difficulty of the kind. He can transform himself with the most heartfelt sincerity at the shortest notice. He has been chatting pleasantly over the legendary origin of Antwerp, and the sufferings of the early citizens at the hands of paynims and giants. He steps into the religious gloom of the Gothic cathedral, and stands under the shadows of the 'Descent from the Cross' and of the 'Elevation.' After an eloquent rhapsody on the genius of Rubens, brightened with a variety of piquant anecdotes as to the artist's easy life and professional engagements, the fervent pilgrim falls into rapt meditation before the immortal masterpieces of the painter's divine inspiration. So afterwards, with the severe sacred triumphs of Van Dyck, he interprets not only the meanings of the painters, but all they left unexpressed for sympathetic critics to divine. St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis never discourses more

devoutly on the Passion and the sublime intensity of suffering which brought redemption to a sinful world.

We are mistaken if the gay *viveur* did not feel at the time the emotions he has so touchingly expressed. But the moods of solemn reverence are evanescent. He is obviously more in his element when in Voltairean vein he is ridiculing superstition, miracle, and Satan. He is always a mocker, often profane, and not infrequently abominably blasphemous. Perhaps his most discreditable outbreak, though run hard by a Neapolitan sermon to which we shall refer, is in his tour in the south of France, where there is a really shocking dialogue between the first and second personages of the Trinity. Yet there are always touches and conversational turns of light Gallic wit which make it impossible to refrain from smiling, and so we are betrayed into passing complicity with his profanity. As for Satan, Dumas invariably treats the fallen Archangel on a footing of contemptuous familiarity. He would have commended himself to the eminent Presbyterian divine who laid down the principle that speaking respectfully of the Devil was paying a homage with which he could not fail to be gratified. And, after all, the pious Dr. Southey, in his 'Old Woman of Berkeley' and other poems, took no very dissimilar tone. Dumas, like George Meredith in the 'Legend of Cologne,' and the editors of the New Testament in the Revised edition, merely rehabilitated the personal Fiend. And the moral of his free-and-easy romancing is unimpeachable, for Satan has invariably the worst in his conflicts with the saints. There is a rather *scabreux* story of his failure in his insidious assaults upon the chaste recluses of the *Béguinage* of Ghent: 'Il ne savait où donner de la tête, et était tout prêt d'abandonner l'œuvre de perdition qui lui avait si mal réussi.' He was absurdly befooled by a simple Swiss *maire* at the building of the Devil's Bridge over the Reuss. There is no great originality in that legend, and it was the more discreditable to Satan's astuteness that he was foiled by a ruse that had been repeatedly practised on him elsewhere. But the tragedy of the aspiring architect of the Cologne Cathedral is perfect in its way. What we admire in Dumas, a lavish spendthrift and yet the most grasping of writers, is the wealth of fancy he could afford to dissipate, sure that the springs would fill again as fast as they were drained. His short stories and his stories of all lengths might have been spun out into three-volume novels. Here, in comparatively narrow compass, we have a sparkling novelette of character as well as sensation. The clever architect who gets the order for the Dome has magnificent ideas which are always eluding him.

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The phantoms of his dream-pictures efface themselves in his waking hours, and he is driven to despair—and the Devil. The venerable old gentleman who meets him in the *Anlagen* is a polished man of the world. The cloven hoof is concealed in a well-fitting boot, and any flavour of brimstone is overpowered by scent. The upshot is that the architect barter his soul for the superb design which must assure him immortality, and is so far saved, like the gudesire of Wandering Willie, by the counsels of his ghostly confessor. But unlike Steenie the Piper, in spite of fair warning he unwarily gives an opportunity which the enemy seizes. He perishes through his besetting sin—that same pride which was the ruin of his tempter—comes to an untimely end, and his name is forgotten. Then to illustrate the liberties Dumas ventures upon with the saints, we may take his version of the legend of St. Goar. Like St. Paul, who was a tent-maker, the Rhenish saint had a regular occupation, and was ferryman at the village which now bears his name. But he preached the gospel in *partibus infidelibus*, and had a short method of conversion with the heathen. When he got his passenger out into the middle of the Rhine stream he questioned him closely as to his creed. If he had to do with a pagan he precipitated himself upon him, baptized him ‘en un tour de main,’ and tossing him overboard, sent him straight to Paradise. There is a delightfully comical account of his conversation with Charlemagne, travelling incognito, who ‘en sa qualité de connaisseur apprecia les moyens de conversion adopté par Saint Goar.’

A *propos* to *connaisseurs*, Dumas professed himself a great authority in wines and vintages, and certainly few amateurs have pursued their studies in that direction more assiduously. In his old age he had the idea of conducting a restaurant at Naples. Moreover he was a great practical gastronomist. As the Regent Orleans of his ‘Chevalier d’Harmental’ relaxed from state affairs among his crucibles, so Dumas, when wearied with work and gaities, withdrew behind his *batteries de cuisine*. The passion for culinary research sometimes stood him in good stead in his travels. In wines, as in other matters, he prided himself on the originality of his taste. His Musketeers and d’Artagnan were wont to indulge in a *petit vin d’Anjou*, which we have never been able to identify; and once at St. Péray he found an earthly paradise in an *auberge*, where a most seductive wine was sold as *piquette* at five sous. Yet now and again we catch the authority tripping. As taste must always be matter of opinion, we say nothing of his indirectly ranking the rough red Ingelheimer as little lower than Johannisberg, but he goes  
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into misplaced raptures over the Liebfrauenmilch wines in the Rheingau, whereas the wine is grown under the walls of Worms. But these gifted Frenchmen always will let the imagination run away with them. Ingelheimer ought to be a grand vintage because the vines were planted round his palace by the great Charlemagne. Local legends of the Virgin were in the tourist's mind when he erroneously located his Liebfrauenmilch. We remember a delightfully pleasant absurdity of another French explorer, at least as illustrious as Dumas. 'The Rhine' was one of Victor Hugo's earliest and most charming works; it has unfortunately been neglected and almost forgotten. The poet wanders out for a stroll after supper from Andernach. As he muses dreamily in the fading light a spectral monument rises before him. He has stumbled upon the tomb of Hoche, for there is still light enough to decipher the inscription, and the soul of the ardent young Republican kindles in an eloquent elegy. Now Hugo probably travelled with a guide-book of some kind, which makes the surprise incredible; and as the tomb of Hoche happens to be at Weissthurm, and the poet must have walked five miles to get there—*credat Judæus*. However, *à propos* to the Rheingau and its wines, Dumas tells one of his characteristic anecdotes. Prince Metternich was a collector of autographs, and requested a line from Jules Janin with all the formalities of aristocratic politeness. The answer was curt and to the point. 'Reçu de Monsieur le Prince de Metternich vingt-quatre bouteilles de Johannisberg, première qualité.' The wine was sent. 'M. de Metternich a gardé précieusement le spirituel autographe de Janin. Quant à Janin, je doute qu'il a gardé le vin de M. de Metternich.'

The *verve* of Dumas seldom fails, but it is amusing to note how indolence not infrequently gets the better of him. He wanders up the Rhine into Baden and the Black Forest, where each ruined *Schloss* has its legend, and every valley its mediæval romance. Hackländer, with his charming homeliness of style, has shown us something of the inexhaustible riches. Dumas happens to have been idly disposed there, but he was bound to find matter for a couple of volumes. His imagination exercises itself by fits and starts. His story of the romantic marriage of a Count of Eberstein is in his happiest style. But he is driven to fill up a dull succession of pages with the documents in the *procès* of Sand when tried for the assassination of Kotzebue. He pronounces them of great historical interest, as perhaps they are, and he has his usual good fortune in meeting on the scene of the execution with one of the four officials who, with the priest and the executioner, had been present

present on the scaffold. That gentleman gives him an introduction to the son of the *Scharfrichter*, and any previous dullness is amply redeemed by his *spirituel* report of the remarkable interview. Dumas confesses frankly that the hereditary hangman had the best of it when with the courtesy of a man of the world he snubbed the indiscreet intruder. At the Schloss of Stauffenberg he pillages most unblushingly La Motte Fouqué's exquisite fancy of Undine, and at Baden, excusing himself for the theft by elaborate compliments, he borrows a long chapter from Gérard de Nerval. Yet the master of the *feuilleton* will never part from his readers without leaving pleasant impressions and exciting a craving for more. Nothing can be more lively than his concluding story of how 'Général Garnison' at Strassburg—the collective name of a mutinous conspiracy—struck against General Rapp for arrears of pay which the shrewd old soldier of the Empire had no means of providing.

Even when he made the tour of the Swiss cantons, the future playground of Europe was tolerably hackneyed, though he had the advantage of travelling by diligence or in postchaises. But like a compatriot who found material for a delightful volume in a tour of his chamber, he sees everything from an original point of view and through tinted spectacles of his own. Always striking into literary side-paths from the beaten tracks, perhaps none of his travel-books is so full of clever character-sketches, of ludicrous drolleries, and of brilliant historical effects. It is one of those *bouillabais*ses he loved, where the piquant flavouring would give an appetite to indigestion in the dog-days; a superbly compounded salad, where a genius has been devising new and original condiments. Now we have a dramatic presentation of the battles of the free-born mountaineers with Austria or Burgundy: when the mailed chivalry shivered itself in futile charges against the pikes of the Helvetian phalanx, and when, in the words of Scott, the blasts of the horns of Uri gave wings to the panic-stricken flight. Now we have the revolt of the honest conspirators of Grütli, and the mythical scenes in the market-place of Altorf, reproduced with intimate domestic details which no previous chronicler had imagined. The wealthy abbeys of that barren country are reconstructed—establishments that flashed their light through the almost impenetrable gloom of the dark ages. We have the faithless Sigismund blighted to eternal infamy, when he sent the Bohemian martyrs to gain the crown of glory in slow tortures at Constance. But all the history is as spirited and plausible, from the first stage out of Paris, where he breaks  
ground

ground at the bridge of Montereau with the treacherous murder of Jean-sans-peur.

Then by way of contrast, we come on the ludicrous eccentricities and quaint inventions. We are told how the director of the French *douanes* was made by the great jeweller of Geneva the first smuggler of the realm, when the contraband articles he had purchased were packed away in his own carriage. Dumas was a curious *amateur de cuisine*, but seldom has any *gourmet* had such an original experience as when the innkeeper of Martigny specially recommended a *filet d'ours*. Dumas tried it suspiciously, found it excellent, had nearly disposed of it, when the host casually remarked: 'Ce gaillard-là a mangé la moitié du chasseur qui l'a tué.' At Villeneuve he goes trouting in the dark with the servant of the inn, who equips himself for the sport with a sickle and a lantern. When he sees *le pauvre diable* strip and step down into the glacier water, he protests, and would fain have him go back to bed. 'Impossible,' says Maurice; 'it is not only you who are in love with the trout. I know not how it is, but all tourists are partial to the trout—an abominable little fish and full of bones.' However, there is no disputing as to tastes.' Then the trivial episode rises to the sublimity of tragedy, when Maurice with gloomy resignation forebodes for himself a death of inflammation, as the hunter who stalks the chamois for the table must inevitably break his neck among the precipices. Again the chamois recalls the memory of the meeting of the hunter of Lauterbrunnen with the spirit of the mountains, who like Leyden's brown man of the moors, had taken the game of the wilds under his special protection. He accepts the gifts that are bestowed on condition he gives up the chase, forgets the warning, and pays the death-penalty. In very different vein is the interviewing of the bears of Berne. Tens of thousands of intelligent tourists had looked down into the bear-pit before, but surely none but Dumas would have seen such suggestive 'copy' at the bottom. He treats the bears from the political, financial, and philosophical points of view. At the close of last century these tutelars of the city were in the enjoyment of an easy income of over 2000*l*. The wars of the Revolution broke out, and, like other aristocrats, the bears lost their rents. He remarks that they set a rare example to mankind, and were as dignified in adversity as they had been unassuming in prosperity. He treats the *divertissements* with which they beguiled the hours from the light-comedy aspect. There is nothing more humorously didactical in La Fontaine than Dumas' illustration of the slips betwixt cup and lip. The burgesses had introduced a fox in the family party of the bears, assuring

assuring Reynard a safe retreat in the massive masonry of the walls. We fancy that Dumas invented his fox, but that is as may be. When fruit or cakes are flung to the great bear, the fox makes a flying leap over his shoulder, and then skirting the wall like the shadow in a phantasmagoria, shoots back to his lair with the stolen booty. As once before when he saved his life he lost his tail, there is now absolutely nothing to lay hold of. Dumas and Reynard understand each other at a glance. We should like to quote at length, for we do the *raconteur* cruel injustice by condensing. When the fox sees the visitor make a sign to the cake-woman, he never removes his eyes for a moment. The tourist holds up a tartlet. The 'sournois' makes a slight movement of the head, as much as to say, 'All right; I understand,' and then licks his lips in voluptuous self-confidence. The tart is thrown, and the bear is *volé*. Surely, seldom has so much drollery been got out of so little. Finally, there is the bit of historical burlesque which narrowly escaped turning to tragedy. The bear-pit was built against the wall of the old prison. A prisoner, like the captives of the Château d'If, was mining his way out of his dungeon, when to his delight he hears a fellow-victim at work on the other side. Stimulated by the extraordinary exertions of his collaborator, he redoubles his own, and between them they open a practicable passage, in which, very fortunately for the captive, both man and bear are equally taken aback.

In Berne we have the light *causeries* of the literary lounge in a town replete with historical interest. But adventures are to the adventurous, and the bold traveller had only to go farther afield to have remarkable *rencontres* and thrilling escapes. Switzerland, since the peace of 1814, had been considered tolerably safe travelling, till the Alpine men took to scaling peaks and creeping along shelving cornices. But Dumas has always extraordinary luck. There used to be a tradition among tourists, and we dare say it was true, that a steamer had once been capsized on Brienz. If the tradition survived, it was owing to the singularity of the event. Dumas has no sooner taken ship at Thun than he is in worse peril of shipwreck than the Apostle of the Gentiles. For St. Paul was cast away near a convenient creek, and Dumas was caught in the middle of the lake. The skipper, who recognizes the stuff of the tourist, asks him softly whether he can swim, and Dumas proceeds to lighten himself unostentatiously. There was similar sympathy between brave souls when a leak was supposed to have sprung in the *speronare* between Naples and Stromboli, and Captain Arena reassuringly tells his passenger that if he floats off

off on a plank or a hen-coop there is a fair chance of his being picked up by some passing ship. The traveller lands safely, quit for the superfluous disarrangements of his toilette. He charts a boy and straightway goes off to inspect a remarkable grotto. They have scarcely seated themselves therein when his little guide takes to his heels, shouting out enigmatically: 'It is the *revue de Seefeld*.' Dumas follows more slowly, though he hears subterraneous noises like the roll of musketry-fire and the explosion of heavy guns. They are the warning prologue to the review, which only comes off at long intervals. The thunder-rains have flooded subterraneous reservoirs, and Dumas has hardly quitted the cavern of St. Beat before he is followed, and almost overtaken, by a surging torrent. These two escapes are pretty well for the first day of his Oberland trip, and by all the rules of luck he might have looked for a time of tranquillity. But not a bit of it; he has another illustration of the proverb he has just been proving, that it never rains but it pours. He goes to sleep in the little inn at Rosenlauri, is washed out of his peaceful bed by the swelling of two converging rivulets, and only escapes a watery grave for the second time by risking his neck like a novice on the slack rope, and treading a shaky plank passing from the window of his bedroom to the mountain. It may be objected that there is a curious similarity in the last two incidents: the answer is that truth is supreme and by no means to be tampered with.

We are surprised that he encountered neither earthquake-shocks nor stone-avalanches on the Gemmi. We have met with both ourselves, so perhaps they are too common to be noted. But any disappointment we may feel is amply atoned for when we reach the little *auberge* of Schwarenbach, eminently dreary and unsuggestive to the prosaic guest. There is nothing much more lively in all the 'Impressions' than the comical tale of the lamentable tragedy by which a dramatist of genius ruined a respectable innkeeper. When he descends to the Baths of Leuk, by the zig-zag rock staircase, we are inclined to wonder whether, with the brisk traffic in Hasli cheeses and bed-ridden invalids, the dizzy descent was then unguarded. Whether or no, the absence of parapets gives admirable opportunity for an introspective analysis of moral heroism triumphing over bodily frailty. We are reminded of Henri Quatre in the 'Quarante-Cinq' at the storm of Cahors. Dumas faces the descent, and his guide remarks at the bottom that, as he has seen, it was nothing. 'I took my handkerchief out of my mouth and showed it to him. The stuff was cut across as with a razor.' Familiar Switzerland was as rich in material  
for



for him as any other country, Sicily not excepted. It shows how one man will find more matter for fresh and romantic narrative in the Beauce or the Bois de Boulogne than another who penetrates Central Africa or risks himself in the unexplored interior of China. There are scores of diverse episodes over which we should gladly linger. The sportsman's not unreasonable attack of nerves, when left to himself in a rock-prison by his guide, while stalking the chamois in the mountains of Glarus: the tragi-comical duel of the light-hearted *commis-voyageur*, truly Gallic, a compound of chivalry and gross vulgarity: the catastrophe of the English eccentrics at the Falls of Schaffhausen: the wild legends associated with the Purgatory of Evil Spirits on Pilatus, which led the mediæval municipality of Lucerne to fence the accursed mountain with pains and death-penalties: to say nothing of the interviews with such illustrious exiles as the author of the 'Génie du Christianisme' or La Reine Hortense.

Shifting the scenes to southern France, in the impressions of 'Le Midi' we are bound to say there is something more of bookmaking. Great part of the first volume, if not, even for Dumas, an unparalleled effort of the memory, must surely have been written on the traveller's return, with ready reference to authorities. For, as his enemy Mirecourt admits, the volatile Dumas could sometimes drudge, and has been seen at a table with a pencil in his teeth and twenty open tomes around him. As Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen regarded the Romans as their implacable enemies, so we are bored by the Allobroges in the old cities of the Rhone, and by 'original' speculations very obviously at second-hand as to the architects who devised the amphitheatres and triumphal arches. But in none of the travel-volumes is dullness more generously redeemed by the graphic and the picturesque, the droll and the diverting. As Dumas passed into Switzerland over the bridge of Montereau, so his first resting-place on the road to Marseilles is at the historic palace of Fontainebleau. There, like his Balsamo in the 'Mémoires d'un Médecin,' he invokes the shades and phantoms of the past, with Queen Christine and her *haute justice* in the foreground. But we had almost forgotten the introduction to the most agreeable, though the least loquacious, of his travelling companions. Jadin, the artist, had made a reputation of his own; Jadin's truculent *bull-dogue* Milord is only known to fame and the public through his æsthetic admirer. Milord had the qualities and defects of his countrymen, but he seems to have been the only *Anglais* whom Dumas thoroughly understood and heartily appreciated—probably because they could dispense

dispense with the use of language. At Cosne comes the romance of the poisoning doctor, who had inherited the traditions of La Brinvilliers and St. Croix, with the summary solution of his embarrassments, suggested by his medical *confrère*, so characteristically French. In the Bourbonnais there is a grand and discriminating sketch of the arch-traitor to France, the haughty Constable. At Lyons, *à propos* to the conspiracy of 'Cinq-Mars,' a good deal of borrowing is done, and de Thou and de Vigny, with a profusion of compliments, are laid heavily under contribution. The visit to a shattered fortress overhanging a beetling cliff suggests solemn reminiscences of the ruthless atrocities of the religious wars of the Cevennes; but the lively *raconteur* is all himself again when he has missed his way in the night near Avignon. With passports entirely *en règle* in his pocket, he deliberately gets arrested, that the zealous *gens d'armes*, who are liberally tipped, may guide him across country to supper and bed. At the hotel he staggers the obsequious host by asking straightway for No. 3. It is the room in which his old godfather, Marshal Brune, had been assassinated. 'It may be easily understood with what emotion I opened the door of this chamber, where he who had sworn before God to be my second father had rendered his last sigh.'

The Château of Beaucaire suggests a legend of the Oriental knight-errant Lazarus, who sought adventures in Gaul in the reign of Augustus. It is noteworthy as indicating Dumas' confident reliance on the popular ignorance of the New Testament in France, for he transfers several pages bodily from St. John, with a casual reference to his apostolic authority in a footnote. *En revanche*, he tells us immediately afterwards how he bribed the sexton of an ancient church to part with a saintly figure in wood. Forthwith his conscience clamorously reproaches him, and his profoundly religious temperament is impressed with the sinister presentiment of impending calamity. He dare not pull the trigger of his gun; when the road gets rather worse than usual, he jumps out of the carriage. Safe under cover at night, he cannot stand the strain on the nerves any longer. We should have supposed he would have sent the saint back to the shrine. What he does is, for the first time for years, to kneel in fervent prayer. Then he consigns the fruit of the sacrilege to the care of an agent in Paris. 'If I had kept it in my luggage, in all probability I should not have dared to continue my journey.' So the *cas de conscience* is settled by the queerest of compromises. Two specially pleasant stories of Marseilles cannot be passed over.

over. The first is short as sweet. It satirizes the scorching sand plains which are the pride if not the pleasure of the patriotic Marseillais. A giraffe from the Soudan, *en route* to the Jardin des Plantes, was disembarked at the Cannebière. The noble stranger was seriously indisposed. The consignee hoped it was merely *mal de mer*; his guardian pronounced it *mal de pays*. The latter gentleman was right. No sooner had he taken his charge out for exercise in the suburbs than the ears were pricked up and the eyes brightened. The choking breath from the sandy furnace came to the languid invalid as the elixir of life; he was back in his own deserts of Darfour; he kicked up his heels, tore the halter out of his attendant's hands and bolted. When recaptured twenty-four hours later by a couple of regiments of light cavalry promptly sent out on special service, he was in perfect health and spirits. As for the *chasse au chastre*—*chastre* we believe to be the local name for a species of thrush—it lasted so long that we dare hardly enter on it. It led the third *basse* of the Marseilles theatre, from a vineyard immediately outside the town, or rather from Dumas' lively supper table, to the city of the Seven Hills. The adventures of Candide were scarcely more varied or startling. Penniless and luggageless, the cockney sportsman puts up at the best hotels, is only saved by a tremendous cyclone from assisting at a sea-fight with the English, falls among brigands, whom he is forced to follow in their peregrinations, &c., &c. His grotesque innocence of the world is inimitably rendered, and from first to last it is an uproarious *opéra-bouffe*. The success of the *jeu d'esprit* was so great that it was republished separately, and was more than once recast for the stage.

In distributing the innumerable productions of the 'Fabrique de Dumas et Cie.' critics who should have known better have confidently attributed the 'Speronare' and the 'Corricolo' to a certain Fiorentino. Had Fiorentino sworn to that, and Dumas subscribed, we should still have been more than sceptical. If there is a writer whose hand and brand are unmistakable it is Dumas: for example, in the long-drawn Vicomte de Bragelonne, we venture to say that the joinings of the piece-work are quite unmistakable. And perhaps the 'Speronare' is the most intensely personal of all Dumas' 'Impressions.' We care not where you dip into the volume. It begins with the historical and inimitable story of how he outwitted the Bourbon Minister in Rome and travelled to Naples with a false passport. Taking leave of the churlish envoy, he courteously demanded whether his Excellency cared to charge him with commands for the Neapolitan

Neapolitan capital, as he hoped to be on the Chiaia within three days. He was even better than his word, but had to take ship immediately for Sicily, for in those days the Neapolitan prisons were not to be trifled with. Fiorentino, or anyone else, might have happened on the graceful *speronare*, but no one could have manned it so admirably as Dumas. The leading members of the little brotherhood of mariners are all arranged to play their respective parts to perfection. The Captain Arena, the typical Sicilian sailor, friendly without being familiar, and as ready with his tongue as his knife, the jovial Peppino, bitten with the tarantula of dance, the jolly Giovanni, with his rough and ready culinary talents, and the pilot Nunzio, 'le vieux,' that solemn weather-wise old sea-dog, who might have stepped out of the epics of Homer or Virgil. The chatter of the crew and their free and easy habits, their moods, their superstitions and the changes of their quick-silver temperaments, are just as they would have been imagined by a dramatist with an unrivalled instinct for stage effect. We are far from saying that they were not actual types, but it would not have been our Alexandre had he not improved upon nature and embellished.

In none of his books does the brilliant *raconteur* show to more advantage: in the brimming exuberance of romantic fantasy he would seem to have caught inspiration from the *improvisatori* of Santa Lucia: in none is there a more bubbling effervescence of piquant drollery. He is hard at work romancing already when beating out of Naples Bay. Hudson Lowe was the gaoler of St. Helena, so we have the story of the taking of Capri under Murat, from the strictly patriotic point of view. Seldom, even by M. Thiers or M. Hugo, have historical facts been more ingeniously distorted. Doubtless Lamarque's exploit was a dashing one, but, in his compatriot's desire to heap discredit on Sir Hudson, we are never told that the Maltese, who were the better part of Lowe's garrison, turned tail without firing a shot: that the frigates at the Ponza Isles never put in an appearance: and that with his Corsicans he held out so long against the assailants as narrowly to escape the consequences of defending an untenable post. Once well out at sea we are in the raging tempest which brings out in relief the superstitions of the sailors, with the false alarm as to the springing of a leak, which nearly sent the dramatist and his fortunes afloat on the hen-coop. The flashes of the lurid fires of Stromboli, and the unrolling of that unrivalled panorama on either side of the Straits, suggest some of the most spirited and poetical descriptions of scenery which the traveller ever penned.

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To be sure, the pen was inspired by matchless subjects, but it is not every poet who can rise promptly to occasions. When Dumas was climbing Etna, the ascent naturally became as eventful as if he had set himself to scale Chimborazo or Mount Everest, and on the verge of the barely habitable lava-beds he saw the ruins of the old convent of Saint Nicholas, which must always have a sentimental interest for his readers. Nothing can be more pleasantly droll than the story of the German gastronomist who came with letters to the general of a wealthy confraternity, famed far and wide for its hospitality and its cuisine. The Count's archæological studies had nearly proved his perdition. Familiar with the weird site of the old Saint Nicholas, he was ignorant that the monks had shifted their quarters to a spot more conveniently situated for markets. The shattered ruin had been occupied by a band of marauders, and the Count insists on being guided to that den of thieves. Fortunately the robber-captain was a humorist and a brother *bon vivant*. A superb dinner, served on stolen church plate, winds up with a mad orgy, when the Count with the majority of his hosts subside under the table. Next morning he awakens on the mountain side with a violent headache, but with all his valuables. At least nothing is missing but his pistols, which his entertainer has kept by way of souvenir.

Landing on the little island of Pantelleria, where by the way he makes our mouths water with the picture of a Homeric *al fresco* feast of a kid spitted on a skewer of rose-laurel, stuffed with figs, raisins, and chestnuts, and washed down with old wine of Syracuse, he happens upon another illustration of the state of public security. He is surprised to hear a galley-slave addressed as 'Excellency.' The convict for many years had been chief of police at Syracuse. There had never been a more energetic officer: yet the city was infamous for robberies and burglaries. Signor Anga was always near the scene of the crime, and always arrived five minutes late. But momentous events are influenced by trivial accidents. Had it not been for the theft of a paltry umbrella, it might never have been discovered that the head policeman's mansion was undermined with treasure-vaults, and that he had agencies for the disposal of his nefarious gains in all the principal towns of the island. Sentenced to penal servitude for life, he had lost nothing in public consideration. As for the novelette of 'The Gothic Chapel,' it sparkles in its brilliant setting like 'The Curious Impertinent' in 'Don Quixote'; and for a mordant satire on Sicilian licence of manners and the fantastic perversion of the sense of humour, commend us to the story of the wedding of the  
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the Signor Mercutio — a professional go-between — with the beautiful and innocent Gelsomina. The chase of the nymph Arethusa by the river-god Alpheus is a rare bit of classical fun, and extraordinarily fascinating, in Dumas' best historical style, are the tales of the Vespers and of John of Procida. Yet these are but a few, though perhaps the best among many. When we are persuaded that Bacon was Shakespeare, we shall believe that Fiorentino was Dumas.

As to the authorship of the 'Corricolo' we should hesitate to speak so decidedly. On the contrary, there are chapters interspersed which strike us as rather poor simulation. The advent of the Dey of Algiers at the Hotel Victoria in Naples, and the relations with the æsthetic landlord, which began so auspiciously only to be abruptly broken off, are undoubtedly entertaining. But the situations are commonplace and the dialogue is rather dull. As for the adventures of that high-born swindler, the Signor Villani, we cannot speak with confidence. Even Dumas was not always equal to himself, and the *fourberies de Villani*, although they are inclined to drag, are ingenious and infinitely amusing. We say so much to satisfy our conscience, for the bulk of the volume is indubitable Dumas, and not infrequently he shows himself at his best. Nothing can be more happy, for example, than his description of the contents of an over-crowded *corricolo*, in which he strikes his key-note: or his *spirituel* account of how he came to be possessed of one of those vehicles, with the pair of spectral steeds he purchased for a trifle over a louis. Nothing can be more comically graphic than his pictures of the *lazzaroni*, as they used to bask on the burning flags of the Molo in the blissful reign of the Bourbons. Dumas resuscitates the *lazzarone* of the olden time, with his politics and his strong religious views, as photography has reproduced the paintings of Pompeii. He is a vanished type, like the *grisette* of Paris, surviving only in opera and fiction. As for his religion, possibly it may have verged on superstition; and the eloquent divine who had the ear of these ragged Sybarites could lead them docilely by the nose. Dumas is never more blasphemous, and we must add he is seldom more entertaining, than when he repeats the sermon of the famous Padre Rocca on the merits of St. Joseph as an intercessor. It inculcates the efficacy of prayer by the case of the notorious Mastrilla. Mastrilla was a brigand without faith or law, but he not only invariably wore a crucifix above his poniard, but each morning offered brief supplication to St. Joseph. So when Mastrilla, rejected by the guardians of Hell, is knocking in vain at the gates of Heaven, St. Joseph makes



makes the cause of his worshipper his own, and is more fortunate than Lucifer as the leader of a celestial revolt. We have touched on this story, which we should otherwise have passed over, because it illustrates the hyper-Voltairean side of Dumas, who can rhapsodize with the fervour of an Augustine or moralize with the eloquence of a Bossuet.

*A propos* to a superstition inveterately rooted in all ranks, we have the admirable story of the 'Jettatura,' which is specially rich in local colour, as it abounds in traits of the national characteristics. Every Neapolitan used to carry antidotes, in the shape of charms, about his person, though they were not always efficacious against the instruments of the powers of evil. Here we have a grand *seigneur* doomed to be destructive to his nearest and dearest from his birth, though pathetically unconscious that he is an object of horror, and that he attracts calamities like a lightning conductor. His mother dies in childbed, his nurse's milk turns sour, the brother to whom he is fondly attached falls when the head of the family seconds him in a duel, provoked by the Prince's sinister reputation. In fact, his career is the cause of a succession of tragedies, which turn to comedy, in the looser vein of Boccaccio, when he blesses the marriage-bed of his only daughter. By way of contrast, Dumas passes from Ahrimanes to Oromasdes, and discourses on the beatific influences of St. Januarius, tutelary saint of the city. Twice in each year the semi-annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood was expected, and the prayers—or rather, the curses and threats—of the faithful put such pressure on the saint that, although he might hesitate, he had ultimately to yield at discretion. Clericalism would have found it safer to tamper with the wild pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem for the miracle of the sacred fire than to disappoint the frenzied populace. It was a clever idea of the Royalists during the French occupation to persuade St. Januarius to be recalcitrant, and so get up an *émeute*; but the commandant took a short method with his Sanctity when he threatened immediate bombardment if the miracle did not duly come off. Very amusing also is the tale of his own arrest, when, notwithstanding the interposition of the French Embassy, the diplomat he had baffled got the better of him, and he was compelled to evacuate Campania. It proved to him, as he says, that there was something worse in the country than the *jettaturas*, and that was the *mouchards*. Naturally the nerve and coolness of the man who, in the Revolution of 1830, had taken the powder-magazines of Soissons single-handed, never failed in direst emergency; and, moreover, it gave the opportunity of paying a

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graceful and almost fulsome compliment to his good friend and patroness, Queen Marie-Amélie. 'Quant à cette troisième,' he observed, as he handed his letters of credence to the Chief of Police, 'n'y touchez pas, Monsieur, et permettez moi de vous la montrer à distance.' But the cream of the book is the culmination, which was a memorable interview with the Pope.

'I was so confused at finding myself in face of the living representative of God on earth that I scarcely knew what I was doing; so—in place of behaving like Milord Stain [*sic*], whom Louis XIV. invited to precede him in his coach, and who, understanding that coming from one so high any invitation is a command, got in without protesting—when the Pope presented me his ring, I insisted on kissing his foot.

"So be it, as you desire it," and he presented me his slipper.

"Tibi et Petro," I stammered.'

The Pope smiled at the graceful allusion, and immediately put his illustrious visitor at his ease. Soon they were chatting confidentially on matters theatrical. As Macaulay remarks in the essay on Ranke, it has been the wise policy of the Roman Church to enlist all manner of undisciplined irregulars in its service. His Holiness suggested to the author of 'Anthony' and 'Robert Darlington' that he might sanctify the stage as a pulpit whence he could preach the word with power. He smiled again when Dumas pleasantly objected that it might be a long step on the road of martyrdom. However, the dramatist proposed a compromise, intimating that he had already a subject with the scenes in Rome, and the Pope and the playwright, laying their heads together, did something to sketch out the tragedy of 'Caligula.' They parted on the most cordial terms; and the Pope not only gave his benediction, but some rosaries which had been sanctified at the Holy Sepulchre, and to which were attached all the indulgences of which the Church could dispose. Perhaps they could scarcely have been better bestowed.

The flying journey from 'Paris à Cadix,' with the subsequent visits to Algeria and Tunis, exhibit Dumas in his favourite rôle as the child of impulse. He started at a moment's notice, leaving an unfinished *château*, an unfinished theatre, and sundry unfinished serials. But the offer was tempting and flattering. For the first time his position and popularity had official recognition. Salvandy, then Minister of the Interior, proposed to his friend to attend officially the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier, and afterwards proceed to an inspection of Algeria. Such an offer was not to be rejected: Dumas got together a *suite* of friends and admirers, subsequently stretching

stretching his commission so far as to take possession of a Government vessel, on which it seems to have been intended that he should have nothing more than a passage across the Mediterranean. We hear little of the struggle of Spaniards and Moors, and scarcely a word of the Peninsular war. *En revanche* we have the boy broken loose for a holiday, inflated with all the consequence of an envoy of State, glorifying himself and glorified by the homage of his companions. He brackets his own 'Anthony,' as one of a triad of masterpieces, with 'Hamlet' and 'Faust.' He tells with honest pride how the illiterate host of a *fonda* treated the famous author of the 'Musketeers' with new-born respect when he fancied he recognized in him a culinary *confrère*. But we like him none the worse for his candid vanity, and after all we may recall the introduction to 'Quentin Durward,' where the unassuming author of 'Waverley' records his feelings on the occasion of his visit to the *château* of Hautlieu. Those letters from torrid and thirsty Spain are brimming over with exuberant good humour: the Parisian *gourmet* of Gargantuan appetite mortifies the flesh day after day, with the asceticism of a hermit, the sobriety of a Spartan, and the buoyant spirits of a Mark Tapley. He could not help himself, to be sure; but he laughs instead of growling. As for the incidents of the road, *more suo*, he makes the most of them, and when he gets his party under arms and stands on his defence, when the carriage was upset between Aranjuez and Toledo, we are inclined to believe in patrols of the Civil Guard rather than in brigands. His culinary genius had generous scope, not from superabundance of materials, but from the appalling dearth. He rivalled the ingenious *chef* of Marshal Strozzi at the siege of Leith, who served twelve covers daily on his master's table from the quarter of a carrion horse and the weeds on the ramparts.

At Cadiz the party embarked on the 'Vélocé' for the African expedition. The 'Vélocé,' which gives the name to the volumes, was the cause of unpleasant interpellations in the Chamber, and of a subsequent trial in which the traveller was his own advocate, defending himself with sharp repartee and resentful vigour. His pride had been sorely wounded, and he was certainly shabbily treated. Ministers threw him over, and they stung him to the quick by alluding to him disparagingly as 'ce monsieur.' There would appear to have been a mutual misunderstanding, for which the impulsive Minister of the Interior was greatly to blame. Salvandy offered his envoy the despatch-vessel to take him to Algeria with the honours of an

envoy. Dumas jumped to the conclusion that the 'Vélocé' was at his disposal for the trip. His cool self-assurance overpersuaded the local authorities: he took the corvette first to Tangiers and afterwards to Tunis. He recognized all his responsibilities as travelling representative of the Great Nation, keeping open table on board for self, suite, and friends, and was proportionately mortified and irritated when the Government sent in its bill. Happily the letters which were addressed to the *confidante* of his Spanish adventures were written before he was disillusioned and in the full flush of his jubilation and buoyant spirits. Standing out to sea, the headland of Trafalgar suggests a train of characteristic reflections. He generously confesses that in six great battles by land and sea the English have had the better of the French. What of that? It is but the flow and ebb of the tide of Destiny, and France touches earth, like Antæus, only to rise more resolute than ever. It is the everlasting struggle between strength and thought; but then he becomes confused in suggesting a Biblical analogy. It may be true that Jacob recovered himself thrice in his long wrestle with the Angel, but thought as well as strength were on the side of the Celestial champion. At any rate he finds consolation in this patriotic conclusion. Were England to disappear from the world, half that world would applaud the removal of an incubus. Were the light which France holds aloft to be quenched, the whole world, plunged suddenly into outer darkness, would collapse in a wail of agony and despair.

There is a graphic narrative of the negotiations for the ransom of some French prisoners who had fallen into the hands of Abd-el-Kader, and of the grand banquet, presided over by the future Duc de Magenta, which celebrated their very fortunate escape. Dumas was present as an honoured guest, but in the version of the affair given in the 'Impressions' he lays no claim to the honour of being the actual liberator. He seems to have advanced that pretension as a happy after-thought when he published his interminable memoirs. The illustrious envoy was brought into personal relations with most of the generals who won their promotion in the Algerian wars, and all welcomed him in a spirit of *bon camaraderie*. And his descriptions of their feats of arms, in campaigns where quarter was seldom asked or granted, are as effective and perhaps as highly coloured as those with which Horace Vernet decorated the galleries of the Gloires at Versailles. Marshal Bugeaud was then Governor-General. He had been absent when Dumas touched first at Algiers, but when the traveller and his staff disembarked

disembarked on the return from Tunis, they straightway encountered the Governor—with *his* staff. Dumas was not altogether easy in his mind, for he had good reason to believe Bugeaud would resent the freedom he had used with the 'Vélocé.' However, as he truly says, it was his habit to take the bull by the horns, so he courted the interview instead of shunning it. Fortunately he found the rather gruff veteran in the most genial humour, and there ensued a highly characteristic dialogue:—

"Ah, ah," said he, "it's you, monsieur, the capturer of my ship; *peste*, don't put yourself out of your way; 220 horses for your excursions."

"Monsieur le Maréchal," said I, "I have calculated with the captain what I cost the Government, since my departure from Cadiz, in coal and table expenses. Walter Scott, on his Italian tour, cost the English Admiralty 150,000 francs; so it is 119,000 francs that the French Government is still in my debt."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Marshal saw that I was decided to make against him a new Mazagram or another Djemilah.

"He held out his hand.

"Allons," he said, "let us make peace: you have taken the 'Vélocé'; it is all right; let us say no more about it. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"Monsieur le Maréchal, I have my son and four friends."

"Parbleu. Bring your son and your four friends."

But what give their distinctive *cachet* to those travels among the conservative followers of the Prophet are the piquant anecdotes of the administrators of Oriental justice. At least, if severity was seldom tempered with mercy, the suitors to the Beys, the Sheikhs, and the Cadis had no cause to complain of legal delays. The reigning Bey of Tunis was a sagacious but somewhat arbitrary prince. He gave a free hand to his chief of the customs, who clipped the wool exasperatingly closely in shearing a French captain who had come from Marseilles with a cargo of cotton nightcaps. The captain appealed from the customs to Cæsar, who asked him whether he would have French or Turkish justice. The Frenchman chose the former, was graciously dismissed, and, waiting for three months, heard nothing of his little affair. He sought another audience of the Bey, who, reminding him that he had elected for French justice, asked what he complained of:—

\* "Écoute," said the Bey, in gracious condescension; "it is three years since your consul insulted me: for three years I have complained in vain to your king: come back in three years and we shall see."

"Diable!"

"*Diable!*" exclaimed the captain; and asked if it were too late to demand justice *à la Turque*.

"Not at all," was the sententious answer; "it is never too late to act rightly."

So his Highness issued an edict ordering all the Jews in his capital to provide themselves with cotton nightcaps within twenty-four hours under pain of death. The panic-stricken Hebrews put off in shoals to the French ship, where the captain dealt with them on his own terms. He hastened with his grateful thanks to the Bey, when that potentate said he had only had an instalment of justice. A second decree was issued, forbidding any Jew to cover his head with cotton under pain of losing it. It might have been supposed that the victims had nothing for it but to destroy their dearly-bought bargains, and that, indeed, was their first impulse. But the Bey knew his Jewish subjects, and so Dumas can wind up with an original touch, illustrative of their trading instincts. Deeming that it would be well to snatch some trifle out of the fire, they made a second expedition to the ship, after driving a hard bargain with the boatmen—on the former occasion they were too sorely alarmed to *marchander*. Then the captain was prevailed upon to buy back his cargo at a reduction of fifty per cent. on prime cost. The more serious stories remind us of the *esprit* and imaginative ingenuity of Voltaire, especially those where a great Sheikh of the desert goes in disguise to test with his own eyes and ears the wisdom of a Cadi renowned for his justice. These might be so many pages torn out of 'Zadig.'

His travels in Europe and Northern Africa had proved so successful and remunerative that he was tempted to go to the Peninsula of Sinai—by deputy. The '*Quinze Jours au Sinai*' is regularly included in the '*Œuvres Complètes*'; but it is significant that for once there is the name of a collaborator—though in smaller type—on the titlepage. We fancy there can be no question that Dumas never set foot either in Egypt or Arabia, and indeed on internal evidence we should be puzzled to decide whether even M. Dauzats ever went further than the Bibliothèque Royale. If the travels were written in Paris, the probability is the greater that Dumas may have thrown in a little of the flavouring. But his hand is rarely visible, and it is perhaps the most striking tribute to the glamour of his genius that the chartered libertine could take such reckless liberties as no other romance writer ever ventured upon without seriously dimming the lustre of his fame.



- ART. V.—1. *The Vitality of Christian Dogmas, and their Power of Evolution.* By A. Sabatier, D.D. Translated by Mrs. Emmanuel Christen. London, 1898.
2. *Practical Ethics.* By Henry Sidgwick. London, 1898.
3. *Sermons, chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief, preached before the University of Oxford.* By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1843.

WHILE Renan was writing his 'History of Israel,' he is said to have paid a visit to Bernez, the Jewish Rationalist. He arrived at the festival of the Passover, and to his great surprise found that Bernez was keeping it with punctilious observance of the ancient ritual. Renan expressed his astonishment that his friend should solemnly commemorate the holy days of a creed in which he had ceased to believe; but Bernez defended himself. 'Dogma is a source of disunion,' he said, 'but ancient ritual observances preserve our common *esprit de corps*.'

We have in this anecdote an extreme instance of a position which in a less developed form is very common at the present hour. A large proportion of thinking Englishmen—to speak for the time of our own country—feel that many Christian dogmas, as understood by their grandfathers, are no longer credible to them. In varying degrees—from mere avoidance of the Athanasian Creed, to rejection of the Incarnation and Resurrection—they cannot accept the time-honoured theology. And yet to break off from membership of the Church to which they belong, with its early and sacred associations, with the helpfulness in daily conduct of the moral lessons it enforces, is a far more serious step than to avow to themselves that the old dogmas are no longer believed in. At the lowest they feel with Bernez that, if in dogma they differ from their fathers and from each other, to abandon the ceremonial and forms of worship of earlier years is to lose a potent stimulus to virtue, and a bond of union with many whose aims are similar to their own.

But then at once arises a question in casuistry which is generally stated thus: How can it be honest to take part in a liturgy containing creeds in which you no longer believe, to join in prayers expressing dogmas you no longer hold? Is not this to act out a lie in the most sacred moments of life?

In the days when liberal thought in theology was fashionable, the tendency of its leading exponents was to state the question in this form, and to answer it emphatically in the affirmative. This was the attitude most natural to the habits of thought of  
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men of science, and science strongly coloured the liberalism of the fifties and sixties. Whether we take the liberal theologians of the days of Colenso and of the 'Essays and Reviews,' or the Agnostic scientists of the school of Huxley and Tyndall and even of Mill, we find in them the same tendency to clear, explicit, emphatic statement of divergence from traditional positions. They either ceased to frequent the churches, or worked to purge them of their dogmatic formulæ. They acted on the assumption that dogmatic propositions are final statements, and that to reject them as final statements is to abandon belief in them, and by consequence to forfeit all claim to belong to a communion which is irrevocably committed to the propositions in question. It was a time when the first clause of Bernerz's explanation was working itself out in the form of an object lesson—when the discussion of dogma was daily creating new divisions; and the second clause—as to the uniting force of religious ordinances—was not much considered. Dogma after dogma was simply and unequivocally disavowed.

And this attitude told on the country at large. It amounted in many minds to a half-acknowledged belief that dogmatic Christianity was really doomed. The only safe position, in view of the approaching general disenchantment, was, apparently, to get rid of dogma and of Church formulæ which implied dogma, and to confine religion to moral instruction. The Education Bill of 1870 was welcomed by many as a step in this direction. If dogmatic Christianity was doomed, it behoved those intrusted with the education of English youth to retreat with dignity, but still rapidly, from positions which must very soon be stormed, and were most certainly untenable.

After the scepticism of the later Roman Republic came, in the age of Augustus, a curious religious reaction. The temples were frequented. Religious philosophies became popular. The scoffing tone was no longer fashionable. There was an immense desire to find some fresh foothold for religion, but—as M. Gaston Boissier, one of the most thorough students of the time, notes—the fundamental doubt which an age of scepticism had introduced was not healed. Nevertheless the new forces at work, and the enquiring and religious temper, afforded a soil in which the germs of Christianity were able to develope.

With great differences—into which we cannot here enquire—we are now witnessing a religious reaction somewhat analogous to this. There is a strong tendency to fall back upon the old religious beliefs, and upon the old liturgies and formulæ in which they were embodied—not indeed with the clear definite faith of early days, yet with a vague and undefined sense of their

their worth, and of the bareness and solitariness of an existence from which they are totally banished. We may say—as M. Boissier said of the Augustan reaction—that the fundamental doubt remains. But in place of the tendency of forty years back to urge the doubt eagerly, in the most naked form, in the most unambiguous language, fearing before all things the guilt of hypocrisy if we do not speak out the worst, we now shrink from admitting to the full the bareness which threatens us, and speak vague language of hope or aspiration, as though it contained the faith we have lost. Our fathers, when they liberalized, used to contrast the old theology with the new, somewhat irreverent in their demeanour towards the dethroned gods, confident of a good time coming, and triumphant at the overthrow of anything that they judged to be antiquated. We on the contrary prefer moderation and respect in our language. We have lived to see the disenchantments which Liberalism has undergone. We have seen a good many substitutes for the old religion set on foot, which have shown some prospects of life for about as many weeks as Christianity has lived centuries. We have waited in vain for thirty years for even the dawn of the new creed of which Matthew Arnold used to speak to us so confidently and so vaguely. We no longer expect that each fresh theory will enlighten us with a new philosophy as effectively as it throws our old philosophy into discredit.

For a number of reasons, then—often, as we have said, very imperfectly understood by ourselves—we are looking regretfully at the time-honoured temples of our ancestors, at the customs and formularies which have been the support of noble lives. A less buoyant temper, a less profound confidence in Progress, than those which marked the sixties, initiated the retrospect. What are the causes which are making it in many minds something more than a wistful glance at what cannot be again? Is it only the meagre explanation of Bernes—that the old rites are a principle of union and of *esprit de corps*? Or is it something allied with deeper forces within us—something which touches springs of belief, and not mere considerations of utility? Is there in our wistfulness the dim presage of a fresh life for faith, just as the Augustan time paved the way for a Marcus Aurelius, and for the new principle of belief which was called into existence by the Apostles?

Mr. Henry Sidgwick, in his recent volume on 'Practical Ethics,' has a very interesting essay on the 'Ethics of Religious Conformity,' which will afford a text and point of departure for the consideration of this question. He does not indeed expressly consider it himself. His manner of treating the subject is strictly practical.

practical. He appears to assume—as Mr. Morley did long ago in his work on ‘Compromise’—that the problem before him is exhaustively stated by asking: Is it lawful to conform to a liturgy including creeds in which I disbelieve? It is just because the answer to this question, so stated, even when given with all the exhaustiveness, subtlety, and lucidity which characterize Mr. Sidgwick’s work, does not appear to us really to take in the situation as a whole that we find in his essay the suggestion of a *mezzotermine* which he does not distinctly\* contemplate in his dilemma. Is belief or disbelief in a theological formula a simple alternative? Was belief in a dogmatic proposition at any time, if fully analyzed, an ultimate position intellectually, as it unquestionably was a definite and undoubting adherence psychologically? May a true understanding of the new state of things depend partly on a true analysis of the old? Is the new unbelief possibly as little like what it seems at first sight as the old belief? Is the rejection of dogmatic propositions possibly in many cases the rejection of them as what they never really were—ultimate positions? Is there in fine an underlying faith beneath the new denial which may give to conformity a different character to that which it would have on either of the alternative suppositions expressly contemplated by Mr. Sidgwick?

Mr. Sidgwick’s treatment is so minute that to discuss it at length would require an article. We will therefore content ourselves with citing one passage which appears to us to convey his central position, and which at all events affords us an opportunity of stating our own view. He takes the immediately practical case of the Church of England.

‘Now, there can be no doubt,’ he writes, ‘that a member of the Church of England is formally pledged to believe the Apostles’ Creed. But it is clearly impossible to take this pledge literally. If it comes into conflict with the necessity or duty of believing what appears to a man true, it can be no more binding than any other promise to do what is either impossible or wrong. Can we say, then, that in the case of such conflict there is an implied pledge to withdraw? This is, I think, the most natural view to take, and, for a long time, I thought it difficult to justify morally any other view. But as the pledge to withdraw is at any rate only implied, and as the common understanding, of orthodox and unorthodox alike, gives the implication no support, I now think it legitimate to regard the obvious though indirect import of the verbal pledge as relaxed by the common understanding. At the same time, considering how necessarily vague and uncertain this appeal to a tacit common understanding must be, and how explicit and solemn the pledge taken is, I do not

\* We say ‘distinctly’ because his allowances as to latitude of interpretation supply a niche which would hold the alternative we suggest.

think any one who is a candidate for any educational or other post of trust, in which membership of the English Church is required as a condition, ought to take advantage of this relaxation without making his position clear to those who appoint to the post, so as to make sure that they, at any rate, are willing to admit his interpretation of it. I do not mean that such a person is bound to state his theological opinions—I think no one should be forced to do that—but I think he ought to state clearly how he interprets his pledge to believe the Apostles' Creed.

Now the basis of the laxity in the interpretation of the pledge, which Mr. Sidgwick allows, is the growth of a 'common understanding.' So far as we can see he regards this common understanding to be that you may lawfully adhere to a Church and yet *disbelieve* its official creed. We ourselves admit that in the minds of many—perhaps of most of those who see clearly the modifications of the old beliefs which are inevitable—this is the basis of the common understanding which seems most obvious. But we believe it to involve as its natural corollary a view which, if unqualified, is tantamount to the confession that Christianity is doomed, and that the adherence to it which is still justifiable is purely sentimental and utilitarian, as was the retention by Bernez of the rites of the Passover. We contend, however, that there is a deeper though as yet a less obvious view which is to some extent latent in any such 'common understanding' as now exists, and which is likely to form the basis of the common understanding when the issues shall have been thoroughly threshed out. This view justifies equally with the other a great change in the intellectual positions defensible as orthodox. Yet it entails no rejection of the official creed, but rather a modified estimate of the knowledge conveyed in the creed itself. The breach with some of the intellectual positions of our grandfathers may be as complete as that contemplated by Mr. Sidgwick, but it may come in the form of the opening-up of a new vista—of a further realization of truth, which absorbs and developes the earlier positions and may involve no latent scepticism as to the divinity of the original Christian revelation. Such a common understanding as this would, in our opinion, justify conformity to a religion though much of the creed, *as formerly understood*, be rejected. But we cannot hold that conformity is lawful where the creed is unequivocally rejected; nor do we believe that any common understanding—if probed to the bottom—does sanction such a view as this.

We will try to indicate the outlines and general implications of the two views—the view which Mr. Sidgwick's position

position appears to us naturally to involve, and the alternative view which we would suggest. According to the first view science and historical criticism are gradually finding out that the Christian revelation, however beautiful and helpful, is untrue. On the other hand the moral power of the hereditary creed remains very great. No *brand-new* association—no Elsmere Hall for Theists or chapel in Lamb's Conduit Street for Positivists—can secure any such potent moral influence on those who join it, as adherence to the old association. In ordinary cases the seceder will deteriorate. 'If a man severs himself from the worship of his parents,' writes Mr. Sidgwick, 'and the religious habits in which he has grown up, he will, in many cases, form no new religious ties, or none of equal stability and force; and in consequence the influence of religion on his life will be liable to be impaired, and with it the influence of that high morality which Christianity, in all our churches, powerfully supports and inspires.' This view is not far removed from that of Bernerz. It justifies conformity by its utility, apart from any question of belief. It prepares the road for a total destruction of dogma within the communion membership of which is retained. For the present indeed the official teachers are bound to explain the sense in which they accept the old creeds. But such explanations must inevitably become, more and more, mere formalities; until they reach the point at which vagueness touches negation. The clergy must eventually follow in the wake of their more enlightened lay brethren. The creeds may be retained, but everyone will in the end disbelieve in them. The whole of the Liturgy will become simply so much antique poetry. This appears to us to be the view naturally involved in Mr. Sidgwick's practical solution of the problem. It is at all events the view to which many of those who accept his solution will necessarily be led, in the absence of any alternative suggestion. It is the view of the trend of thought—though not of the duty of conformity—which possessed Matthew Arnold and other typical Liberal thinkers.

Let us consider some of the implications of this view, and some of its characteristics as we see it practically adopted. A large number of the intellectual positions on which the rejection of the old creeds is based are the views to which current science and criticism year by year give utterance. Such a principle of action implies an enormous confidence in the present conclusions of men of science, as well as the confidence it acknowledges in scientific methods—in the present conclusions of leading historical critics, as well as in critical methods. It implies also that the theologians have a complete knowledge of the import of the message



of which they are bearers; that that knowledge is adequately represented in existing theological formulæ, and that, whether the answer be 'Yes' or 'No,' the meaning of the question, 'Do you believe such a dogma?' is very obvious. Its tendency is, as we have said, towards a negative answer all along the line—to discard the whole Christian revelation as simply an untrue mythology, which has been incorporated with an ethical system, open perhaps to criticism, but on the whole ennobling, and not likely to be so far quickly improved upon as to make it wise readily to break with the false system in which it has been embedded. The theologians, on this view, are in steady retreat. They are abandoning one position after another. The retreat may have the dignity which compels sympathy. They may fight a losing cause with a moral elevation which wins admiration. We may prefer the noble rhetoric of Keble or Newman to the confident sarcasms of Huxley on the Gadarene swine. Still, facts are facts. The 'Gadarene pig affair' cannot be maintained literally. The 'Noachian deluge' is not what we supposed in our youth. The utmost sympathy with the moral beauty of the Christian religion and with the character of its defenders cannot change these facts or make the conquered victors. Our sympathy with the really heroic Christians may be equal to Renan's admiration for M. Le Hir and M. Garnier of St. Sulpice; but the central truth remains, for us as for Renan, that the old theological positions which they held to are being deserted, and this in obedience to evidence which is irresistible.

This, we say, is what is involved in one view of that march of events which, in its different stages, has already led both to enormous variety in dogmatic belief, and to a very wide rejection of the theological positions held by our ancestors. The appearance of retreat and defeat on the part of upholders of dogma, on which it is based, is so obvious that it is difficult to present the other view—which we ourselves believe to be the truer—with equal plausibility without some preliminary considerations.

The first consideration is that while the motives for abandoning, one after another, dogmatic positions which our grandfathers maintained, are obvious enough, and satisfy the reason in many cases, and while this process may be plausibly described as the successive relinquishment of Christian dogmas, the ultimate religion to which such a description points—a religion without dogma—is one which has never been able to work or to live. Every religion has had its theology or mythology. To destroy this utterly has been to kill the religion. A bare Theism does not, in point of fact, work. If we hesitate to press our conclusion

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to the thoroughgoing Agnosticism of Huxley, if we hold that a belief in the providential character of the universe may and should survive as the basis of a rational religion, experience does not go to show that such Theistic belief will do the work of a religion if it is bare and isolated. And it is paradoxical to suppose that the substratum of truth in theology is only that portion which is practically useless. Physiologists may trace all our sensations first to the spinal cord and then to the brain. But if we think to be able to isolate these intimate seats of sensibility, we are soon reminded that sensation depends on life, and that to cut away all the living organism except the brain and spinal cord means death. If it is proved to be a misnomer to speak as of yore of a pain in the hand or foot or heart—for the sensation is in the brain—it is equally a mistake to suppose that other parts besides the brain have not a very important share in that life of the organism, and its relations with the environment, on which the brain modifications depend. To represent the brain as the ultimate physical seat of consciousness is not tantamount to regarding the rest as a mere superfluous appendage. May it not then be possible, in some analogous manner, although we are learning daily that this and that dogmatic proposition does not tell us what we thought it did, while Theism remains comparatively untouched by such discoveries, that, nevertheless, the dogmatic system as a whole cannot be dispensed with; that it does represent our relation with the Reality of which the religious consciousness makes us aware—though we had wrongly analyzed the knowledge imparted by that relation; that the dogmatic overgrowth cannot be cut off from the Theistic ground-work as clothes may be discarded, but that it has arteries, and veins, and nerve filaments, which connect it vitally with Theism? If we hold strongly that there is truth in Theism, and that Theism has been practically operative only through dogmatic systems, it remains at least a possible alternative that the apparent retreat of the theologians is not a retreat from dogma, but an advance from the simple and more obvious interpretations of what dogmatic propositions convey, towards their truer significance, their real relation to an operative Theism.

Let us make our suggestion clearer by a parallel. When Dr. Johnson heard the Idealist argument he refuted it by kicking a stone. That is to say he, in common with less able men, took it to involve a denial of the existence of the sensible world. To such thinkers Idealism appeared to be a retreat from the received opinion that we see what we see and hear what we hear. But Berkeley thought otherwise. In his eyes  
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it was an advance. It raised a question *hitherto not adequately realized in imagination*, viz., What exists metaphysically beyond the sensible world? Whether or no our ultimate conclusion be to go back again, with Reid, and to hold that the attempt to get behind sensible knowledge is Utopian, and that all that philosophy can do is to systematize that knowledge, which we must assume to be real and objective as far as it goes, though incomplete, a full understanding of Berkeley shows that he did make a step forward in the apprehension of the problem before us by raising his question—even if the question was in its nature barren—and that he did not draw back from the old practical certainties of his fellow-men, that if you kick a stone it will roll, and that if you pull the trigger of a gun it will go off. Those who hold by Idealism will urge further reasons for maintaining that he advanced the knowledge of the race, while they too will note his own confession that he in no way sought to change the practical beliefs of mankind. He changed only their speculative analysis.

Further we may remember that the debate issued in the production of several schools differing as to the true metaphysical analysis of our experience. Mr. Sidgwick speaks of 'multitudinism' in religious conviction. Here we have 'multitudinism' in the analysis of our common experience. Yet those to whom Cosmothetic Idealism, or Hegelianism, or the philosophy of Common Sense have seemed demonstrably true, will not deny that an entire agreement remains between them and their opponents that their senses convey to them practical knowledge of great importance, and knowledge which is practically the same for all. For Idealists as much as for Realists science imparts vast and true generalizations as to the world which we know by our senses—knowledge on which all men are equally ready to act, though as to what it represents in terms of speculative truth they hopelessly disagree.

With this suggestion of a parallel we proceed to the question, Is it conceivable that we may regard the dogmatic formulæ of Christianity somewhat as such thinkers regard sensible knowledge—as a body of truth on which we may all agree to base our practical religious life, although we may disagree as to what it represents in terms of ultimate reality, or may admit that on this latter question we cannot in this life have certain knowledge? May we suppose that instead of a retreat pure and simple among the theologians from the old dogmas, we are witnessing only an awakening to the fact that many of them had long thought that they understood far more of what dogmatic formulæ were conveying in terms of ultimate truth than they

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now find they do? The very idea that a sensation of colour was possibly not simply a perception of an attribute of the coloured object, but was an effect on ourselves due to assignable physical causes—representing those causes, economically (to use Cardinal Newman's phrase), but not resembling them—was in the last century, to many who read Berkeley, a new idea, an advance in analysis. May we not suggest, similarly, that dogmatic propositions may be, not simple and final statements of truth, but economical representations of it—representations suited to our practical needs, the interpretation of which may be as gradual as the interpretation of the visual sensations. May not our awakening to this possibility be really an advance, not indeed in definiteness and simplicity of belief, but in an apprehension of the true analysis of what the definitions of the Church or the articles of the creed can and cannot tell us? Is it not open to us to maintain that while the attempted analysis opens out divergencies of view which can never be reconciled, it may nevertheless drive us all back on the belief that the dogmatic system has been the means of placing us *en rapport* with realities beyond us, though dogmatic formulæ have expressed these realities inadequately?

This view of the case has been expressed with important differences by writers at the opposite poles of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. M. Sabatier, in his recently published 'Vitality of Christian Dogmas,' has given it from a Protestant standpoint with admirable clearness. Cardinal Newman, both as an Anglican and as a Roman Catholic, has given deep and pregnant suggestions from a point of view with which Roman Catholics and Anglicans can largely agree.

By 'dogmas' M. Sabatier understands the dogmatic propositions which believers accept. Dogma, according to M. Sabatier, is the intellectual and imaginative form in which man attempts to present the object of religious emotions to his own mind. Such attempts are inadequate and provisional; and they vary with the believer's culture and mental development. 'God while revealing Himself to our hearts yet remains infinitely superior to all conceptions of our mind.' 'Our religious life is independent of every image and theory.'

But Christianity is not to be regarded as a mere fairy tale. It has the value of an allegory, and is in some sense a divinely inspired allegory or a revelation; for God 'in entering into contact with the soul has made it go through a certain religious experience out of which, by means of reflection, dogmas have issued.' In the soul of Christ or the Apostles, God is present in a special way, and they sought to embody in allegories the

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results of His communications. But 'since these doctrines and these formulæ could be and were in fact conceived by man's intellect, He left to man the care of elaborating them.'

This elaboration follows a necessary law of development. We preserve very largely the dogmatic formulæ of an earlier time, which represent, however inadequately, the spiritual experiences of Christ and the Apostles, though advancing thought and criticism modify their interpretation. To do away with them would be to throw away the revelation which they embody—the divine element which they contain. We are not capable of presenting the divine element without alloy. Therefore the best we can do is to discard step by step those features which the advance of culture and criticism shows to have been human and inaccurate. Sabatier defends a certain conservatism in reference to dogmatic formulæ, and justifies himself in so doing by the analogy of the relations between language and thought. 'Dogma,' he writes, 'is the language of faith.' Language is inadequate to the full expression of thought. So is dogma inadequate to the expression of that religious experience which he calls faith. Yet it is only by language that great thoughts are preserved, recorded, communicated. You may criticize and amend the language with benefit to its exact expression of the thought. But to sweep it away because of its inadequacy or inexactness would be to sweep away the thoughts which it has more or less inaccurately preserved. 'We have kept,' he writes, 'and still repeat the dogmas of early times, but we pour into them necessarily a new meaning. The terms do not change, but the ideas and their interpretation are renewed.' Thus (he maintains) we understand such doctrines as those of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and Inspiration, differently from our fathers.

To discard dogma in the interests of religion, then, would be like discarding language in the interests of thought. In both cases the inadequate symbol preserves what we wish to preserve. To discard the symbol would be to run the risk of losing the thing symbolized. We must instead help on the process of the evolution of dogma—of making our interpretation of dogma truer, as a preliminary to a very gradual amendment of the dogmatic formulæ. The theologian must occupy himself in 'applying criticism to the old dogmas, in disengaging their vital principle.' But while this involves new forms of expression in theological disquisition, he is not forthwith to 'formulate new dogmas,' but 'to render easy and free from danger the passage, which is always critical, between old and new ideas; to keep, at least for a time, to the old form of words, introducing

into them a new meaning, until the new meaning is so universally recognized that the terminology may at last be changed without danger of losing the religious truth which the dogmatic formula has preserved.'

We will not here discuss the question as to how far this theory really leaves the whole of the development of dogma at the mercy of the men of science and the critics, whose conclusions are the sole norm whereby M. Sabatier determines the changes he advocates. We will not ask how far it might be found to involve, in the semblance of development, so complete a discarding of the historical Christianity that nothing of it would ultimately remain. M. Sabatier plainly thinks that it would not. He commits the work of development to those theologians who are at once 'in communion with the scientific thought of their time' and 'in close communion with the life of their Church.' He admits that the mere man of science cannot determine the lines of advance. 'The dogmatic transformation . . . cannot be accomplished from without by a hostile power.' And he trusts to the sympathetic insight of the theologian into the true essence of Christianity to preserve that essence without injury from the change. And many will be found who accept this view. Our point here is that such a view of the normal development of dogma does supply a theory which is not simply a theory of retreat from dogma; which gives to dogma and dogmatic formulæ a *raison d'être*, even while accepting to the fullest extent the results of modern science and criticism. It differs widely from the temper of the old liberal theology, which would sweep away dogmatic teaching and confine itself to moral teaching. The temper of the Broad Church school was utilitarian; that of Sabatier is in some degree historical. Sabatier does recognize truth—though inadequately expressed truth—beneath the formulæ. He assumes the attitude of advance rather than that of retreat. We retreat from human allegories, in which divine truth was necessarily enclosed by man, only in order to advance to a less inexact, though still largely figurative, form of expression.

The Roman and Anglican view has at first sight some characteristics in opposition to that of M. Sabatier. It too recognizes an evolution; but the first lines of its evolution are exactly opposite to those of M. Sabatier. In the whole domain of directly revealed mysteries, the Catholic Church, from the very commencement of its work of defining the faith, instead of allowing the advance of thought to qualify the interpretation given to mysterious dogma, has reiterated the mystery in terms which defy the reason more completely than the terms in vogue before reason made



made its criticism. The formulæ which have thus grown up accentuate the mysterious elements in dogmatic truths. The Church imperiously demands their acceptance; she denies the competence of the reason either to criticize or to understand them. M. Sabatier allows criticism to modify the meaning we attach to the Trinity. The Church, on the other hand, instead of yielding on this point, and interpreting the three persons as three aspects, or *πρόσωπα*, starts on a course of anathemas and arrives at the Athanasian Creed, which appears to revel both in the obligation of believing, and in the seeming contradictions involved in the dogma. In the case of our Lord's divinity, instead of allowing qualification as to the sense or degree in which Christ is to be regarded as divine, from the days of Arianism onwards she developed her terminology against the rationalizing tendency, and elaborated the definition of 'consubstantial,' and its subsequent riders, which leave no loophole for such explanations as those of M. Sabatier. The definition at Ephesus was equally marked. The phrase 'mother of God' was in the teeth of the rationalizing tendency. Even now many members of the Protestant Churches instinctively shrink from it. It emphasized just what it was hardest to believe. Still the Church, developing in exactly the opposite direction from that of M. Sabatier's method, insisted on it, and anathematized dissenters.

A distinct theory was involved in this mode of procedure—a theory which, though partly opposed to Sabatier's, equally with his view denied to dogmatic formulæ the character of exhaustive or adequate statements of truth, belief or disbelief in which is *intellectually* a simple or definable process. God had committed certain mysterious truths to the Church. Instead of the language used being (as Sabatier holds) simply the work of man, framing human allegories which the human intellect as its culture advanced could competently amend, the Church herself set her seal on the language chosen, though doubtless that language was drawn from the terminology of the controversies which led to definition. She gave each formula a strong, if a negative, sanction. She held that, though the language chosen was not adequate or necessarily the best, the mysteries would never be sufficiently understood for man to criticize the language with any effect. Man tried to explain the inexplicable. The Church retorted that it was inexplicable, and to modify it in deference to human Rationalism might be to lose a part of the divine truth. What that truth is in itself our intellect can never explicitly know in this world. Our assent to it is an act of firm adhesion to whatever truth God is conveying

to us, an opening of our nature to what He imparts, but not an act of intellectual comprehension of that truth. Newman, in a beautiful passage, compares dogmatic theology to the science of the technical musician. What proportion is there, what identity can there be, between the strictly definable apparatus of musical instruments, *plus* the ascertainable laws of acoustics, and the soul-stirring effects wrought by the symphony of a great master? It seems incredible that these wonderful strains should not represent some great reality beyond their physical causes—that the instruments and the laws of sound are really their ultimate source. Yet we can never know on earth *what* they represent, except in terms of the great effects, the thoughts and imaginings and emotions wrought in our own souls by the symphony. All that the musician can do is to watch jealously over the technique and make sure that he exactly and faithfully by his art brings the soul of the listener into relation with those realities which it can only know here economically through the medium of music.

The passage from Newman's sermon on 'Development' has been quoted, but not often (if ever) in connexion with the philosophical position it was designed to illustrate. We give it here in full:—

'Let us take an instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world? Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher

higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter; though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.'

This analogy suggests in the first place the function of dogmatic formulæ in conveying to the soul divine truths, and enabling these truths to affect the soul, while the formulæ can never adequately represent such truths as they are in themselves or as they affect the soul. But it also illustrates the fact that the jealous preservation of minute formulæ may be none the less necessary because we admit that they are quite inadequate as exact expressions of the reality. The musician, because he knows that the musical mechanism is not identical with the idea it conveys, is none the less jealously careful of his technique. The greater his power of appreciating all the delicate shades and varied ideas of the music itself, the more minute will be his attendance to the elaborate arrangements on which the effect depends. To the Philistine his minuteness seems intolerably fussy. Yet what are the facts? A few instruments in the orchestra carelessly tuned, the *tempo* taken with no insight into the composer's intention—what slight neglect this seems to imply! What a trivial deviation from an over-elaborate scheme! How little, if anything, can be lost by so little! So argues the uninitiated. Yet, instead of the soul of the hearer being filled with the great ideas which the symphony should impart, he loses not some, but all. The whole spell is broken.

Newman goes a step further, and suggests that not only the impressions which music makes through the ear, but the whole of our sensible impressions and conceptions, may be but tokens and symbols of reality—symbols sufficient for our practical needs, yet not adequately revealing to us the reality with which they connect us.

'What' (he continues), 'if the whole series of impressions, made on us through the senses, be, as I have already hinted, but a Divine economy suited to our need, and the token of realities distinct from them, and such as might be revealed to us—nay, more perfectly—by other senses, as different from our existing ones as they from each other? What if the properties of matter, as we conceive of them, are merely relative to us, so that facts and events, which seem impossible when stated concerning it in terms of those impressions, are only impossible in those terms, not in themselves—impossible only because of the imperfection of the idea, which, in consequence

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of those impressions, we have conceived of material substances? If so, it would follow that the laws of physics, as we consider them, are themselves but generalizations of economical exhibitions, inferences from figure and shadow, and not more real than the phenomena from which they are drawn.'

Here we have suggested a whole view of dogmatic theology, so far as it is concerned with those mysteries which are utterly beyond human ken. It is useless for practical purposes to attempt to get behind the world known by the senses, and the physical science which generalizes the laws of that sensible world. To question either practically would be to throw into confusion such knowledge as is allowed us. It would be to cast on what is to us definite, and clearly though not ultimately known, the shadow of a world which is to us largely indefinite and unknown. We can but systematize the sensible knowledge we possess. We cannot with any security rationalize as to its exact relations with reality. We guard jealously all that science reveals of that world of which our sensible knowledge conceives; yet we admit all the time that we cannot be certain how much its information tells us of reality as it is in itself, apart from the special form in which our senses present it to us. So with theology. We jealously guard the formulæ by which the Church protects and presents each mystery. We believe that such figurative knowledge as is conveyed to us by the formulæ does place us in some relation with the unseen world. Thus assent to the formulæ is intellectually somewhat indefinite—a surrender to truths which we believe to be acting on us, without our being able intellectually to grasp them. Our ultimate adhesion is rather to what God is conveying through a given formula, than to the formula itself. We admit that we cannot be sure how far human language can convey to us the mysteries of another world as they really are in themselves. We believe they give us some true but symbolic idea, enough for our practical religious life. Further than this we have not faculties to penetrate.

But while in the case of the mysterious truths which are simply outside the sphere of human experience—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divine and Human nature of Christ—the Catholic method of development is precisely the opposite to the Protestant, while in place of allowing the human reason to criticize and modify dogma in such instances, the Church has constantly condemned such criticism, it has done so, not because the formulæ were ultimate or intrinsically incapable of improvement, but because the human mind cannot reason securely in respect of those truths which they so inadequately represent. They have a divine sanction, which supposed im-

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provements would not have. Thus the divergence from Sabatier is not so great as at first appears. And in another department the Catholic theory of development has a real affinity with development as conceived by M. Sabatier. Having, as it were, vindicated the supremacy of faith by its anathemas against an intrusive reason which goes beyond its lawful bounds, the Church does respect the suggestions of reason within its own province. The very absoluteness of the Church's insistence on the mysteriousness of dogma, and on its being entirely beyond the comprehension or the criticism of reason, has a corollary—namely, that it is difficult for the reason positively to decide with what the dogma is *inconsistent*. Thus when reason acting in its own sphere—of scientific criticism or historical investigation—comes to definite and positive conclusions which are at variance with the prevalent views of theologians on such subjects—views which may have been incorporated with dogma, as it is popularly taught—we have no right (on Newman's theory) to reject the light which such scientific conclusions may afford. We cannot confidently reject them as inconsistent with dogmas whose ultimate analysis we so little comprehend. Hence a process of development, more limited indeed, but similar to that contemplated in a wider sphere by M. Sabatier, may take place in such cases. The portion of the old belief discarded or modified by such a process is regarded as a human addition, however time-honoured; although it is admitted that at an earlier time the theological intellect had not distinguished between the dogma itself and the addition.

We will explain our meaning by an illustration.

The theologians who condemned Galileo took a very definite ground. His assertion (they said) was contrary to Scripture and therefore heretical. The root principle of their censure was the doctrine that the Scripture cannot err; and this was almost universally derived from a simpler doctrine by syllogistic reasoning thus: God is the author of Scripture, and God cannot be the author of error; therefore no statement in Scripture can be erroneous. But Galileo's discovery proved undeniable, and the consequent *impasse* is now got rid of. How did this come to pass? More recent theological analysis has pointed out that in the case of a divine communication in writing to fallible and changeable man, the reasoning of Galileo's critics was inadequate. Words are stationary, but man develops, and as his knowledge develops the implications of language change in his mind. Suppose that words which best convey the truth to one generation fail to do so to another. Suppose that for the author of the Book of Joshua

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to speak as though the earth moved would have been as misleading to the Israelites as to speak of the sun's motion round the earth is inaccurate to us. Are the words in such circumstances true or erroneous? Neither absolutely; both relatively to the different generations of readers. The reasoning, then, which implied that either God was author of error or that every statement in Scripture was an absolute and fixed statement of truth, ignored a *mezzoterminè*. The Church kept the dogma that Scripture cannot err in such a sense as would imply that God was the author of error, but noted that, as God was not revealing fresh physical truth, He could not be regarded as being the author of error because He used the only language intelligible at the time when Joshua was written, although that language was of necessity scientifically erroneous. Some recent theologians have applied the same principle to various historical records. The sacred writer took the current historical ideas and canons of historical truth; to have corrected them would have been simply to discredit his writings in the eyes of his earlier readers, and God therefore gave his message through a *medium* which necessarily incorporated an inaccurate record. But God was not thereby the author of error. In speaking to the human race He used the means of communication whose credit was already established, and to reject which would be to discredit the message.

The same method may be applied to all cases where dogma and secular knowledge have reference to the same facts. The principle seems to be this—that where a truth was revealed which had immediate bearing on that world which is knowable by sense, and therefore by science, it was impossible to think or speak of it without *some* application to that world. Yet the secrets of that world were not divinely revealed, but left to man to ascertain gradually. Christians, and notably theologians, had at the outset, to make the rough and ready application to that world which was natural at the time, and the revealed truth was generally expressed together with that application. It could only be practically taught with some application, and the obvious one furnished by contemporary secular knowledge was taken. Thus we have a set of dogmas in possession, bound up with these immediate practical inferences.

For example, the Creed says: 'He ascended into Heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father'; therefore it was inferred that Heaven is in space. 'I believe in the Resurrection of the body'; therefore all the atoms which have constituted my body will be re-collected and put together as before. 'Outside the Church no salvation'; therefore those dying  
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outside the visible unity of the Roman communion are lost. 'Unless a man be born again of water,' &c. ; therefore one who has not actually received baptism cannot be saved. All these are parallel to the inference, 'God is the author of Scripture, and God cannot err' ; therefore every statement in the Scripture is literally true.

The spirit of unquestioning reverence inculcated on Christians in the early centuries must have tended to bind closely together most of the dogmas with the form in which they were inevitably taught—the form which was the only one possible in the then existing state of secular knowledge. But, very early, more careful thought must have modified *some* of the explanations which were at first sight the obvious ones. Thus, though the simple Christian might in Apostolic days have read the words of the Creed, 'sitteth at the right hand of God the Father,' and pictured to his mind's eye—as a boy would now—our Lord seated on a throne next to His Father, it would be inevitable that such a conception would be banished by men of thought even before they investigated more closely in what sense our Lord's body ascended to Heaven, or whether Heaven should be conceived of as in space. Mere thought or logic, apart from scientific progress, must have effected some stages in the development. The reverent student of Scripture itself would wish to harmonize some of its statements, wrongly interpreted at first because they were not viewed in juxtaposition. For instance, the simplest idea, of our Lord's body in its natural state going up to heaven, would soon be qualified by the reflection that the risen body which could enter a room with closed doors could not be entirely the same as His natural body.

Thus we have the initial operation of a principle which would work on a small scale or on a large scale just in proportion as materials for fresh knowledge were abundant or slight. The peculiarity of our present position, in this nineteenth century, is that materials, owing to the rapid development of science and criticism, have suddenly grown so abundant. But the principle has always been applied. The idea of the resurrection of the body, which lay at the root of the reverent entombment of Christians in the Catacombs—that the identical particles of matter would be re-collected—passed away, by the application of the principle in question, long before modern science had shown that the identity of the body at different periods in life itself did not turn upon the identity of the material particles. To the mediæval schoolmen the soul was the 'substantial form' of the body, and this theory alone as effectually dissipated the simplest notion of the meaning of  
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'resurrection of the body' as the later and more scientific one.

The most important of all the modifications which our time has seen is the new interpretation of the doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture. The new departure inaugurated by Galileo has been continued on a far larger scale owing to the researches and theories of Baur and Volkmar, Reuss and Wellhausen. And however many of their conclusions we reject, we have most of us largely accepted their critical methods. Hence has come a change in our view of what is involved in inspiration, the importance of which it were idle to ignore. It amounts, in the eyes of many Christians, to this, that criticism brings us face to face with the fact that unless God were to establish Christianity by a patent miracle which would compel the belief of all, and reveal in the sacred writings a whole view of science and history which was utterly alien to the mind of writers and readers alike at the various times and places in which the books of Scripture were written, the human *media* of the divine record necessarily included not only the style of writing and the philosophy of the day, but the secular culture, historical and scientific, of the writers.

Each of these changes, as it comes, naturally brings a diminution for the believer's mind of the vivid directness and simplicity with which our forefathers imagined they could be face to face with the divine revelation. Just as the 'apparel of celestial light,' the 'glory and freshness of a dream,' with which a child views Nature, pass away as the mind expands and takes in the depths of that reality of which the surface struck with so keen a stimulus on the senses, so the vividness of the pictures proper to the youth of Christianity becomes inevitably dimmed. The older man—to whom Nature conveys so much more, who knows his botany, mineralogy, chemistry—feels disappointed when he re-visits the scene of boyish enthusiasm. The scale seems smaller, the lights and colours less radiant. Still he sees more truly, if with a less simple delight, that Nature, one aspect of which once seemed to him so divine. So, too, the keen faith which was filled and satisfied with the simple picture presented by a Scripture record, or a sentence in the Creed, as though such pictures were ultimate truth, may pass with religious childhood. Criticism may divide the attention and combine with the wear and tear of life in diminishing the keenness of religious perceptions. But the process is only the inevitable awakening to the vast world of the unknown which touches and affects the known. As a matter of sensation our hold on some aspects of the known may be somewhat relaxed as we loosen some of our energies hitherto

hitherto expended in its practical apprehension, to take stock of our moorings in the unexplored ocean. But the change is but a shifting of the distribution of our energies. If it unsettles us, it does so by intelligible law. The time of transition especially taxes all our resources. We are so largely the children of custom, belief is so closely bound up with the groove of uniform habit, that the change, in its break with the past, is both upsetting and fatiguing. Fatigue is apt to generate pessimism; pessimism, scepticism. But these sequences are largely matters of accountable sensation.

Now it seems to us that this doctrine of evolution in dogma, whether as conceived by Sabatier or by Newman, has a close bearing on the ethics of religious conformity. If we look upon the dissolving process of which we are now witnesses as simply a process of retreat on the part of the theologians, it does seem a serious question how far we are justified in retaining our membership of any Christian Church. If the ultimate goal to which we look forward is that the Churches should be stripped of all dogmatic belief, if each change is *simply* the abandonment of what was formerly believed to be a truth, then even the utmost candour as to the non-natural sense in which we interpret our pledges to believe in the Creeds, appears to us insufficient to redress the paradox of adhering to a dogmatic Church with the object of stripping it of dogmas altogether.

But if, like Sabatier, we regard dogma as from the first the allegorical expression of the impression made upon man by the action of God on the soul, an expression necessarily made in terms of the knowledge current at the time it was formulated, and therefore necessarily liable to correction as knowledge should become more exact, we have an underlying theory which at once disconnects large changes in the explanation of dogmatic formulæ from any necessary tendency to the denial of the truths they represent, and alters the significance of the non-natural interpretations. It makes such interpretations not new and forced explanations of the reality expressed by the dogma, but forced explanations only of a formula for which no divine character is claimed; more and not less natural explanations of the reality itself. The formula was originally built up by man of the human material ready to hand, as the shed which should shelter a divine experience or truth. That this shed should be added to, and its weak parts gradually knocked down and replaced by the better building and material which later science has brought into use, is natural and necessary.

But still stronger is the contrast between the position of those who hold that the Christian dogmas are being, one after another, disproved,

disproved, and the position of those who invoke the Christian Church—whether as conceived by High Churchmen or by Roman Catholics—as the final sanction of the dogmatic formulæ, and the mind of the Church (to us only gradually and never completely disclosed) as the repository of their true meaning. In the first place the fact that the Church sanctions the formula gives to it an authority it has not on Sabatier's view. No doubt bishops and theologians, according to both views, originally formulated the dogma in language supplied by current expressions and popular science. But in the Catholic view that language, instead of merely being a human allegory suggested by the effect of God's action on the soul, represents, however inadequately, a body of truth entrusted to the Church; and the expressions, though formulated by men, have a divine sanction as being the divinely guaranteed practical symbols of that truth. The Church guarantees them as the musician guarantees his score, which is the conventional and artificial notation whereby great ideas are preserved. Neither the score nor the orchestral result it transcribes, ensures *necessarily* a full or quite accurate presentment of the musical idea. But they may be the best means we know of conveying it, and for the ordinary man to tamper with them is inevitably to lose little or much of what is carefully if inadequately enshrined in them.

Similarly to guard jealously the theological formulæ, and to interpret them in a non-natural sense in some cases, rather than to change them, is the wiser course. If God had spoken some message only partly intelligible to a primitive race, using their barbaric dialect in order to be at the time intelligible at all, the message would probably be preserved exactly as it stood, though the language might for the purposes of secular life gradually undergo a complete change as time went on. However much growth of intelligence as well as the development of the language might enable us to give new and further *explanations* of the message, we should fear to alter in the least the original *words* of the actual divine communication, of which even though portions of its meaning become gradually clearer, we can never be sure what part is essential and what part simply the accidental human form used by the Divine Being in order to be intelligible. This is surely the principle implied in the jealous preservation by the Church of ancient formulæ—the earliest authoritative definitions of the original revelations—and the trenchant anathema of explanations which diminished the mystery involved in primitive dogma. Doubtless too, while this view, equally with Sabatier's, admits very wide changes in our human interpretation of the divine message,  
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the greater stability it gives to the formulæ rightly leads to greater conservatism as to their meaning. A formula sanctioned by the Church has an authority which leads us to part with its more obvious interpretations and implications only after close and careful scrutiny has proved such a course to be necessary; whereas allegories framed only by individual men may be as readily discarded by other individual men. On this theory, while the change of belief which time can bring is likely to be far more limited than that contemplated by Sabatier, the adherence to the old creeds is based more distinctly on an advance on the part of theologians. The propositions contained in the original dogmatic formulæ are regarded as having been from the first at once divinely sanctioned, and not final analyses, and the line of development has to be decided gradually by the growth of intellectual knowledge. They can never be unsaid or rejected, but the explanations supplied by subsequent development may give an unexpected turn to their meaning. The ultimate tendency, instead of being the negation of dogma, is the nearest possible approach to the Divine Reality, as growth of knowledge enables us to eliminate such explanations as are found to be human and inaccurate.

Here even the effect of the growth of science on statements of physical truth will help us to realize the position—apart from the analogy already used, of the advance from sensible knowledge to its metaphysical presuppositions. The statement 'the sun rises' is a clear and definite statement. There is no reason why it should ever fall into desuetude. But its definiteness did not ever involve its finality as an account of the phenomenon it described, although the bulk of people, whose minds were practical, did not look beyond it until they were forced to do so. But while any philosopher would have seen from the first that it was not necessarily final—that it was only a rough statement of appearances, whose practical bearing was very clear—its further analysis could not be rightly determined before the Copernican theory was established. It was intrinsically *not* final; yet there were for a long while no sufficient data to take its analysis a step further. The phenomenon was seen to be connected with a large system with which its relations ought to be explained, and the line of further explanation was wrongly guessed at an earlier date by Ptolemæus. The scare which led the theologians to say, when Galileo published his book, that a statement in Scripture was *given up as erroneous*, implied that the change in the old interpretation was a retreat from the position taken up in the book of Joshua that the sun rises and sets. Looking at the matter calmly now, we see that Galileo was advancing the *explanation* of

of a statement which was never final in its character, which was never absolutely true and can never be simply false. We do not *now* give it up as a proposition practically true, and compendiously stated, for the everyday needs of this planet. The phrases 'up' and 'down' are relative to ourselves. But we put mentally into the statement, 'the sun rises,' our further Copernican analysis, which from the point of view of practical human beings is a non-natural explanation. But from a higher point of view—that of scientific truth—it is a far more natural and rational explanation. To the mind on a lower level—the uneducated workman, the farm labourer—the further explanation is forced and incomprehensible. To the mind which has reached a higher standpoint it is deeper and more intelligible than the surface account which satisfies the simple mind.

But this leads us to a further consideration. The explanation which is natural to a mind in one stage of development becomes inadequate at a higher stage. Are we to assume that we educated men of the nineteenth century have reached the highest stage? Surely such a supposition would be absurd. While we can lawfully claim to see further than our predecessors, any adequate theory, whether of science or of religion, must include the recognition of indefinitely further possible development in the future. Moreover the results of past advance are not shared equally by all. To the savage 'the sun rises' expresses still the limit of his knowledge of the truth represented by that proposition. To the ordinary uneducated Englishman the proposition is understood, vaguely, to represent only the appearance and not the fact as it is known to science. To the astronomer the proposition represents an appearance the facts corresponding to which he knows minutely. If we express the phenomenon in terms of these scientific facts it ceases to convey the truth to the two unscientific classes. But if we keep the earliest and simplest statement, however inadequate it is felt to be, we have a formula which all minds can accept, though it is differently analyzed by each. This is exactly the Catholic treatment of the dogmatic formula. The formula is the simple non-final statement which all minds can accept. As science and theological analysis advance there necessarily arise various developments in its interpretation which commend themselves to the more cultured minds; and those further stages of development, which will ultimately make the analysis quite exhaustive, are regarded as being summed up in the ideal mind which is the depository of all knowledge—the mind of the Church.

This theory contemplates two advancing lines gradually traced by the corporate Christian intellect and the corporate scientific intellect.



intellect. It assumes that the lines—like the asymptote and the curve of a hyperbola—get ever nearer to each other, though on this earth they will never coincide. The warfare between dogmatists and the over-hasty scientific specialists can only pass away when the indestructible element in dogma is found and the ultimate conclusions of science are ascertained—a limit which will not be reached by the human intellect as we know it. But meantime the wisest as well as the meanest mind may fulfil the practical requirements of the case without advancing, dogmatically or finally, either antiquated positions which would provoke or novel positions which would scare. On the one hand, the dogmatic formulæ taught by the Church are accepted as sacred, though it is fully recognized that they were framed from the materials available at the time and place of their formulization, and that this fact renders great changes inevitable in the intellectual analysis of the knowledge they convey, as the available material for explanation is enlarged. On the other hand the individual, while forming an opinion as to points debated in the light of advancing science, saves both his orthodoxy and his prudence by accepting each formula in the sense in which the Church understands it. Any opinions he advances are advanced with the reservation that they are held under correction from that sense. Doubtless for practical purposes 'the sense of the Church' is in part only an expression, for, as we have said, it can never be fully known by any intellect on this earth. But it also represents a fact believed to be true, namely, that the Church originally sanctioned the dogma as corresponding to a truth, and that the Church will ultimately accept such corrections in its intellectual analysis as the spiritual and intellectual progress of mankind shall gradually point out.

The appeal to the *sensus Ecclesiæ*, from the very absence of an as yet ascertained intellectual counterpart, rebukes that inveterate love of regarding newly-won positions as ultimate which still characterizes a humanity no longer in its childhood. It offers an alternative to the precipitation of advanced critics or scientists, who, for the lack of it, so often have to eat their words, as well as affording an escape from the choice between rashness and backwardness. It cures liberalism of its characteristic vice (a vice which has caused ecclesiastical authority to oppose it so systematically), that it runs into illiberal dogmatic extremes, and claims prematurely to sweep away the landmarks of historic beliefs. All the writers we have cited are agreed as to the dangerous and dislocating effect of sudden complete transitions in the meaning attached to time-honoured dogmas. They are dangerous because a false step is so easy. They are

are dislocating greatly from the difference of intellectual advance between one Christian and another. What is an inevitable transition for a man of one degree of culture startles and upsets the less cultured. The Catholic method, by its invocation of the *sensus Ecclesiæ*, which gives at once a fixed (though partly ideal) object of faith and loyalty, and a formula for suspense at a time when the old positions are daily shifting, to some extent escapes the danger. In the mind of the advanced the ultimate explanation to which the Church is moving appears to be one thing, in the mind of the conservative it is another, in the mind of the uneducated it may be yet another. But all agree to await further light, and each must learn that his opinion is not dogma.

And it is a matter of experience that while, as we have said, we do not look for ultimate explanations on this earth, theological opinion does learn certain lines of further advance from science; and that there is a practical unanimity in each generation as to various points in those lines, on which the foregoing generation was divided.

In applying practically these principles to the outlook opened up at the present moment by science and criticism, in deciding what theories characteristic of our time are acceptable, we have to remember that ecclesiastical authority acts as a ruler and not as a philosopher. Newman and Sabatier alike have noted this point. What theologians teach officially is of necessity conservative. It is their business to preserve the existing order, while they should keep an open mind as to the new possibilities or probabilities suggested by science. In the forum of discussion such probabilities may be advanced freely and categorically, but the official theologian's chair or pulpit is not the forum of discussion. The received views once displaced can never be replaced, any more than a ten-pound householder can be disfranchised. Therefore they are only displaced when science has pointed the way unmistakably. The scientific pioneer is as necessarily liberal and advanced as the theologian is conservative.

But in the meantime personal opinion has the freedom above indicated, provided it be exercised with that submission to the wider and surer knowledge of future generations which is implied in an acceptance beforehand of the ultimate *sensus Ecclesiæ*. Personal opinion and authoritative statements are not on a similar footing. Individuals have themselves to look to, with their existing scientific culture and the probabilities it suggests. The authorities have to consider the effect of their words on the whole community: What will convey more truth than error to

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the greatest number? The individual believes himself to see the beginning of a modification of the hitherto received sense of a dogma. But the old sense may remain of the utmost importance in the official teaching for the present. Simply to displace it, in the present uncertainty as to the true lines of further development, would be perhaps for the mass of Christians to destroy the dogma. Temporary inconsistency between the advanced theories of scientific men and the official statements of dogma, far from being a reason for reproaching the theologians, may be simply a tribute to their common sense. To deny them the right to disagree with the pioneers of science would be almost like denying the counsel for plaintiff the right to differ from counsel for the defence. It is by arguing from divergent points of view and for opposite conclusions that truth ultimately emerges, and, until the matter is threshed out, the old theological position is in possession in the Churches. Then, again, tentative experiment and the testing of a working hypothesis are necessary to the life of science. While human nature is what it is, a sanguine man is sure to extend to the hypothesis he has conceived and is testing, a trust which is at all events too unqualified. If he is to be allowed by the theologian a fair field and no favour, such a policy can only be safely pursued if united with temporary conservatism in official theological teaching—a conservatism which places it out of reach of being damaged by the possibly misplaced confidence of the experimentalist.

The official displacements, then, of the traditionary explanations of dogma, have to be gradual and definite. They must be made only in obedience to the absolutely assured advances of science. They must follow the law whereby organic unity is preserved. If a man neglected the corresponding law in animal life, death would quickly ensue. If a man, once he had realized that no one portion of his body would be the same ten years hence, reasoned 'therefore I can dispense with any part—with my present heart or my present lungs—for no part is essential,' he would be grotesquely wrong. And so, too, if a man said, 'None of these dogmas will be analyzed in the same manner one thousand years hence, therefore I may dispense with them and substitute new dogmas,' he would commit a similar fallacy. The new particles of matter which preserve the identity of heart and lungs must be gradually introduced into the body, and take such definite shape as enables them to fulfil the functions of the old, with, in early life at least, greater force and regularity as the body advances from immaturity to maturity. And so too the

advances of criticism and science, which form the stuff of the new interpretations of dogma, must have attained definite form, and differentiated themselves from conjecture or the adventurous and tentative excursions of specialism, before they can supply the place of the old in the organic system of official theology. And meantime, as each official statement helps to determine the general and practical movement of thought, a negative answer is given officially to questions on which an affirmative answer is not beyond doubt on a right line of normal growth. The negative is equivalent to 'not proven,' or to a refusal on the part of the Church authorities to move onwards.

In this *modus agendi* there is a recognition of the Ecclesia of science as well as the Ecclesia of theology. The fallibility of the conclusions of individuals on either side is remembered. The individual student of science is warned not to make the mistake which he has detected in the individual theologian of the old school. The old theologian—who would not give up the literal verbal accuracy of a single statement in the Bible—had been identifying a theological principle with his own interpretation of it, rather than preserving that just sense of the limitations of individual knowledge which should have bidden him advance his own interpretation under correction of the gradual decision of the Ecclesia. The theological principle is that the Bible is a sacred book whereby God would teach him the truth; that God is its author and cannot be the author of error. His own interpretation was the doctrine of verbal inspiration. In like manner we need hardly remind ourselves that both in Biblical criticism and in physical science, while time justifies the methods employed, it continually modifies or reverses their application. It constantly discredits conclusions which have been most confidently claimed by specialists as reached by these methods. In medical science this phenomenon has become almost a proverb. But it holds, too, in departments of science which claim greater stability. We cannot be too often reminded that the two lines of research which have most profoundly modified theological thought, issued in definite conclusions which were for years confidently asserted, and then finally rejected; we refer to some of the earlier statements of the Darwinian hypothesis, and the conclusions of the Tübingen school as to the dates of the Gospels. The hatred of indecision, and the consequent premature drawing of confident conclusions enforced under pain of excommunication, is not confined to theologians. And one of our objections to Mr. Sidgwick's attitude would be that it appears to us to presuppose a kind of infallible papacy of modern scientific thought, the claims

claims of which the experiences of life do not in our opinion justify. In science, as in theology, it is not the assertions, however positive, of specialists, however eminent, but the deliberate *securus judicat* of the whole scientific Ecclesia which finally ratifies each stage of real progress. Men of science have their own undue assumption of infallibility and their own form of excommunication, though it may no longer be by 'bell, book, and candle'; and few of us who have attained to middle life will fail to remember having been placed outside the pale for doubting dogmas which the high priests of science have since modified or quietly dropped. Scientific experts, as well as theologians, make many false steps. Unpleasant though it may be, a large degree of suspense of judgment, as to ultimate conclusions in the adjustment of the relations of science and criticism to theology, is the really philosophical position for the average educated man. And a conservatism of expression among the theologians, if at times it is carried too far, is often even a wise antidote to the precipitancy of their critics, who care little if they destroy a sacred temple of the ages in hot haste to suit a mistaken conclusion.

Full discussion on either side, the urging by each man, in the forum of discussion, of his own views, is undoubtedly desirable. Only thus can the Ecclesia of science and the Ecclesia of theology themselves reach their own conclusions. Only thus can each Ecclesia test the conclusions of the other. The forum of discussion in which views are sifted obviously demands free speech and expression. No body of men ever acted more unreservedly on this principle than the mediæval schoolmen. But it is quite another matter to introduce an equal measure of freedom into official text books of theology. And free discussion can never be in place in those theological temples in which every sacred word is regarded as a symbol to be guarded in all honour as representing in some sense eternal truth. Places of worship and acts of worship are not the fitting places or occasions for dispute. As we all use unhesitatingly those practical rules and maxims which familiarity with the world and the experience of life have given us—many of us, at all events, having our judgments suspended as to the degree of knowledge of reality which they involve—so too we may go through the ancient liturgies, and join in the ancient prayers, and recite the ancient creeds, and yet be conscious that these acts of the practical religious life, though representing real relations with God, do so economically and symbolically; that conceivably other rites and words might do so better; and that we are not thereby

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committing ourselves to explanations viewed as ultimate or exhaustive, for of the relation of the symbol to the reality we cannot give an adequate account. In neither case are we precluded by this attitude from an opinion as to the further line of explanation on this relation which advancing thought may bring. But such opinions are not the same as practical certainties; and they are held in submission to the ultimate conclusions of the two great Ecclesiæ of theology and of science.

It would be idle to ignore the fact that to many minds both Sabatier's theory and Newman's, and the corollaries we have attempted to draw from them, will appear strained explanations of a phenomenon which suggests more obviously a sceptical view of Christianity. The steady disappearance, one after another, of the old orthodox positions, under the pressure of science, remains a fact. Retreat is turned into advance—it will be said—only by an artificial and forced theory.

Our limits forbid our taking the further steps which are necessary to do justice to this more fundamental question. One or other of the views we have sketched will appear more plausible than the sceptical view only to those who already hold either with Sabatier that the religious consciousness points irresistibly to Theism, and that the divine mission and teaching of Christ is its truest practical application, or in addition, with Newman, that the Church does bear tokens of being the medium divinely appointed of some kind of communication between God and man.

Both these beliefs are to the sceptic assumptions without justification. We on the contrary should maintain that they represent the highest development of that mystical faith, the persistence of which in all races is an indestructible testimony to the existence of a Reality corresponding to it. If the religious instincts are rejected as *valueless*, the faith of our ancestors in the infancy of science could as little be justified as the faith of Christians in the days of Darwin and Wellhausen. Those early and simple explanations of dogma, the abandonment of which is now held up as an argument against Christianity, were themselves products of a religious life the ultimate basis of which was largely this very mystical faith.

However, our limits do not allow us here to discuss the justification of such faith, or our reasons for regarding it as the exercise of a real faculty whereby we become aware of some outlines of transcendental truth. We can only point, in passing, to the fact that while intellectual forms succeed each other—and in Christianity alone we have the Apostolic, the Platonic, the



the Aristotelian stages, even in pre-scientific times—the mystical faith, whatever its justification, is persistent, and its Christian development stamped with a recognizable unity. While among doctors the methods of Origen may be contrasted with those of Albertus or Thomas, while the theological framework of the fifth century is unlike that of the twelfth, we have in an Augustine and a Kempis the soul of religion which persists in different epochs one and the same.

All we have attempted to show in this essay is that to one in whom the fundamental faith, either of Newman or of Sabatier, in the divine character of Christianity, appears to be warranted by such faculties of insight into religious truth as we possess, a coherent theory is open, which enables him to view great intellectual changes in the analysis of the orthodox positions as part of an intelligible process, and to subscribe with genuine loyalty to old formulæ, viewed as having from the first contained potentially some intellectual positions which are actually new. To defend these initial faiths, or again to apply in some detail the principles we have sketched, must be reserved for another occasion. Unquestionably both theories, if applied without an initial belief in the divine origin of Christianity as strong as our belief in the accuracy of the scientific and critical methods, might be made simply to sweep away all historical Christianity.

For the present we content ourselves with giving a brief *résumé* of the main positions we have attempted to outline.

(1.) We began by noting the revival of attachment to religious ordinances which is common at the present time even among those who reject the dogmatic positions of our ancestors. We cited the explanation given by Bernez to Renan, of his own observance of the Jewish Passover—that he conformed to the ancient rites, not in consequence of any corresponding doctrinal belief, but only from motives of utility. We quoted Mr. Henry Sidgwick's essay on the 'Ethics of Religious Conformity,' which appears to us to recommend a somewhat similar view. We asked whether such a view adequately justifies conformity to the religion whose doctrines are simply disbelieved, and whether such a view adequately represents the forces at work in the mind of the age. We recalled Boissier's account of the religious reaction under Augustus, and asked whether, in the religious reaction of our own time, there may be similarly, amid doubt, a latent germ of faith or a soil congenial to faith.

(2.) The answer we have suggested is that, while Sidgwick and Bernez had given an obvious, definable, and real motive binding  
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men anew to old religions, such a motive neither justifies conformity nor gives an adequate account of the forces at work. Their view implies a process of retreat pure and simple on the part of the theologian—a process whereby dogma after dogma is simply disbelieved in, and whereby (if it is continued long enough) all dogma must gradually disappear. Such a view has a natural tendency to religious scepticism. It denies the existence of the germ of belief beneath the rejection of old theological positions. We hold, on the contrary, that there is in the air a real revival of faith, based on a truer view of dogma and dogmatic formulæ, the relation between them, and their real function in the past; that this view does justify conformity to a communion some dogmas of which are accepted in a very different sense from that which has hitherto been current.

(3.) This new analysis includes a theory of development in dogma which justifies the retention of a formula after its meaning has undergone a great change from the meaning attached to it by those who first framed it. This theory has been stated in two ways, by Sabatier and by Newman, from the Protestant and Catholic points of view respectively.

(a.) Sabatier holds dogmas to be the allegorical expression by men, of religious experiences—notably those of Christ and the Apostles—fashioned in accordance with the culture of the time, place, and persons concerned in formulating them. The primitive dogmas should be gradually replaced by others, which are to be framed by those who have, by adherence to the older formulæ and by leading a Christian life, inherited the spirit and the religious experiences of Christ, and are at the same time abreast with the culture of a new age.

(b.) Newman holds that dogmatic formulæ represent economically transcendental truths confided by God to the Church, just as the ideas conveyed by the senses represent the external world, economically, in a way suited to our practical needs, and not necessarily as it is in itself. Equally with Sabatier he holds that the language used in the formulæ was that supplied by the culture of the time and place at which they were framed. But he would entrust the task of their evolution, not, as Sabatier would, to the modern Christian scientist, but to the gradual working of the organization of the Church, as acted on by advancing secular culture. And the mode of operation would include a stationary principle as well as a principle of progression. Where the dogmas do not touch matters cognizable by science or history, the formulæ and their explanations must remain practically unchanged—not because God could not better express his own truth, but because man cannot sufficiently

ciently grasp divine truth to reform its expression. In such cases faith asserts an absolute supremacy over reason, and apparent contradictions are bowed to as mysteries, the solution of which is beyond us.

But where dogmas are connected with matters knowable by science and secular history, Newman as well as Sabatier would admit that theology may be corrected, and that the correction may appear to change the dogma, because the dogma and its erroneous application to history or science have been hitherto regarded as one. But in place of leaving this process of correction simply to secular culture, Newman would entrust it to an exhaustive process in which the men of science of the time and the Church, as guardians of the different classes of truths concerned, should thoroughly sift the matter, the Church relinquishing the old interpretations only when it is absolutely clear that she does so in deference to scientific discovery and not to the new theory of a specialist. The necessary slowness of this process accounts for the fact that the official theological explanations, which remain in possession, are very far behind the fashionable scientific or critical conclusions of the day. The process has all the cautious rules which delay great legal decisions on which vast issues depend, and in which it is unsafe to trust to the short cuts of genius for fear of the errors of pseudo-genius, to the light of highest insight for fear of the *ignis fatuus* of the visionary. But for the individual who has scientific or critical insight, the retention of the old interpretations in official quarters is justified both by the inevitableness of this *modus operandi*, and by his belief that the Church does ultimately accomplish the difficult task of adjusting its complicated theology to the movement of science. The dogma is accepted in the meantime in the sense of the Church, and that sense is only very gradually and never completely unfolded. Reasonably he may feel impatient for the official explanation to move forward, as we chafe to get a long law-suit decided, where the issues are to us plain enough. In both cases the elaborate reconsideration and the infinite precaution called for where men not necessarily of exceptional genius are deciding questions in which vast interests are at stake, must make official movement lag far behind the best—and sometimes even the second-best—individual conclusions.

Finally the question asked in the title of our article is answered thus: For those who hold the theory of the Evolution of Dogma, whether in Newman's sense or in Sabatier's, conformity to a religious creed would appear to be lawful on the part of those who separate themselves by a considerable interval

interval from the positions accounted orthodox by the framers of the formularies or their official guardians. Such persons believe themselves to have reached a stage in the evolution of dogma which the bulk of the officials of the particular communion have not reached. But for those who regard the explanations of Newman and Sabatier as tantamount to the simple denial of the creeds, or who reject the theory of development and have no other theory separating their position from a negative one, we cannot see in the mere utility of religion any justification for conformity.

Mr. Sidgwick pleads a 'common understanding,' but our argument is this: Either that common understanding assumes a theory of advance and development of dogma, in which case we do admit its sufficiency, while we deny that on such a theory the creeds are simply disbelieved; or the 'common understanding' rests on a really sceptical theory, held in different ways by Bernerz and Renan, on the theory that dogma is doomed to disappear, but that it is lawful for reasons of sentiment and utility to adhere to a creed in which you disbelieve. So stated we reject the theory, as Mr. Morley did long ago in his work on 'Compromise.' But we believe that the day now dawning will show that the great religious reaction has more in it of mysticism and less of reasons of state than Mr. Morley supposed; and if so, the light of Christianity may once again recover the lustre which has seemed in the past one hundred and fifty years to have grown dim.

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ART. VI.—*Admiral Duncan.* By the Earl of Camperdown.  
London, 1898.

AS Gerard Hamilton was called 'Single Speech Hamilton,' so Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, might well be called 'Single Action Duncan.' But the parallel must not be pressed too closely. The parliamentary combatant well equipped for the fray need never wait long for his opportunity. As a rule, he is prompt and even importunate to seize it. The naval commander, on the other hand, cannot make his opportunities. He can only take them when they come. 'His object,' as Nelson said in a pregnant sentence, 'is to embrace the happy moment which now and then offers—it may be this day, not for a month, and perhaps never.' For this his whole life must be a preparation. With an instant readiness to perceive, seize, and improve the happy moment when it comes, he must be content even if it never does come. To many a mute inglorious Nelson it may never come. To Duncan it came at the battle of Camperdown. But it only came when he had been more than fifty years in the service. In this he at once resembles and differs from Hamilton. Each was master of his art. But Hamilton found his opportunity early in life and never sought another, though he might have found them by the score. Opportunity constantly passed Duncan by, and only found him at last when his course was well nigh run. The two were alike in readiness of preparation, but unlike in felicity of opportunity. Hamilton was 'Single Speech Hamilton' by choice; Duncan was 'Single Action Duncan' by necessity. Hamilton lives only in a nickname; Duncan lives in the memory of a splendid victory.

And yet he does not all live. No contemporary biographer thought his life worthy of detailed record, and naval historians have for the most part treated his great victory as an insignificant episode in the vast drama of Napoleonic war—an episode which raised no strategic issues of more than subordinate moment. At last, just a hundred years after the battle of Camperdown was fought and won, the present Earl of Camperdown, the great-grandson of the victor who never himself bore the title which commemorates his victory, has laudably sought to place on record such memorials of his great ancestor as may still be salvaged from the wreck of time. Writing on the hundredth anniversary of the battle which Duncan won, Lord Camperdown says:—

'Just one hundred years have passed since the sea fight off Camperdown on October 11, 1797, which decided the fate of the Dutch Navy; and a Centenary seems a not inopportune moment to place on record

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some incidents in the life and naval career of Admiral Duncan which have hitherto remained unpublished.

'He had the honour to be one of the great Sea Commanders whom the perils of Great Britain in the eighteenth century called into existence. Boscawen, Hawke, Keppel, Howe, Rodney, Hood, St. Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, were of the number. Of all these famous sailors there are written memorials, which will keep their memory green as long as there is a British Empire, and which tell how, in the eighteenth century, superior seamanship and daring time after time warded off and finally brought to naught combinations of Great Britain's enemies which seemed irresistible.'

It is no longer possible to write such a life of Duncan as Southey, still quivering with the emotions of a great national struggle, wrote of Nelson at the beginning of the century, or as Captain Mahan has written at its close, availing himself of all the materials which an abiding interest in the most romantic and most brilliant of naval careers has amassed in such profusion. Nor does the subject demand a treatment either so classical or so exhaustive. Duncan was not a Nelson. He lacked that dæmonic force of genius, that magnetic charm of personality which made Nelson unique. But he was a great seaman, and he lived in an age of great seamen. He entered the Navy in the year of Culloden and died the year before Trafalgar. He was Keppel's pupil and afterwards his favourite captain. 'He may truly be said to have received his professional education in Keppel's school, having served under him in the several ranks of midshipman, third, second, and first lieutenant, flag and post captain; indeed, with the exception of a short time with Captain Barrington, he had no other Commander during the Seven Years' War.'

At different times he served under Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, and Howe. Jervis was his contemporary and friend. Nelson himself wrote after the battle of the Nile that he had 'profited by his example,' and a close resemblance may be traced between the mode of attack adopted by Duncan at Camperdown and that adopted by Nelson at Trafalgar. But though he lived in an age of war and fought in many a famous fight, his record reached no heroic level until his opportunity came at last after fifty years of service. Yet, little as we now can know of the details of his youthful years, it is plain from that little that whenever his opportunity had come he would have been equal to it. It is certain that quite early in his career he acquired a reputation for courage and coolness; and 'there is a tradition,' says his biographer, 'that he was always first to volunteer for the boats or to lead the boarders.' After Camperdown a blue-jacket



jacket wrote home to his father: 'They say as how they are going to make a Lord of our Admiral. They can't make too much of him. He is heart of oak; he is a seaman every inch of him, and as to a bit of a broadside, it only makes the old cock young again.' Many anecdotes attest his skill as a seaman, and one in particular deserves to be quoted as showing what seamanship meant in those days:—

'The "*Monarch*" was a notoriously indifferent sailer, and uncoppered when Duncan commanded her; and yet he was able in sailing to hold his own with ships far superior to her, in Rodney's action with *Langara* off Cape St. Vincent in 1780, and on other occasions. As an instance of her smartness, his nephew, Mr. Haldane, has narrated how on one occasion, when pursuing some French men-of-war, "the '*Monarch*,' outsailing the rest of the Squadron, got into the midst of a Convoy, and her discipline was such that boats were let down on each side without swamping, filled with armed crews to take possession of the prizes, whilst the '*Monarch*' never slackened her speed, but with studding sails set, bore down on the flying ships of war."

There is evidence too to show that, like all great sea-captains, from Drake to Nelson, Duncan possessed the rare instinct for war which never lets an opportunity slip, is never daunted by mere numbers, and knows when to yield to what Captain Mahan calls 'an inspired blindness which at the moment of decisive action sees not the risks but the one only road to possible victory.' Perhaps no campaign in which a British fleet has ever engaged is a finer touchstone of this instinct than that which ended so ingloriously when Sir Charles Hardy retreated up the Channel before D'Orvilliers in 1779. Lord Camperdown briefly describes it and Duncan's share in it as follows:—

'During the summer of 1779 the "*Monarch*" was attached to the Channel Fleet, now under the command of Sir Charles Hardy owing to the resignation of Admiral Keppel.

'Spain had declared war in the month of June, and on July 9 it was announced by Royal Proclamation that an invasion by a combined French and Spanish force was to be apprehended.

'The French fleet sailing from Brest under Count D'Orvilliers was permitted without opposition to unite with the Spanish fleet under Don Luis de Cordova, and on August 16 sixty-six sail of the line were off Plymouth. The Channel Fleet had missed them, and was to the south-west of Scilly.

'In the Channel Fleet were men who were burning to engage the enemy. Captain Jervis in the "*Foudroyant*" wrote to his sister:

"August 24, twenty leagues south-west of Scilly.

"A long easterly wind has prevented our getting into the Channel, to measure with the combined fleets. What a humiliating state

state is our country reduced to! Not that I have the smallest doubt of clearing the coast of these proud invaders. The first westerly wind will carry us into the combined fleets. . . . I and all around me have the fullest confidence of success and of acquiring immortal reputation."

'On August 29 a strong easterly wind forced the combined fleets down the Channel, and on September 1 they found themselves in presence of the British Fleet a few miles from the Eddystone.

'Sir Charles Hardy had only thirty-eight ships, and deciding that it would be imprudent to risk an engagement, he retreated up the Channel, and on September 3 anchored at Spithead, much to the disgust of some of his officers. Captain Jervis, who in the "Foudroyant" was second astern of Sir Charles Hardy in the 'Victory,' wrote: "I am in the most humbled state of mind I ever experienced, from the retreat we have made before the combined fleets all yesterday and all this morning."

'Captain Duncan told his nephew of his own impotent indignation and shame, and how he could "only stand looking over the stern gallery of the 'Monarch.'"

'This was probably the only occasion on which either of those officers retreated before an enemy. The fundamental article of their nautical creed was that an enemy when once encountered must not be permitted to part company without an action. From this line of conduct neither of them willingly ever deviated one hair's-breadth. It is safe to assert that if either had on that day been in a position to give orders to the Channel Fleet a larger Cape St. Vincent or a larger Camperdown would have been fought off Scilly, though not impossibly with a different result. If, however, the "Foudroyant" and the "Monarch" had been sunk, it is certain from their record that French and Spanish ships would have gone down as well, and that even if the combined fleets had come off victorious, their condition would have been such as to give England no cause for apprehension on the score of invasion.

'As events happened, the combined fleets held for some weeks undisputed command of the Channel, but, happily for Great Britain, neglected to make any use of their advantage. The Spaniards wished to effect a landing; the French wished before landing to defeat the British fleet. The crews became sickly; the ships were defective, and the season for equinoctial gales was at hand. The Spanish commander declared to Count D'Orvilliers that he must relinquish the present enterprise and return to the ports of his own country; and the French admiral had no other course open to him but to acquiesce and to retire to Brest.'

This critical episode in our naval history has perhaps never been quite adequately appreciated. The odds were tremendous—thirty-eight British ships of the line against sixty-six in the combined French and Spanish fleets—far greater odds than Nelson encountered when he attacked thirty-three ships of the line

line with twenty-three at Trafalgar. Admiral Colomb thinks that 'the only reasonable strategy for Sir Charles Hardy was that adopted so long before by Lord Torrington, a policy of observation and threatening; and such a policy would have left the British fleet at St. Helen's with abundant scouts . . . to give the earliest information of the enemy's approach.' But Hardy adopted neither Torrington's strategy nor that of his critics. For nearly the whole of the month of August he cruised aimlessly in the Soundings—as the region between Ushant and Scilly, known as 'the Sleeve' to Elizabethan seamen, was then called—leaving D'Orvilliers to the eastward with the whole of the Channel open to him, though he was by no means in 'undisputed command' of it. More by good luck than by any skill in tactics or the pursuit of any strategic purpose that can now be discerned, Hardy managed, towards the end of the month, to get to the eastward of an antagonist apparently as supine or else as incapable as himself; and, though the fleets were now in contact, his one thought was retreat. On the evening of September 3rd he anchored in comparative safety at Spithead.

These proceedings are quite unintelligible. If Hardy did not intend to risk an action except on his own terms, he never should have been in the Soundings at all. On the other hand D'Orvilliers' proceedings seem to have been equally inept, and can only be explained by supposing that his fleet was paralyzed by sickness, by ill-equipment, and by divided counsels. Now what would Nelson have done in such a case? He was, says Captain Mahan, 'a man with whom moral effect was never in excess of the facts of the case, whose imagination produced in him no paralysing picture of remote contingencies.' Shortly before Trafalgar 'he expressed with the utmost decision his clear appreciation that even a lost battle would frustrate the ulterior objects of the enemy, by crippling the force upon which they depended.' Torrington, we know, would have temporized. He would never have gone to the Soundings. Before all things he would have striven to keep his fleet 'in being.' 'Whilst we observe the French,' he said, 'they cannot make any attempt on ships or shore without running a great hazard; and if we are beaten all is exposed to their mercy.' To have gone to the Soundings would have been to put himself, as Howard of Effingham said on a like occasion, 'clean out of the way of any service against' the enemy. He would rather have placed himself where he could best observe the enemy's movements, and would at any rate have taken care never to lose touch of them. This is no doubt the correct strategy of the

the situation, and had Hardy adopted it none could have blamed him. But it is not necessarily the strategy that would have commended itself to a consummate master of naval war. Nelson would not have been daunted by the mere disparity of numbers. When with eleven ships of the line only he was following Villeneuve back from the West Indies, he said to his captains:—

‘I am thankful that the enemy have been driven from the West India Islands with so little loss to our Country. I had made up my mind to great sacrifices; for I had determined, notwithstanding his vast superiority, to stop his career, and to put it out of his power to do any further mischief. Yet do not imagine I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at immense disadvantage without an adequate object. My object is partly gained. If we meet them we shall find them not less than eighteen, I rather think twenty sail of the line, and therefore do not be surprised if I should not fall on them immediately: we won’t part without a battle. I think they will be glad to leave me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will do, either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted.’

In these memorable words the strategy of Torrington is transfigured, but not superseded, by the genius of Nelson. Had he been in Hardy’s place Nelson, we may be sure, would never have gone to the Soundings; he would have observed and threatened, as Admiral Colomb says; he would not have ‘fought at a great disadvantage without an adequate object,’ as Nottingham insisted on Torrington’s doing; but he would not have parted without a battle. Had he found D’Orvilliers inclined to ‘let him alone,’ that would have been his reason for not letting D’Orvilliers alone. He would have seen at once that D’Orvilliers’ obvious reluctance to risk a decisive engagement, notwithstanding his vast superiority, was just the reason why he on his side should seize an advantage too tempting to be resisted. He might not know what D’Orvilliers’ precise reasons were for not risking an engagement; but his unerring instinct for war and its opportunities would have told him that this was just one of the occasions on which he might make great sacrifices in order to stop his adversary’s career, and ‘put it out of his power to do any further mischief.’

It is indeed hardly possible to doubt that had Nelson been in Hardy’s place the defeat of D’Orvilliers would have been as crushing as that of the Armada. So much is clear from the general character of the situation viewed in the light of Nelson’s recorded opinions. The conclusion is confirmed and rendered practically certain by the known attitude of Jervis and Duncan.

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Both were prepared to fight against the odds that had daunted their chief, and both were confident of victory. Both must have satisfied themselves that D'Orvilliers had no stomach for fighting, and each must have felt that that was the best reason for attempting, at all hazards, out of the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety. Lord North said afterwards in the House of Commons that 'had Sir Charles Hardy known then, as he did afterwards, the internal state of the combined fleet, he would have wished and earnestly sought an engagement, notwithstanding his inferiority of force.' Hardy knew this only when it was too late. Jervis and Duncan knew it or divined it at the time. Nelson's spirit was theirs, and they had not served under Hawke for nothing. The man who wins in battle, said Napoleon, is the man who is last afraid. '*Bene ausus vana contemnere*,' as Livy says of Alexander's conquest of Darius, is the eternal secret of triumphant war. This is the temper that wins great victories, and may even defy overwhelming odds. Jervis had it, and it won him his famous victory at St. Vincent, where he fearlessly attacked and vanquished twenty-seven Spanish ships with fifteen British; because, as he said, 'a victory is very essential to England at this moment.' Duncan showed it at the Texel when, as a modern writer sings:—

'Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
Duncan he had but two;  
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,  
And his colours aloft he flew.  
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,  
"And I'll sink with a right good will:  
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,  
My flag will be fluttering still."

Such a man was Duncan in those earlier days of which no full record can now be recovered. We see how skilfully he could handle his ship as a captain, how soundly he could estimate a situation as critical as British naval history presents. In person 'he was of size and strength almost gigantic.' He is described as six feet four in height, and of corresponding breadth. When a young lieutenant walking through the streets of Chatham, his grand figure and handsome face attracted crowds of admirers, and to the last he is spoken of as a singularly handsome man.' His bodily strength was effectively displayed on a memorable occasion during the mutiny:—

'On May 13 there was a serious rising on board the "*Adamant*." The Admiral proceeded on board, hoisted his flag, and mustered the ship's company. "*My Lads*," he said, "I am not in the smallest degree apprehensive of any violent measures you may have in contemplation;

contemplation; and though I assure you I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will with my own hand put to death the first man who shall display the slightest signs of rebellious conduct." He then demanded to know if there was any individual who presumed to dispute his authority or that of the officers. A man came forward and said insolently, "I do." The Admiral immediately seized him by the collar and thrust him over the side of the ship, where he held him suspended by one arm, and said "My Lads, look at this fellow, he who dares to deprive me of the command of the fleet."

But in spite of these great qualities, well known to his comrades and superiors and not unknown to his countrymen at large, Duncan never came to the front until towards the close of his career. He became a captain in 1761, when he was only thirty years of age, and was promoted to flag rank twenty-six years later, in 1787. Of these twenty-six years more than half were spent upon half-pay. Even after he became an admiral he had to endure another period of inactivity, lasting for eight years, until his appointment in 1795 to the command of the North Sea fleet. Political sympathies and antipathies may have had something to do with this, for in those days a man often obtained employment in the Navy, not on account of his professional fitness, but in virtue of his political influence and complexion. But though Duncan belonged to a Whig family and inclined to Whig principles, he 'never at any time in his life took any active part in politics,' and his close association with Keppel's fortunes does not seem to have injured his professional prospects. The truth seems to be, as Lord Camperdown acknowledges, that the alternations of peace and war, of rapid and slow promotion, of frequent and infrequent employment, occurred in Duncan's career not favourably for his advancement:—

'It was his ill-luck to be born at the wrong time for advancement as a captain. As a lieutenant he came in for the Seven Years' War, and took every advantage of his opportunities, but he became a captain just before the peace of 1763, and had only had time for the expeditions to Belle-isle and the Havannah.'

The years which followed his promotion to flag rank—were likewise years of peace; and a junior rear-admiral could hardly expect a command under such circumstances. Nor does it seem that he would have fared better if he had been born ten or fifteen years sooner or later. If he had been a captain early in the Seven Years' War, he would have had nothing to do as an admiral. If he had entered the service at the end of the Seven Years' War he would have had no opportunity of making himself a name as a lieutenant.'

Thus



Thus the early promotions of the last century, which naval officers of these days sometimes regard with envy, were no guarantee of a distinguished career. Duncan was a captain at thirty, but he became an admiral only at fifty-six, and he never commanded a fleet at sea until he was sixty-four. The only advantage he had over officers of the present day is that 'the blind Fury' of compulsory retirement never came 'with th' abhorred shears and slit the thin-spun life' of his active service. In these days Duncan would have been retired as a captain a year before he was promoted to flag-rank. As a rear-admiral or as a flag-officer who had not hoisted his flag he would again have been retired four years before he took command of the North Sea fleet. Even as a vice-admiral in command of that fleet he would have been retired a year before the battle of Camperdown was fought. Compulsory retirement is no doubt a necessity, especially in time of peace, but it is not always an advantage.

Duncan has been called, not without reason, one of the 'suppressed characters' of naval history. There is another 'suppressed character' with whom his name is closely and most honourably associated. Perhaps no man's share in the overthrow of Napoleon and the triumph of British naval arms has been less adequately appreciated by historians in general than that of the second Earl Spencer, Pitt's First Lord of the Admiralty from 1794 to 1801. Assuming office shortly after Howe's victory of the 1st of June, Lord Spencer remained First Lord of the Admiralty until Pitt resigned at the beginning of the first year of the century. In this period the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore were encountered and composed—we can hardly call them suppressed—and the victories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile were won. But this was perhaps as much Spencer's fortune as his merit. His true glory consists in his admirable devotion to the affairs of the navy, in the insight, judgment, and tact with which he selected and supported such men as St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. Some of his own letters are preserved in the correspondence of Nelson and some in the papers of Duncan. But unfortunately the bulk of his private correspondence with these and other great naval heroes was destroyed by accident at Althorp, and thus the world has been deprived of an authentic and detailed record of his administration, though students of naval history will find in the materials we have indicated abundant evidence of its quality. Nor will they fail to appreciate the part played by his gifted wife in furthering the triumphs of his administration. A leader and queen of society, fascinating, generous, and nobly impulsive, Lady Spencer knew how to

second her husband's labours by her rare gift of sympathy without ever attempting to usurp his responsibilities. Her ecstatic letter to Nelson congratulating him on his triumph at the Nile is well known. It has passed into the literature of the battle. Lord Camperdown enables us to compare it with the letter she wrote to Duncan after the battle of Camperdown, and from the comparison to draw the inference, sustained by other letters from the same pen, that no First Lord of the Admiralty was ever happier in the generous sympathies of a wife who knew so well how to touch a sailor's heart :—

‘What shall I say to you my dear and victorious Admiral? Where shall I find words to convey to you the slightest idea of the enthusiasm created by your glorious, splendid, and memorable achievements? Not in the English Language; and no other is worthy of being used upon so truly British an exploit. As an English woman, as an Irish woman, as Lord Spencer's wife, I can not express to you my grateful feelings. But amongst the number of delightful sensations which crowd upon me since Friday last, surprise is not included. The man who has struggled thro' all the difficulties of everlasting N. Sea Cruizes, of hardships of every kind, of storms, of cold, of perpetual disappointments, without a murmur, without a regret, and lastly who most unprecedently braved an enemy's fleet of sixteen or twenty sail of the line, with only two Men of War in a state of mutiny to oppose them: *That Man*, acquiring the honour and glory you have done on the 11 of October did not surprize me. But greatly have you been rewarded for your past sufferings. Never will a fairer fame descend to posterity than yours, and the gratitude of a great nation must give you feelings which will thaw away all that remains of your Northern mists and miseries. God, who allowed you to reap so glorious an harvest of honour and glory, who rewarded your well borne toils by such extraordinary success, keep you safe and well to enjoy for many years the fame He enabled you to acquire on this most distinguished occasion.

‘Ever yours with gratitude and esteem,

‘LAVINIA SPENCER.’

If we except Professor Laughton, whose notice of Lord Spencer in the ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ only anticipated by a few weeks the publication of Lord Camperdown's volume, Lord Camperdown is perhaps the first writer to recognize the full splendour of Lord Spencer's services and to do tardy justice to his memory. We owe it to both to extract the following just and graceful tribute :—

‘It is not possible to allow Lord Spencer to pass off the scene without a word of tribute to his administration. When he became First Lord of the Admiralty he found the Navy sunk in disorder and neglect, and among the Officers a want of confidence in the  
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the Administration at home. He succeeded in selecting capable Admirals for every command, with all of whom he by incessant labour maintained intimate and constant relations. He was full of energy and ideas. If he did not always appreciate and realize so fully as they did through their experience the defects of the ships under their command, both in number and quality, he did the best that he could in the way of apportioning and manipulating the forces which were at his disposal, while he never ceased to urge the necessity of an energetic and vigorous policy, and to express his conviction that the British Fleets would prove victorious. All the Admirals felt confidence in him, as their memoirs and letters show, and at the time of his resignation the Navy was animated by a splendid spirit, and contained a large number of Officers whose names afterwards became household words. He performed a great service to his country, which ought always to be kept in remembrance. To use Lady Spencer's eloquent words, "England, Ireland, and India were all saved by victories won during his term of office," and in no inconsiderable degree through his means. Taking his administration and policy as a whole, he did as much as any man—perhaps more than any one man—to ruin the fortunes of Napoleon upon the ocean.

It was to Lord Spencer's sagacity that the country owed Duncan's appointment to the command in the North Sea. It is recorded that 'in going over the list of Admirals with Mr. Henry Dundas, Lord Spencer said "What can be the reason that 'Keppel's Duncan' has never been brought forward?" Upon this Mr. Dundas said that he thought he would like employment, and added that he had married his niece. The same night he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea.' The story is characteristic. Very likely Dundas's recommendation of his niece's husband turned the scale; but he owed at least that much to his kinsman, for before the marriage he had pledged his niece never, directly or indirectly, to use any influence to induce Duncan to give up his profession, and she had faithfully kept the pledge—no difficult task perhaps in the case of a husband so wedded to the sea. In any case it is clear, however, that Spencer had his eye on Duncan before he was made aware of Dundas's interest in him, and certainly no appointment did greater credit to his insight.

Duncan's position was a very difficult one from first to last. The North Sea was no established station for a British fleet. It was improvised for the occasion when Holland fell under the sway of Napoleon and the Dutch fleet became an important factor in the European conflict. As was the station so was the fleet. It was necessary to blockade the Texel, but it was not possible to tell off a fully organized and well equipped fleet for

the purpose. Duncan had to take such ships as he could get, and such as he had were constantly ordered about by the Admiralty on detached or independent service without so much as consulting him beforehand. A letter from Sir Charles Middleton—afterwards that Lord Barham who fortunately for his own fame and his country's welfare was First Lord of the Admiralty at the close of the Trafalgar campaign—well serves to illustrate the situation. In August 1795 he wrote:—

‘My own wish is to have your force very strong, but I plainly perceive from the many irons we have in the fire that I shall be overruled. The same cause obliges us to employ your frigates on many extra services, and which I have charged the secretary to acquaint you with as often as it happens; but necessary as this information is for your guidance I am afraid it is often forgot.’

Several letters from Lord Spencer himself are to the same effect, and though very few of Duncan's own letters are preserved it is plain that the difficulties of the situation weighed heavily upon him. At various times during his command he had a large Russian squadron under his orders. The Russian ships were however unfit for winter cruising, and therefore, during the worst season of the year, the brunt of the blockade often fell upon Duncan's attenuated and overworked squadron. Moreover, the presence of the Russian ships was not without its embarrassments. He had no very high opinion of their quality, and on two occasions at least he went so far as to protest against his being expected to go to sea with Russian ships alone under his command, his own ships being employed on various detached services. In November 1795 he wrote to Lord Spencer:—

‘I never could see any reason for the Russian fleet being detained for the winter, but to be ready early in the spring, and it always was my opinion that they were unfit for winter cruising. Now, as to myself, I will say what I once did before: I am the first British Admiral that ever was ordered on service with foreigners only, and I must beg further to say I shall look upon it as an indignity if some British ships are not directed to attend me.’

It is significant of much that a man of Duncan's self-possession and sense of discipline should write in this strain. He was not the man to complain needlessly, and his tact, patience, and good sense had reduced to a *minimum* the friction that inevitably attends the co-operation of allied fleets; but he felt that a great charge had been entrusted to him, and that the means with which he was furnished were inadequate to enable him to satisfy the country's expectations. But in spite of an occasional

occasional complaint, which was assuredly not ill-founded, his whole attitude was that which Torrington long ago expressed in words which the British Navy has often so splendidly justified: 'My Lord, I know my business and will do the best with what I have.' On the other hand, it may fairly be held that had a Byng, a Hardy, or a Calder been in Duncan's place the country might have had to rue a very different issue to the campaign in the North Sea. Opinions may differ as to the quality and temper of the Dutch fleet. But the quality of any fleet which is preparing to take the sea cannot prudently be taken by its enemy at any estimate but a high one. The war was in its early stages, its area was widening, the contagion of the French Revolution was fast spreading beyond the borders of France, and in the spring of 1795 an alliance was concluded between the French and Batavian Republics, by which it was agreed that Holland should aid France with twelve ships of the line and eighteen frigates, as well as with half the Dutch troops under arms. This was no insignificant addition to the naval forces of a Power, which since the beginning of the war, had only once crossed swords with England in a fleet action at sea, and then, though defeated, had not been overpowered. The 'glorious victory' of the First of June acquired that honourable epithet partly from the brilliant results immediately attained by it—the two sides were fairly matched at the outset and Lord Howe captured six French ships of the line—but still more perhaps from the fact that it was the first naval victory of a war which had then lasted more than a year. Though a decisive tactical victory, it was, in a strategic sense, of little moment. Villaret's fleet was not destroyed—as it might have been had not Montagu's squadron been injudiciously detached from Lord Howe's flag—and the great convoy which was coming across the Atlantic to the relief of Brest was not intercepted. In a strategic sense, in fact, Villaret had outmanœuvred his adversary. Robespierre had told him that if the convoy was captured his head should pay the penalty. He lost the battle but he saved the convoy and saved his head. Lord Howe missed the main object for which he had manœuvred and fought.

This was in 1794. A year later the French obtained strategic control of twelve Dutch ships of the line, twice the number they had lost in Lord Howe's action, and the theatre of war was enlarged by the inclusion of the North Sea. The scenes were now setting for the great drama which ended at Trafalgar, but no one could tell as yet where its main episodes would be enacted, nor who were the actors cast for its leading parts.

parts. Near at hand, in the north, Duncan was establishing that firm grip on the Texel which, notwithstanding his slender and fortuitous forces, in spite of the mutiny, and through all the vicissitudes of season, wind, and storm, was never relaxed until the Dutch fleet was defeated off Camperdown, and the Texel itself, together with all that remained of the Dutch fleet, was surrendered in 1799. Far away in the south Hotham was vainly striving to vanquish the fleet which Hood had failed to destroy at Toulon, and Nelson, still a captain, was chafing bitterly at his chief's repeated failure to do what he knew he could have done himself. Midway in the Atlantic Bridport was showing by his action with Villaret off Île Groix that he at least was not the coming man.

Such was the situation in 1795. There were three fleets of the enemy, at the Texel, at Brest, and at Toulon, to be watched, encountered, and if possible destroyed, and Duncan, Bridport, and Hotham were the three men on whom, for the time, the fate of England depended. Bridport and Hotham each had his opportunity and missed it. Duncan alone remained steadfast to the end, waited for his opportunity, and seized it. Historians, wise after the event, have chosen to assume that Duncan's position was the least important of the three, but at the time no man could have foretold at which point the stress of conflict was likely to be felt most urgently. From the Texel a fleet and an expedition might have issued, and could they have evaded Duncan's watch they might have gained the open either for a descent on Ireland, or for some combination with the other forces of the enemy. From Brest, as we know, a year after Bridport had failed to destroy Villaret at Île Groix, a fleet and expedition did issue, and evading Bridport's watch, effected the descent upon Ireland, which might have succeeded for anything that Bridport did to prevent it. From Toulon, as we also know, long after Hotham had failed to destroy Martin in the Gulf of Lions, a fleet and expedition also issued, which a greater than Hotham finally shattered at the Nile. It needed the untoward fortunes of a Hoche and a Morard de Galles to undo the neglect of Bridport. It needed the splendid genius of Nelson to repair the blunders of Hotham. Duncan neglected no opportunities and made no blunders. He watched the Dutch fleet, fought and defeated it as soon as it put to sea, and compelled its final surrender as soon as troops were sent for a military occupation of the Helder. Yet historians, viewing the whole situation in the light of its final outcome, persist in regarding Duncan's achievement as a mere episode devoid of strategic moment, and in concentrating their whole attention on the



the more central theatre of war. It is true that no fleet of the enemy, whether at the Texel, at Brest, or at Toulon, could compass any of the larger ends of naval war except by defeating the British fleet immediately confronting it. Hoche's expedition failed chiefly through defiance of this inexorable principle. It was an attempt to do by evasion what can only be done with safety and certainty by sea supremacy established beforehand. Napoleon's expedition failed for the same reason. The projected expedition from the Texel must also have failed for the same reason in the end, could it ever have succeeded in setting out. But of the three men charged in 1795 with the safety and fate of England, Duncan alone proved equal to his trust, Bridport and Hotham failed. His name should stand in naval history, not merely as the hero of an isolated and barren victory, but as a seaman of like quality with Jervis and Nelson themselves—rather a Hood than a Howe, and far above the level of the Bridports, the Hothams, the Manns, the Ordes, the Keiths, and the Calders.

Of Jervis he had the dogged persistency of purpose and the stern sense of discipline, without that inflexible austerity which made the discipline of Jervis' squadron a terror to seamen and a byword to captains trained in a laxer school. With Nelson he shared the rare gift of tempering firmness with kindness, of seeking to do by love what men of the mould of Jervis must fain compass by fear. With both he shared that sure grasp of the situation before him and its requirements which more than anything else is the note of a native genius for war. He would make no terms with mutiny. Had he commanded at the Nore the rule of Parker would assuredly have been a brief one. 'I hear,' he wrote, 'that people from the ships at Sheerness go ashore in numbers and play the devil. Why are there not troops to lay hold of them and secure all the boats that come from them? As to the "Sandwich," you should get her cast adrift in the night and let her go on the sands, that the scoundrels may drown; for until some example is made this will not stop.'

This was his attitude towards open mutiny; but he never allowed it to blind him to the fact that the grievances of the seamen were real and serious, and the shortcomings of the Admiralty deplorable. Pitt said that the best service Duncan ever performed for his country was in respect of the mutiny, and no one who reads Lord Camperdown's chapter on the subject can doubt that Pitt was right. The mutiny occurred at the very crisis of the blockade of the Texel, when the Dutch fleet was ready to sail accompanied by troops, and when, if ever, it  
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might have sailed with some prospect of success. Duncan was fully informed of what was happening at Spithead and the Nore. He knew very well that the spirit of discontent there displayed was rife throughout the whole navy, that it rested on solid grounds of grievance, and that it might at any moment break out in his own fleet. It did break out, and for some days only two ships of the line recognized the authority of his flag, the remainder going off to join their revolted comrades at the Nore. Yet he never allowed his own flag to be hauled down, and so quickly and thoroughly did he re-establish his personal ascendancy that, although his own ship the 'Venerable' had at the outset shown some alarming signs of disaffection, he was ready, if called upon, to lead it against the mutineers at the Nore, and was assured by his ship's company that they would obey his orders even in that emergency. 'It is with the utmost regret,' they wrote, 'we hear of the proceedings of different ships in the squadron, but sincerely hope their present agrievances will be redressed as soon as possible, as it would appear unnatural for us to unsheath the sword against our brethren, notwithstanding we would wish to show ourselves like men in behalf of our Commander should necessity require.'

A few days later, when Duncan set sail for the Texel, all his ships deserted him but two, his own flagship and the 'Adamant,' both of which, as we have seen, had previously been reduced to obedience by his own personal prowess. Nevertheless, he held on for the Texel without a moment's hesitation, for he knew that the Dutch fleet was ready to sail, that the wind was fair, and that the paralysis which had smitten the British Navy was well known to the enemy. Two or three smaller ships accompanied him, and at least one of these, the 'Circe,' was only kept from open mutiny before the enemy by the splendid fortitude of her captain, who for six days and nights sat back to back on deck with his first lieutenant, 'with a loaded carbine in hand and cocked pistols in their belts, issuing orders to the officers and the few men who remained dutiful.' How Duncan bore himself in this crisis has already been told in Mr. Newbolt's stirring lines, which are really only a metrical paraphrase of the original narrative:—

'When the Admiral found himself off the Texel with only one ship of fifty guns besides his own, he quickly made up his mind what to do. "Vice-Admiral Onslow came on board the 'Venerable' and suggested Leith Roads as a retreat of security against either an attack from the Texel or, what was infinitely more to be dreaded, the return of a detachment of the rebel fleet from the Nore. Admiral Duncan

Duncan instantly declined entering into any measure of this kind, and laughingly said they would suppose he wanted to see his wife and family and would charge him with being home-sick." His plan was of a different kind. The great duty with which he was charged was to keep the Texel closed; and, with ships or without ships, that he intended to do. He sent for Captain Hotham of the "Adamant" and ordered him to fight her until she sank, as he intended to do with the "Venerable." He then mustered the "Venerable's" ship's company and told them plainly what lay before them, in an address of which only the substance is preserved; that the "Venerable" was to block the Texel, and that "the soundings were such that his flag would continue to fly above the shoal water after the ship and company had disappeared"; and that if she should survive this performance of her duty in Dutch waters, she was then to sail to the Nore and to reduce "those misguided men" to obedience. The ship's company replied, as was their custom: they said that they understood him and would obey his commands.'

Those misguided men were reduced, however, before Duncan's task at the Texel was accomplished, and his splendid audacity and fortitude were rewarded by the complete success with which the Dutch were hoodwinked and prevented sailing until the crisis was past. He reached the Texel on June 1st. For three days and three nights the wind remained in the eastward, and the two ships' crews were kept at their quarters day and night. Then the wind changed, and reinforcements began to come in. It was not until the crisis was over that the Dutch learnt that two ships alone, the aggrieved but not disloyal remnant of a navy in open mutiny, had been so handled as to make them believe that a superior force of the enemy had been at hand during the whole time that the wind had remained favourable to their enterprise.

'The signals and manœuvres of the Admiral's two ships were recalled to him afterwards by Lieutenant Brodie, who had been present in the "Rose" cutter, in a letter written on February 26, 1798. "You passed the Texel in sight of the Dutch Fleet with a Red Flag, Rear Admiral at the Mizzen, this was your First Squadron of two sail of the line: next day you appeared off the Texel with two private ships, the 'Venerable' and 'Adamant' with pendants only. This was two English Squadrons by the Dutch account. A few days after we were joined by the 'Russel' and 'Sanspareil,' when the wind came Easterly. Then the third Squadron of British ships came under their proper Admiral with Blue at the Main, and anchored in the mouth of the Texel, with four sail of the line, to block up sixteen or eighteen sail of the line, Frigates, etc., in all thirty-seven sail. It was then, my Lord, you confirmed your former manœuvres by throwing out pendants to your ships or imaginary ships in the offing, for the Dutch believed all your Fleet to be there.

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The next day, my Lord, all was confirmed by an American Brig which I was sent to board, coming out of the Texel.—The Master informed me that the Dutchmen positively asserted that the four ships were only come in there for a decoy, and that there was a large Fleet in the offing, as they saw the English Admiral making signals to them the evening he came to an anchor.”

Assuredly the victory of Camperdown itself is no juster title to undying fame than the whole of Duncan's proceedings from the beginning of the mutiny to its close.

‘The advantage of time and place,’ said Drake, ‘in all martial actions is half a victory; which being lost is irrecoverable.’ The Dutch were soon to realize the truth of this pregnant saying. The wind was fair during the crisis of the mutiny, but the troops, though at hand, had not been embarked. By the time they were embarked, early in July, it became foul again, and Wolfe Tone—that stormy petrel of Irish disaffection and French aggression—was on board waiting in vain for a favourable turn. But ‘foul, dead foul’—as Nelson bitterly wrote after Villeneuve's escape from Toulon—it remained. On July 19th Tone writes: ‘Wind foul still’; and on July 26th: ‘I am to-day eighteen days on board, and we have not had eighteen minutes of fair wind.’ Unlike Nelson, who, as Captain Mahan tells us, ‘never trifled with a fair wind or with time,’ the Dutch had lost their opportunity. Perhaps they had not been over keen to seize it, for though the Batavian Republic ruled in Holland, and France guided its counsels, the monarchical party was by no means extinct, and its cause had many supporters in the Dutch fleet. On June 10th a British officer was sent into the Texel under a flag of truce. He was very courteously received and entertained, and reported on his return that the officers whom he had seen ‘expressed their hopes of a speedy peace, and by their conversation appeared very adverse to the war. They, however,’ he added, ‘speak very highly of their force, and they have great confidence in it.’ The wind remained foul, however, and time wore on. Towards the middle of August the Dutch Admiral, De Winter, pointed out to Tone that ‘Duncan's fleet had increased to seventeen sail of the line, and that the Dutch troops, so long pent up on ship-board, had consumed nearly all the provisions. It would be necessary to relinquish the expedition to Ireland.’

The game in fact was up, but Duncan's task was not accomplished. So long as the Dutch fleet lay at the Texel ready for sea it was his duty to watch it, and to fight it, if it ventured out. From the first of June, when he appeared before the Texel with his two ships and outwitted the Dutch by ‘setting on a brag countenance,

countenance,' as Howard of Effingham said, until September 26, when he was directed by the Admiralty to return to Yarmouth to refit, fill up with stores and provisions, and again proceed with all despatch to his station, he never relaxed his hold, and never gave the Dutchman a chance. At times reinforced from home, only to be weakened again by the withdrawal of ships required by the Admiralty to strengthen Jervis in the Mediterranean, harassed by winds which, though they kept the Dutch in port, constantly drove him to leeward of his station, shattered by violent gales which sorely tried his none too seaworthy ships and constantly interrupted his supply of stores, he held on with a tenacity not unworthy of Nelson off Toulon, or of Cornwallis off Brest.

But like Nelson at Toulon, Duncan was destined by an untoward fate to be away from his station when the moment of crisis came at last. Shortly after he was recalled to Yarmouth by the Admiralty, De Winter was ordered to take the Dutch fleet to sea. All thought of a military expedition to be covered by it had now been abandoned. But the Naval Committee at the Hague appear to have thought that the time had come for attempting to destroy or at least to cripple the hostile fleet which had so long blockaded their ports. De Winter's instructions were dated July 10th, a time when Wolfe Tone was daily expecting a military expedition to set out, under cover of the fleet, for the invasion of Ireland; but their terms would seem to imply that the Dutch plan was the far sounder one of striving to dispose of Duncan before allowing the troops to start. De Winter was instructed to destroy the enemy's fleet if possible; to carefully avoid a battle 'in the case of the enemy's forces being far superior to his own,' but at the same time to bear in mind 'how frequently the Dutch Admirals had maintained the honour of the Dutch Flag, even when the enemy's forces were sometimes superior to theirs'; and 'in the case of an approaching engagement, as far as circumstances permit to try and draw the enemy as near to the harbours of the Republic as will be found possible in conformity with the rules of prudence and strategy.' On October 5th he was ordered to put to sea 'as soon as the wind should be favourable,' and to act in accordance with these instructions.

Admiral Colomb holds that the battle of Camperdown was 'wasteful of naval force, and unmeaning as to any possible advantage to be gained. The Dutch fleet had landed all the troops and abandoned the idea of invasion, so that when it was determined to put to sea in the face of a known superior fleet of British ships, the enterprise was objectless.' The fact of the troops

troops having been landed can hardly be held to have militated against the success of De Winter's enterprise, since it is difficult to see how the presence of troops either on board or under the wing of the fighting force could in any way have added to its naval strength. So long as Duncan was, in Elizabethan phrase, 'on the jacks' of De Winter the latter could do nothing, with or without troops, until he had disposed of his adversary. This was what he was sent out to do. He was instructed to 'try and cause as much damage to the enemy as possible,' to fight him if he found him not so superior in strength as to destroy all hope of victory, but in the opposite alternative 'carefully to avoid a battle.' These instructions were, in our judgment, well conceived. They were foiled, not by Duncan's superior force, for on the day of battle the two fleets were approximately equal, but by his superior energy and his brilliant tactical intuition. The issue was by no means fore-ordained. The forces were equal and the Dutch enjoyed the advantage of position which had been contemplated in De Winter's instructions. The object to be attained, the 'possible advantage to be gained,' was the destruction of the fleet which for months had paralysed all his undertakings. Could he have compassed that end it might have been cheaply purchased by almost any sacrifice of naval force which left him master of the field. In war as in love—

'He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.'

But it was not to be. The long conflict between the Dutch and the English at sea was destined to end at Camperdown in the final overthrow of the Dutch. De Winter put to sea on October 7th. Duncan with the main body of his fleet was still at Yarmouth. But some of his ships were on the watch, and by the morning of the 9th he was informed that the Dutch fleet was at sea. At 11 A.M. on that day he wrote to the Admiralty: 'The squadron under my command are unmoored, and I shall put to sea immediately.' The next day he was off the Texel with eleven ships of the line, and found that De Winter had not returned. What followed is best told in his own words:—

'At Nine o'clock in the Morning of the 11th I got Sight of Captain Trollope's Squadron, with Signals flying for an Enemy to Leeward; I immediately bore up, and made the Signal for a general Chace, and soon got Sight of them, forming in a Line on the Larboard Tack to receive us, the wind at N.W. As we approached near I made the Signal for the Squadron to shorten sail, in order to connect



connect them; soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about Nine Miles to Leeward of the Enemy, and finding there was no Time to be lost in making the Attack, I made the Signal to bear up, break the Enemy's Line, and engage them to Leeward, each Ship her Opponent, by which I got between them and the Land, whither they were fast approaching. My Signals were obeyed with great Promptitude, and Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the "Monarch," bore down on the Enemy's Rear in the most gallant Manner, his Division following his Example; and the Action commenced about Forty Minutes past Twelve o'Clock. The "Venerable" soon got through the Enemy's Line, and I began a close Action, with my Division on their Van, which lasted near Two Hours and a Half, when I observed all the Masts of the Dutch Admiral's Ship to go by the Board; she was, however, defended for some Time in a most gallant Manner; but being overpressed by Numbers, her Colours were struck, and Admiral De Winter was soon brought on Board the "Venerable." On looking around me I observed the Ship bearing the Vice-Admiral's Flag was also dismasted, and had surrendered to Vice-Admiral Onslow; and that many others had likewise struck. Finding we were in Nine Fathoms Water, and not farther than Five Miles from the Land, my Attention was so much taken up in getting the Heads of the disabled Ships off Shore, that I was not able to distinguish the Number of Ships captured; and the Wind having been constantly on the Land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact Account of them, but we have taken Possession of Eight or Nine; more of them had struck, but taking Advantage of the Night, and being so near their own Coast, they succeeded in getting off, and some of them were seen going into the Texel the next Morning.

Trollope's squadron, together with other reinforcements which joined before the action, brought the two fleets to an equality, but De Winter still had, on the whole, the advantage of position. He was nearing his port and drawing fast inshore, so that any attempt of Duncan to get between him and the land must prove a very hazardous undertaking. To do him justice he made no attempt to escape, but leisurely forming his line as soon as Duncan was sighted he ordered his ships to square their mainyards and awaited the enemy's onslaught. Duncan's ships, on the other hand, were in a very loose and scattered formation, caused by his bold but judicious order for a general chase at an early stage of the proceedings. A general chase signifies that the ships of a squadron no longer preserve their appointed stations, but proceed individually to the attack or pursuit of the enemy, the fastest sailers going to the front. It is a very hazardous proceeding, because it exposes the assailant to the risk of being overpowered in detail, but in certain circumstances it offers

offers the only means of bringing a flying enemy to action, and for this reason its judicious employment is a sure criterion of the tactical capacity of an admiral who resorts to it. Duncan employed it, but countermanded it as soon as he saw that De Winter was awaiting his onslaught. Then he 'made the signal for the squadron to shorten sail in order to connect them,' that is, to recover the order disturbed by the general chase. But while he was reforming his line with the evident intention of attacking in the orthodox fashion, 'each ship,' as he said in his signal, 'to engage her opponent in the enemy's line,' he saw that De Winter was gradually drawing closer and closer to the land, so that unless he acted promptly, and without waiting for his line to be accurately formed, he would lose the opportunity of getting inshore of the enemy and cutting off his retreat by forcing him out to sea. Accordingly, as Professor Laughton puts it, 'without waiting for the ships astern to come up, without waiting to form line of battle, and with the fleet in very irregular order of sailing, . . . he made the signal to pass through the enemy's line and engage to leeward.' Some of his captains were not a little perplexed by the rapid succession of apparently inconsistent signals. One of them threw the signal book on the deck, and 'exclaimed in broad Scotch: "D——," &c. &c. "Up wi' the hel-lem and gang into the middle o't!"' This was exactly what Duncan meant and wanted. With such followers, a leader so bold, so prompt, and so sagacious might make certain of victory. De Winter afterwards acknowledged to Duncan himself that he was undone by his adversaries' finely calculated but wholly unconventional impetuosity. 'Your not waiting to form line ruined me: if I had got nearer to the shore and you had attacked I should probably have drawn both fleets on it, and it would have been a victory to me, being on my own coast.'

The Dutch fought gallantly, but all in vain. Duncan's onslaught was irresistible, and its method was an inspiration which places him in the front rank of naval commanders. Had he waited to form his line with precision, De Winter might have given him the slip. Had he fought in the orthodox fashion, not yet abandoned in principle, though discarded with signal effect by Rodney at the battle of the Saints, he might have fought a brilliant action, but could hardly have achieved a decisive victory. De Winter, like Brueys at the Nile, never dreamt that his assailant would venture into the narrow and treacherous waters between his own line and the land. Like Villeneuve at Trafalgar, he had a safe port under his lee, and, more fortunate than Villeneuve, he had a lee shore close at hand.

band. Manifestly his purpose was to make a running fight of it, without surrendering either of these advantages. The only way to defeat this purpose was to break through his line and to attack him from to leeward. There was no time to be lost, and at best the operation was full of hazard, for at the close of the action the British ships were in nine fathoms of water, and not more than five miles from the shore. Even with ample sea room the operation would have been novel, opposed to the tradition of the service, disallowed by the prescription of the 'Fighting Instructions,' and sanctioned by no recent precedent save that of Rodney at the Saints. In the actual conditions of wind, land, and soundings it was bold beyond example. But its boldness was reasoned and calculated, based on a clear grasp of the situation. The manifold disadvantages of the attack from to windward, especially when associated with the traditional British respect for the formal line of battle, had been forcibly pointed out by John Clerk, of Eldin, 'that celebrated apple of naval discord,' as Lord Camperdown aptly calls him. Duncan possessed a copy of Clerk's famous work, and to all appearance had studied it carefully. Yet the naval tradition was still so strong that, in spite of Clerk's teaching, it would seem that, had time permitted, he would have formed his line to windward and attacked in the orthodox fashion. But as soon as he saw that this might enable the enemy to escape he resolved at once to throw tradition to the winds and to attack in the only way that could make the action decisive.

Duncan's intuition was as rapid as was that of Nelson a few months before at St. Vincent—a like touch of that 'inspired blindness which at the moment of decisive action sees not the risks but the one only road to possible victory.' It is instructive to note and contrast the comments of Jervis on the two cases. Of the battle of St. Vincent and Nelson's share in it, Captain Mahan records that 'in the evening, while talking over the events of the day, Calder spoke of Nelson's wearing out of the line as an unauthorized departure from the method of attack prescribed by the admiral. "It certainly was so," replied Jervis, "and if ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also."' But of Duncan's action and its method St. Vincent wrote, 'Lord Duncan's action was fought pell-mell (without plan or system); he was a gallant officer (but had no idea of tactics, and being soon puzzled by them), and attacked without attention to form or order, trusting that the brave example he set would achieve his object, which it did completely.' Thus was the sure judgment of the quarterdeck superseded by the formalism

formalism of the desk. There is a touch of littleness about this criticism of Duncan by his old comrade in arms which contrasts painfully with the large generosity of the rebuke to Calder. Duncan's inattention to form and order was the calculated means to an end clearly perceived, instantly pursued, and triumphantly attained. It was not the puzzle-headed impetuosity of the captain who shouted, 'Up wi' the hel-lem and gang into the middle o't!' It was the sure insight and splendid intrepidity of a commander who sees the only way to victory and takes it at all risks.

Eleven ships of the enemy surrendered to the victors, but of these two were lost at sea and a third was driven on shore and recaptured. The remainder, with the whole of Duncan's fleet, notwithstanding the serious damage the ships had sustained in their hulls, were brought safely into port, although for several days the wind continued to blow on to the Dutch coast, and the leeshore was only avoided with great difficulty. On October 15th Duncan, in the 'Venerable,' anchored off Orfordness, the ship 'being so leaky that with all her pumps going we could just keep her free.' On the same day he effectively, though quite undesignedly, disposed of St. Vincent's criticism beforehand in a letter to his kinsman, the Lord Advocate:—

'We were obliged, from being so near the land, to be rather rash in our attack, by which we suffered more. Had we been ten leagues at sea none would have escaped. Many, I am sure, had surrendered, that got off in the night, being so near shore. We were much galled by their frigates where we could not act. In short, I feel perfectly satisfied. All was done that could be done. None have any fault to find.'

We have said that Hotham in the Mediterranean and Bridport in the Channel were charged with exactly the same duty as was imposed on Duncan in the North Sea. Perhaps the best way to appreciate the brilliancy of his performance is to compare it with theirs. Hotham might have anticipated the Nile. Bridport ought to have destroyed Villaret and saved Ireland from Hoche. Duncan waited more than two years for his opportunity, he never relaxed his grip even at the height of the mutiny, and when at last the enemy ventured to sea, he pounced upon him at once and destroyed him. Well might Lady Spencer write as she did a year later to St. Vincent after the battle of the Nile:—

'I am sure it must be needless to attempt expressing to your Lordship my delight at the recollection of the last eighteen months. Lord Spencer's naval administration has witnessed during that period three victories, which, since naval records have been kept in this or any other country, are not to be equalled. Your magnificent achievement

ment saved this Country ; Lord Duncan's saved Ireland ; and I must hope Lord Nelson's saves India.'

In that illustrious but not unmerited association we may well leave Duncan's name and fame to the tardy appreciation of his countrymen and of history. Nor can we part more impressively with a personality remarkable alike for nobility of presence and for splendour of achievement than by quoting a contemporary account of Duncan's conversation and demeanour at a banquet given on the first anniversary of Camperdown to celebrate the victory of the Nile :—

'I used the opportunity his affability afforded me, to enquire some particulars of his own state of feeling before and after the Action. He said he went upon deck about six o'clock, having had as sound a night's rest as ever he enjoyed in the whole course of his life. The morning was brilliant, with a brisk gale ; and he added that he never remembered to have been exalted by so exhilarating a sensation as the sight of the two Fleets afforded him. He said, however, that the cares of his duties were too onerous to allow him to think of himself ; his whole mind was absorbed in observing and in meeting the occasion by orders ; all other feelings were lost in the necessity of action.

'The night after the Battle he never closed his eyes—his thoughts were still tossing in the turmoil through which he had passed ; but his most constant reflection was a profound thankfulness to God for the event of the engagement.

'All this was said in so perfectly natural a tone, and with a manner so simple, that its truth was impressed at once, together with veneration for a man who could regard thus humbly an event in which much of human life had been sacrificed, so much of personal honour and so much of national glory and advantage attained. . . .

'When the moment arrived for the departure of Lord Duncan he rose slowly from his seat, drew himself up to his full height, and in a few simple words announced that he must take his leave. A dead silence ensued. He turned to the Russian Admiral, and folding his vast arms round him, expressed his farewell in this solemn embrace. It was then that the voices of his companions in arms broke forth, and he was saluted with three such cheers, so hearty, so regular, so true, that they vibrated through every fibre of my frame. The venerable man bent his head upon his breast for a moment, and seemed deeply impressed : he then bowed low and majestically, tucked his triangular gold-laced hat under his huge arm and walked gravely down the room to the door amid a silence so intense that his measured tread sounded like minute-drops. He stopped ; he turned ; he again reared himself to his noble height, took his hat from under his arm, waved it over his head, gave three loud, articulate, and distinct hurrahs in return for the former salutation, placed his hat upon his brow and closed the door. It was the last time I ever beheld him, but the vision still remains with me.'

ART. VII.—*Windows : A Book about Stained and Painted Glass.*  
By Lewis F. Day. London, 1897.

STAINED and painted windows have been to beautiful churches that which rare jewels have been to lovely women. They lend to these buildings a charm which no other decoration can give, while they obtain in return that setting which only a great cathedral or church can satisfactorily and adequately afford. The brilliant colour which makes the cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Milan, or Florence a wonder and a joy is sadly contrasted with the chilly bareness of English churches, from which the ruthless fervour of Puritan or Ironside has banished their most pleasing and most costly decoration.

Many learned books and splendid monographs have been written on the subject of stained and painted glass. Yet notwithstanding these great works, Mr. Lewis Day has lately given us a book which was certainly needed by an intelligent public. He is comprehensive in his dedication :—

‘To those who know nothing of stained glass ; to those who know something and want to know more ; to those who know all about it, and yet care to know what another may have to say upon the subject—I dedicate this book.’

And yet he claims, and we think well substantiates that claim, to have entered the sanctuary, and not irreverently.

‘My earliest training in design,’ he writes, ‘was in the workshops of artists in stained glass. For many years I worked exclusively at glass design, and for a quarter of a century I have spent great part of my leisure in hunting glass all Europe over.’

The book has grown out of his experience, and makes no claim to ‘learnedness.’ Mr. Day tells his readers only what the windows have told him, but we are strongly of opinion that no traveller who has read his work can fail to enjoy, more intelligently than before, the exquisite creations of great glaziers and glass painters which they may encounter in their travels.

It is a sad fact, which Mr. Day points out, and our own experience largely corroborates, that so few travellers have any knowledge of the subject whatever. We quote Mr. Day to illustrate this fact.

‘The Cathedral at Strassburg,’ he writes, ‘is rich also in distinctly decorated glass, to all of which the tourist pays no heed. He goes there to see the clock. If he should have a quarter of an hour to spare before noon—at which hour the cock crows, and the church is shut—he allows himself to be driven by the verger with the rest of the crowd into the transept, and penned up there until the silly performance begins. To hear folk talk of the thing afterwards at  
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the *table d'hôte*, you might fancy that Erwin von Steinbach had built his masterpiece just to house this rickety piece of mock old mechanism.'

Mr. Day divides his volume into three books. Of Book I. he says:

'I set out to trace the course of workmanship, to follow the technique of the workman from the twelfth century to the seventeenth; from mosaic to painting, from archaism to pictorial accomplishment; and to indicate at what cost, of perhaps more decorative qualities, the later masterpieces of glass painting were bought.'

In Book II.:

'I have endeavoured to show the course of design in glass from the earliest mediæval window to the latest glass picture of the Renaissance';

and in Book III.:

'I have set apart for separate discussion questions not in the direct line either of design or workmanship, or which, if taken by the way, would have hindered the narrative and confused the issue.'

We think that there is little fault to be found with a division which certainly enables Mr. Day to give to his last book great charm and interest. We strongly advise readers to work conscientiously through the first two books, however they may be tempted by the attractive headings included in the third book, 'By the way.'

We shall not attempt to take Mr. Day's book in very great detail. With most of what he has to say on this subject we so heartily agree that any criticism we may make will be on minor points; but there is one suggestion we would offer, as to the weight of the book itself. Would it not be possible to make the second edition lighter for the hand to hold? And could not Mr. Day make a real handbook on stained and painted glass, of a convenient size for travellers, which would not be of greater price than four-and-sixpence? This, we are sure, would be a real boon to the more intelligent public, for whom nothing of the kind exists, even at South Kensington.

Stained and painted glass windows were essentially a decoration for Gothic churches. To a great extent, in France, England, and Germany, they took the place of the works of the Italian fresco painters, and conveyed the same lessons which the latter strove to teach. Italian churches are built to exclude the sun, and the small round or lancet windows, with a curtain of black or blue stuff drawn across them on a bright day, allow quite enough light for the worshippers to read the pictorial history of Christ and his saints with which the walls are adorned.

Stained glass looks best when the church is least ornamented, and we have always admired it more in the barn-like Duomo of Florence than even in the glorious but more richly decorated cathedrals of Bourges or Chartres. The gloom and plainness of the building add, by contrast, a brilliancy to the glass which seems to rival the ruby, emerald, or sapphire, and to give a dignity and meaning to the bare interior, which would, without its glass, be but an enclosure of sad-coloured walls. 'It is a woeful thing,' cried Kenyon, 'a sad necessity, that any Christian soul should pass from earth to heaven without once seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sun passing through it.'

There is no reason to suppose that glass painting, as we understand it, was practised by the Greeks or Romans. The first glaziers were very probably influenced by the work of the enameller, not, of course, by the enamel of the kind made at Limoges in the sixteenth century, but by such as is familiar to us in Byzantine work, and known as *champ-levé* or *cloisonné*. In the one, as Mr. Day explains, the design is scooped out of the metal; in the other its outline is bent in flat wire, and soldered to the ground. An early window may be likened to a magnified plaque of Byzantine enamel with the light shining through it. The jeweller's work may also have suggested or inspired the art of the glazier:—

'Just as white glass was called crystal, and no doubt passed for it, so coloured glass actually went by the name of ruby, sapphire, emerald, and so on; indeed, this wilful confusion of terms goes far to explain the mystery of the monster jewels of which we read in history, or the fable which not so very long ago passed for it. Stories of diamond thrones and emerald tables seemed to lead straight into fairyland; but the glass worker explains such fancies, and brings us back again to reality.'

We have no clear knowledge of the beginning of the art. The famous Cistercian Interdict of 1134, restricting that Order to the use of white glass in their churches, argues, however, something like over-indulgence in rich windows before that date. Until the twelfth century opens, we know little about coloured glass, and there are few authentic stained windows before the thirteenth century.

The third chapter, 'Glazing,' is worthy of close attention. Mr. Day tells us how, for some time, the coloured window was almost entirely the work and art of the glazier:—

'The early glazier, it was said, painted, figuratively speaking, in glass; it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that he drew in lead-work'; and, at the end of the chapter, 'Mere glazing has been here discussed

discussed at a length which perhaps neither existing work of the kind nor the modern practice of the craft (more is the pity) might seem to demand. It is the most modest, the rudest even, of stained glass; but it is the beginning and foundation of glass window-making, and it affects most deeply even the fully-developed art of the sixteenth century.

Beginners should approach the subject by the study of the purest mosaic glass. Much that is false in art may be learnt from the accomplished glass painters of later ages. But the early mosaic glaziers can alone teach a true gospel, and Mr. Day takes us through the various processes by which the mere mosaic glass was improved or changed. The discovery of the art of flashing or coating glass, that is, the placing of one layer upon another, was important. Yet more important was the discovery of a pure transparent stain of yellow, varying, according to the heat of the furnace, from palest lemon to deepest orange, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is produced with a solution of silver, is absolutely indelible, and has done more to give brightness to windows than any other invention.

Mr. Day goes on to tell of other processes and discoveries, and shows how gradually the painter usurped the place of the glazier, or, in the best time, shared it with him, until finally he, or, worse still, the enameller, became supreme, and, by their processes, destroyed the beauty and peculiar characteristics of the material in which they were working, and so brought the art itself into decay and ruin.

At the end of his chapter on mosaic glass, Mr. Day emphasizes the fact—

‘that there was a time when glazier and painter took something like an equal part in a window, or, to speak more precisely, there were for a time windows in which the two took such equal part that each seemed to rely upon the other—when, if the artist was a painter, he was a glazier too. If so, they must have worked together on equal terms and without rivalry, neither attempting to push his cleverness to the front, each regardful of the other, both working to one end—which was not a mosaic, nor a painting, nor a picture, but a window.’

This happy moment arrived, Mr. Day thinks, towards the end of the fifteenth century, but there is no doubt that it is difficult to define the periods of glass painting very accurately. A great artist could produce and combine his methods in such a way that the strongest adherents of the mosaic, the painted, perhaps even of the enamel method, would have to acknowledge that the artist was greater than his materials, and could produce masterpieces by any method that he chose

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to employ. The aim of every great artist has been to make a beautiful window; to make it so that the material in which he worked, the glass, should not lose its special characteristics of brilliancy and durability. When the glazier became the painter he ran into the danger of diminishing that brilliancy, and the exquisite variety of shading which the chances of burning give to each separate piece of glass; and when the enamellist succeeded the painter, even the durability which the pot-metal glass gives to the picture was endangered, because the process of enamelling on glass is in its essence opposed to durability. The one thing necessary to the safe performance of the operation is that the various glass pigments shall be of such consistency as to melt at a lower temperature than the glass on which they are painted. That, of course, must keep its shape in the kiln, or all would be spoilt. The melting of the pigment is as a matter of fact made easier by the admixture of some substance less unyielding than glass, such as borax, to make it flow. This 'flux,' as it is called, makes the pulverized glass with which it is mixed appreciably softer than the glass to which it is apparently quite securely fixed by the fire. It is thus more susceptible to the action of the atmosphere, and in due course of time, perhaps no very long time, it scales off.

It is evident, in spite of his very judicial mind, that Mr. Day admires, though his admiration is mingled with sorrow, the admittedly magnificent work of the late sixteenth-century glass artists. He feels that the very splendour of their talent ruined the art. Their followers used their evil processes, but, not having their genius, fell into the slough, into which the mosaic glazier could never have tumbled. We have had sometimes to take the part of these great men, who, we think, have been rather neglected through that ecclesiastical turn of mind which has done so much to fill our churches and, alas! our cathedrals also, with wretched glass. These splendid artist-workers knew what they wanted and accomplished it as far as it was possible.

We hardly think that those who have placed coloured windows in the churches in our day have known, or even now know, what they want. They wanted, perhaps, something belonging to a certain century, something sufficiently out of drawing to be mediæval, and with plenty of colour, for their money. To appreciate the greatest work has been beyond their power or knowledge. But to return to our sixteenth-century masters. Bad processes in any art must be always bad, and therefore there can, we think, be little defence for bad enamelling, or for enamelling at all, except possibly to a certain limited degree. But that it is always evil

evil we do not think, and we believe that results prove the fact. For over-painting, as in the Munich glass, there is little to be said, and about Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous window at Oxford it is well to be silent. That great man was neither a glazier nor a glass painter; but that there can be any comparison, as between works of art, between the best windows of the thirteenth century and the best windows of the sixteenth century, from those of Arnaut de Moles at Auch, of Guillaume de Marseilles at Arezzo, to the Crabeth Brothers at Gouda, we cannot admit. Every art must come to its greatest achievement, at least so history tells us, and then there must follow decay and deterioration. The magnificent thought with which Michael Angelo inspired his marble will ever speak to those who have brains to read it, but he was copied by men who, having eyes, saw not, and, having brains, could not use them to noble purposes as he did; and Michael Angelo bears the blame for the follies, eccentricities, and excesses of his followers. So it was with painted glass: the moment came when the best was accomplished—Guillaume de Marseilles had worked at Arezzo, Rome, and other places, and Arnaut de Moles at Auch had given an immortality to a very commonplace piece of architecture, and had signed his name under the inscription '*Noli me tangere*' placed on the window of the Risen Christ; the Brothers Crabeth and their fellows had filled the whitewashed church of Gouda with works which it would be impossible to surpass, while at Brussels, Bernard Van Orley added a magnificence to a cathedral which much needed the help. Are they to be blamed because other and lesser men have been unable to use with reason and success the processes, of what kind you will, which have made these great masters immortal, and have enabled them to produce works which have stood, and are standing, the severe tests of time?

At the end of the fifteenth century the Gothic inspiration was exhausting itself, and was being transformed by the new breath of the Renaissance into a less ecclesiastically minded form than art had for centuries taken. It was the same with all the arts. Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. brought back with them from Italy, and spread abroad, the breath which was to inspire the new century; Greece and Rome were in varied forms to live again and become as beautiful in their new birth as they had been in past time. Sculptors, potters, architects, and painters produced works which we of these days cannot even copy; and so it was with the glass painters. These varied processes, which, like all good things, may be abused, they knew how to use, and  
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instead of merely aiming at glory of colour, or pious but insipid conventional figures of saints in their canopies, they achieved pictures in glass glorious in colour—the work of real painters (who could have been great on canvas, had they so chosen), painting for us scenes which delight the intellect while they please the senses. In the sixteenth century, painted glass, like all other arts, reached its highest point, and it seems foolish to blame these greatest masters of their art because they introduced methods in using which their followers failed. Yet surely the glass painters of to-day may take courage from this failure, and, by avoiding very evident mistakes, produce in the future windows for our churches or town halls which will approach the glories of Brussels, Gouda, Auch, or Arezzo.

Mr. Day ends his chapter on Picture-Windows thus:—

‘Occur where it may, it (Painting) is a false note which stops our admiration short; and after all our enthusiasm we come back heart-whole to our delight in the earlier, bolder, more monumental, and more workmanlike mosaic glass. The beautiful sixteenth-century work at Montmorency or Conches does not shake the conviction of the glass lover that the painter is there a little too much in evidence—that something of simple, dignified decoration is sacrificed to the display of skill. The balance between glass decoration and picture is, perhaps, never more nearly adjusted than in some of the rather earlier Italian windows.’

The second book is on the course of design, which is traced downwards from its beginning. We select for a few words Chapter XIII., on Early Grisaille. The Cistercian Interdict of 1134, which only allowed white glass to be used in the churches of that Order, may have helped to improve or perfect these grisaille windows.

‘The one way of painting grisailles,’ writes Mr. Day, ‘in the thirteenth century, was to trace the design boldly upon the white glass, and then to cross-hatch the ground more or less delicately according to the scale of the work, and its distance from the eye.’

By this means the pattern was made to stand out clear and light against the background, which had now the value of a tint, only a much more brilliant one than could have been got by a film or wash of colour. ‘Of this beautiful decoration there is much to be seen in our own cathedrals—in York, Salisbury, Lincoln, and elsewhere,’ and abundance of it in French cathedrals, at least of the earlier periods. But in spite of the dictum of M. Viollet-le-Duc,\* who, we believe, objected

\* ‘Every bit of white glass,’ he said, ‘should be diapered with pattern traced with a brush; and, since this treatment is not possible in flesh painting, flesh ought not to be painted.’



to the use of grisaille for figures in pictorial glass, we would advise all who like beautiful things to visit the church of St. Alpin, at Chalons-sur-Marne, and see the grisaille windows there; or, should they be near to the interesting little town of Gisors, to admire the window in which the History of the Virgin is told by the same process; or, yet again, to study it in the church of St. Pantaleon, at Troyes, where they will find the grisaille windows by Jehan Macadre and Lutereau, glass painters of Troyes, representing the Legend of the Cross and the Life of the Virgin, for which Cardinal Richelieu offered eighteen thousand livres.

Mr. Day's Book III. begins with a useful and interesting chapter on 'The Characteristics of Style.' These, so far as is possible and within limits, he helps us to define. It continues with a chapter on 'Style in Modern Glass,' in which he impresses upon us that mere attempts to copy old glass are absurd:—

'To affect a style is practically to adopt the faults and follies of the period. . . . The archæologist and architect may claim too much. Why should the modern designer submit to be shackled by obsolete traditions? So far as technique is concerned, it can scarcely be questioned that the only rational thing to do is to do the best that can be done under the circumstances.'

Archæologists who admittedly know as much about old glass as Mr. Winston may fail as utterly even to direct design aright as he did at Glasgow. The Munich windows there are glaring evidence of the faults which a learned antiquary and devoted glass-lover can countenance:—

'We never wander so wide of the old mediæval spirit as when we pretend to be mediæval, or play at Gothic. True style, as craftsmen know, consists in the character which comes of accepting quite frankly the conditions inherent in our work.'

Then follow interesting chapters on Jesse windows and Story windows; and then a chapter full of wise advice on 'How to see Windows':—

'It is not always easy to see them well if you are only remaining in a place for a short time, and are only able to give one visit to the church. To appreciate them you must go at the right time of day, at the hour when the sunlight suits their particular position—else you will form very wrong opinions of their worth. A comparatively dark church is essential to the perfect enjoyment of rich glass, and you must not hurry your appreciation. You have not seen glass when you have walked round the church with one eye upon it, the other on your watch. You must let its charm take hold of you, and give yourself up to it.'

Mr. Day

Mr. Day illustrates the difference which the strength of the light makes in the appearance of a window by its effect on translucent alabaster, at Orvieto and San Miniato. These effects, or some of them, we have noticed in passing through Bologna, in the very interesting sevenfold church of San Stefano. The variations produced by different amounts of light and at different hours of the day upon the thin alabaster slabs are so remarkable that it is hardly possible to believe that the light is shining through the same medium.

Mr. Day's short chapter on needle-point in Glass-Painting, which is virtually a chapter on Swiss glass, is extremely interesting. It was the glass painters of Switzerland who, although latest in the field, produced some of the very best work in one particular department. "The Swiss glass artist depended almost entirely upon the point: his work is, in fact, a kind of etching." And it is as beautiful as anything that has been done in glass. In the Rath-Haus at Lucerne there is a very interesting collection—some thirty or forty pieces—which every lover of glass ought to see. The collection, which is the property of a Society, is only open for exhibition from May to October; but on explaining to some of the members how deeply the subject interested the present writer, the doors were thrown open in April, and he had ample time to study its beauties. He takes this opportunity to thank M. Boissard and M. Troxler for their courtesy and kindness in this matter.

The specimens range in date from 1598 to 1701; and it is interesting to know that, as produced by these skilful artists and workmen, even the much derided enamel work has stood the test of time. It has been durable. There is a 'Judgment of Solomon,' by Franz Fallenter (1598), which in colour and design is most pleasing. But in 1606 the new Rath-Haus, which had been commenced in 1602, was nearly finished, and the Mayor and Council of Lucerne invited their countrymen of the neighbouring towns and cantons to present them with their respective armorial bearings on coloured glass, to adorn the new building. There are, we think, fourteen pieces. Thirteen of them, dated 1606, are said to be by Josias Murer of Lucerne. The piece with the arms of Berne upon it was, it has been thought, painted by a Bernese artist, Meister Hans Jacob Häbschi, in 1607, the canton wishing to exhibit the skill of their own artist as well as the beauty of their armorial bearings. The cantons represented are—Lucerne, Zurich, Berne, Zug, Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Fryberg, Basel, Solothurn, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, and the Bishopric of Basel. Among these wonderful pieces of work, the finest is perhaps  
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that which was given by Wilhelmus von Gottesgnaden, Bischof zu Basel, in 1609.

In these windows pot-metal glass is used as far as possible for the larger pieces of ruby or other colour; the detail being painted with enamel for the jewels of a mitre or for portions of the arms. But at a later date we come to windows in which, from the necessity of the case, enamelling is more largely employed. In one pane more particularly, where the Virgin and Child enthroned are surrounded by very small shields of arms, about the size of an ordinary watch, enamel is exclusively used. It bears the signature H. J. G., 1655 (Hans Jacob Geilinger).

In the cathedral, dedicated to St. Leodegar, are twenty pieces of coloured glass, but so far away from the eye that they are seen with difficulty. They represent scenes from the Passion and from the life of the Virgin. The treatment is heavy and not equal to those in the Rath-Haus collection. Behind the cathedral, in the Église des Capucins, are three windows—one very fine one representing St. Leodegar and St. Mauritius, the patron saints of Lucerne. The two others are much restored. There are also beautiful specimens in the museum at Basel and at Paris, both at the Louvre and in the Musée de Cluny, and some also at South Kensington.

With a pleasant chapter on 'Windows worth seeing' and with a wise word on 'Restoration' Mr. Day ends his book. Restoration is a word to make the artist shudder. Many windows have been ruined in this process—those, for instance, at St. Denis, at the Sainte Chapelle, and at Notre Dame de Paris. At St. Gervais, in Paris, for another example, the famous window representing the Judgment of Solomon now presents a commonplace washed-out appearance. Some day we may come to perceive what the great church restorers of the Gothic revival in England and France have done for us—those, even, whose honoured ashes repose in the national sanctuary at Westminster.

Mr. Day's book is eminently practical and thoroughly enjoyable. Its illustrations are excellent and valuable, and the publisher may be congratulated on its printing and general appearance. It is to be hoped that it may be read by a large number of persons, and especially by those who have charge of our churches and cathedrals, and who, as part of their great responsibility, should be anxious to learn how to fill them not only with coloured glass but with works of art.

ART. VIII.—*Simplification of the Law.* By Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., the Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury. (Reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review' of January 1874.) 1875.

**I**N 1874 Lord Thring, then Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' an article, afterwards published separately as a pamphlet, in which he sketched the existing condition of the statute law and common law, as embodied in some eighteen thousand statutes and some hundred thousand reported cases, discussed some of the popular suggestions for improving the form of the law, and propounded some suggestions of his own. Of these latter, the most important was the establishment of a new Department of the Government, to be represented in Parliament by a Cabinet Minister, and charged with the special duties of supervising current legislation and improving the form of the Statute Book.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century it may be worth while to take stock of what has been done in the direction indicated by Lord Thring's pamphlet, and to consider what further steps towards improving the form of our law, more particularly of our statute law, seem desirable and feasible.

The unsatisfactory condition of the statute law has engaged the attention of Parliament fitfully for a good deal more than three hundred years. That precocious monarch, Edward VI., when a boy of thirteen, expressed a wish that 'when time shall serve, the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might better understand them, which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the Commonwealth.' Sir Nicholas Bacon, when Lord Keeper under Queen Elizabeth, and his greater son, when Attorney-General under James I., both submitted schemes for reforming and recompiling the statute law. Francis Bacon proposed 'to repeal all statutes which are sleeping and not of use, and yet snaring and in force,' and to take steps for 'the reducing of convenient statutes heaped one upon another to one clear and uniform law.' King James, in a speech from the throne, spoke of 'divers cross and cuffling statutes, and some so framed that they may be taken in divers, yea, contrary, senses,' and desired that they might be 'maturely reviewed and reconciled.' Under the Commonwealth, the 'Rump' Parliament appointed Committees with instructions 'to revise all former statutes and ordinances now in force, and to consider, as well which are fit to be continued, altered,

altered, or repealed, as how the same may be reduced into a compendious way and exact method for the more safe and clear understanding of the people.' But though these Committees comprised such distinguished members as Whitelock, Hale, and Ashley Cooper, their labours came to naught, and the subject of statute law reform appears to have slumbered until the beginning of the present century.

In 1816 both Houses of Parliament passed resolutions that a digest of the statutes should be made, and that an eminent lawyer with twenty clerks under him should be commissioned to do the work. It does not appear that this resolution was carried into effect; but its results are to be indirectly traced in the numerous measures of consolidation which were passed between 1820 and 1830, and particularly in the series of Acts passed by Sir Robert Peel for consolidating and amending the criminal law.

The Reform Act of 1832 and the accession to office of Brougham as Lord Chancellor gave a new impetus to the cause of law reform; and one of Brougham's first steps was to appoint a Royal Commission with instructions to digest and consolidate the criminal law, and to inquire into the expediency of consolidating other branches of the law.\*

Brougham's Commission of 1833 sat till 1845, when it was superseded by another Commission, appointed by Lord Lyndhurst. Then came Lord Cranworth's temporary Statutory Law Board of 1853, superseded in the next year by a Statute Law Commission, consisting of all the greatest dignitaries of the law, with Mr. Bellenden Ker as the single paid Commissioner. Mr. Bellenden Ker was, in fact, the one continuous member of all the successive Commissions and Boards.

The Commission of 1833 and its successors spent a considerable amount of public money, published several volumes of learned reports, sketched out and left unfinished a large number of Bills, supplied legal dignitaries in Parliament with materials for ambitious programmes of law reform, squabbled a good deal about such questions as whether consolidation ought to precede revision or *vice versa*, but did not produce much in the form of tangible results. At last the patience of Parliament was exhausted. Mr. Locke King made himself the mouthpiece of their impatience, and in 1857 moved an address praying Her

\* It may be interesting to note that Macaulay's Commission for digesting and codifying the law of India was appointed at about the same time as Brougham's Commission. It lingered on for many years after Macaulay's return from India; but its chief achievement was the Indian Penal Code, which, though drawn by Macaulay, did not become law till 1860.

Majesty to dispense with the services of the Statute Law Commission. Lord John Russell, while opposing the motion, practically threw the Commission over, and it was allowed to expire in 1859.

If the net results of the Statute Law Commissions that sat from 1833 to 1859 were to be summed up, they would, apart from a vast mass of reports, suggestions, and sketches, practically reduce themselves to three things: first, a measure of 1856, which, during its progress through Parliament was known as the Sleeping Statutes Bill, but would now be described as a Statute Law Revision Bill, and which repealed one hundred and twenty obsolete statutes; secondly, the seven Criminal Law Consolidation Acts which became law in 1861; and, lastly, a Register of Statutes of the present century, which served as a basis for successive Statute Law Revision Bills, and for the Chronological Table prefixed to the Index to living statutes.

It is to Sir Richard Bethell (Lord Westbury) that is mainly due the credit for practically initiating the systematic course of statute law revision which has now been pursued, with more or less activity, for nearly forty years. In 1860, when Attorney-General, he told the House of Commons that he had engaged two gentlemen to work on the obsolete Acts of Parliament, and that he intended to expurgate the Statute Book of all Acts which, though not expressly repealed, were not absolutely in force. A Bill framed on these lines was introduced by Lord Campbell, as Lord Chancellor, in 1861, became law as the Statute Law Revision Act of that year, and cleared away nine hundred obsolete Acts belonging to the period between 1770 and 1853.

In 1863 Bethell had become Lord Chancellor as Lord Westbury, and in that capacity himself introduced another Statute Law Revision Bill. In doing so, he took the opportunity of making a notable speech, in which he reviewed the history of attempts for the improvement of the statute law, and explained the principles on which the Bill of 1863 was framed:—

‘What he proposed was that the Statute Book should be revised and expurgated, weeding away all those enactments that are no longer in force, and arranging and classifying what is left under proper heads, bringing the dispersed statutes together, eliminating jarring and discordant provisions, and thus getting a harmonious whole instead of a chaos of inconsistent and contradictory enactments. . . . The statutes that were weeded out might be described as those which are no longer applicable to the modern state of society, enactments which have become wholly obsolete, enactments which have  
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been repealed by obscure or indirect processes, but which, until extirpated from the Statute Book, would be constantly the cause of uncertainty. . . . The task was one of great difficulty and delicacy. The reason for every alteration would be found in the Schedule, given opposite to the description of the enactment to which it had been applied.'

Lord Westbury's Bill was taken charge of in the House of Commons by Sir Roundell Palmer, and was warmly supported by Sir Hugh Cairns. It expurgated the Statute Book from the twentieth year of Henry II. to the first year of James II., and has been taken as the model of all subsequent Statute Law Revision Acts. The principles on which all those measures proceed are that nothing should be left out of any authorized edition of the Statute Book except by express authority of Parliament; and that nothing should be included in a Statute Law Revision Act which can in any respect be considered as living law, except where the only rights depending on the enactment repealed belong to one or two existing persons whose rights are saved by the saving clause.

The plan for systematic improvement of the statute law thus initiated by Lord Westbury, with the sanction of Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, involved a four-fold task: (1) Indexing, (2) Expurgation, (3) Republication, (4) Consolidation.

Active steps were soon taken to carry out these objects and to appoint a permanent body for the superintendence of the task. In 1867 and 1868 Lord Cairns, in conjunction with Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Shaw Lefevre (then Clerk of the Parliaments), and others, including Mr. Thring (now Lord Thring), who was then Counsel to the Home Office, and the late Sir Francis Reilly, worked out a scheme for the preparation of an Index to the Statutes and of a Revised Edition of the Statutes in force. The Index was to be accompanied by a Chronological Table of the Statutes, 'with a column showing those which had been repealed, and by what Acts, and showing also subsequent Acts containing important amendments and alterations of such as are not repealed.' The Revised Edition of the Statutes was to contain such statutes only as were still in force, and its preparation involved the simultaneous preparation of expurgatory Bills, clearing away the dead law. For the superintendence of this work the Lord Chancellor in 1868 appointed a Committee consisting of Sir J. Shaw Lefevre (Clerk of the Parliaments), Sir Thomas Erskine May (Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons), Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Rickards (Counsel to the Speaker), Mr. (afterwards Lord) Thring (Counsel to the Home Office), and Mr. (Sir Francis)

Francis) Reilly, who afterwards succeeded Sir G. Rickards as Counsel to the Speaker. They and their successors are the body which, under the name of the Statute Law Committee, has ever since 1868 continued to superintend the revision of the statute law by means of Statute Law Revision Bills, editions of Revised Statutes, successive editions of the Index and Chronological Table, and Consolidation Bills. Its members are unpaid, and it employs an officer of the House of Lords as its Secretary. The Lord Chancellor, who is now represented on the Committee by his permanent Secretary, may be regarded as its official mouthpiece in Parliament. Lord Thring is the only surviving member of the original Committee.

A body so constituted could hardly hope to perform satisfactorily the onerous task imposed on it without the kind of assistance which is supplied by a permanent Department of the Government. This assistance was supplied in 1869 by the new Office of Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury.

The machinery which has been employed for the manufacture of Acts of Parliament at different periods of Parliamentary history would form an interesting subject of investigation, but it is a subject which is involved in much obscurity. In a few cases, such as the Statute of Distribution and the Fines and Recoveries Act, the framing of some particular Act has been associated with the name of some eminent lawyer, and it is possible that an examination of the Treasury accounts would reveal the names of other lawyers to whom fees have been paid for similar services. But the majority of pre-Victorian statutes were probably drawn by Departmental scribes, more or less learned in the law. In the year 1837 a partial attempt was made to place under central control the task of drawing Government Bills, by the appointment of Mr. Drinkwater Bethune to a post in which he was charged with the duty of preparing Bills for Parliament under the directions of the Home Secretary. In 1848 Mr. Bethune became member of the Governor-General's Council at Calcutta, and was succeeded by Mr. Coulson, who was instructed to act under the directions of the Home Secretary in preparing Bills originating from any Department of the Government, and in revising and reporting on any Bills brought into either House of Parliament and referred to him by the Home Secretary for that purpose. In 1860 Mr. Coulson was in his turn succeeded by Mr. Henry Thring, now Lord Thring. Mr. Thring appears to have drawn all the most important Cabinet measures of his time, but it was found that as the number of Bills increased, different Departments employed independent counsel to draw their Bills,

Bills, while other Bills were drawn by Departmental officers without legal aid. The result of this system, or want of system, was far from satisfactory. The cost was great, for barristers employed 'by the job' were entitled to charge fees on the scale customary in private Parliamentary practice. There was no security for uniformity of language, style, or arrangement, in laws which were intended to find their place in a common Statute Book. Nor was there any security for uniformity of principle in measures for which the Government was collectively responsible. Different Departments introduced inconsistent Bills, and there was no adequate means by which the Prime Minister or the Cabinet as a whole could exercise effective control over measures fattered by individual Ministers. And lastly, there was no check on the financial consequences of legislation. There was nothing to prevent any Minister from introducing a Bill which would impose a heavy charge on the Treasury, and upset the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget calculations for the year.

In 1869 the acute and frugal mind of Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was much impressed with the defective nature of these arrangements. The remedy which he devised was the establishment of an Office which should be responsible for the preparation of all Government Bills, and which should be subordinate to the Treasury, and thus brought into immediate relation, not only with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but with the First Lord of the Treasury, who is usually Prime Minister. Mr. Thring was appointed head of this Office, with the title of Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, and was given a permanent assistant,\* and a Treasury allowance for office expenses and for such outside legal assistance as he might require. The whole of the time of the Parliamentary Counsel and his assistant was to be given to the public, and they were not to engage in private practice. The Parliamentary Counsel was to settle all such Departmental Bills, and draw all such other Government Bills (except Scotch and Irish Bills), as he might be required by the Treasury to settle and draw. The instructions for the preparation of every Bill were to be in writing and sent by the heads of the Departments to the Parliamentary Counsel through the Treasury, to which latter Department he was to be considered responsible. On the requisition of the Treasury he was to advise on all cases arising on Bills or Acts drawn by

\* Mr. Jenkyns, now Sir Henry Jenkyns, K.C.B.

him, and to report in special cases referred to him by the Treasury on Bills brought in by private members. It was not to be part of his duty to write memoranda or schemes for Bills, or to attend Parliamentary Committees, unless under instructions from the Treasury.

The staff of the Parliamentary Counsel's Office still remains on the same modest scale as that with which it was established in 1869. The permanent staff consists of the Parliamentary Counsel and the Assistant Parliamentary Counsel, with three shorthand writers, an office-keeper, and an office-boy, and these together 'run' what may be called the legislative workshop. The amount allowed for payments to members of the Bar working under the direction and on the responsibility of the Parliamentary Counsel was originally estimated at an annual sum of 1000*l.*; but this estimate has since been increased to 1,500*l.*, mainly in consequence of the increase in Consolidation Bills, and the additional work involved in attendance on Standing Committees. Of the barristers employed, two at present attend regularly at the office, doing such work as may be required of them. But their attendance is purely voluntary; they are under no permanent engagement; they are paid by fees in accordance with the amount of work done by them; and they have their own chambers, and are at liberty to take, and do take, outside work. Such other assistance as is required by the Parliamentary Counsel is given by members of the Bar practising at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple. During recent years such assistance has been mainly required either for Consolidation Bills or for Bills with respect to which the advice of special experts is desirable.

The Statute Law Committee and the Parliamentary Counsel's Office work in intimate connexion with each other. The Parliamentary Counsel is a member of the Committee, its meetings are usually held at his office, and the work recommended by the Committee has been mainly done by draftsmen working under his instructions. In fact, the task of indexing, expurgating, and rearranging the Statute Book has for many years practically constituted a second charge on the time of the Parliamentary Counsel's Office, and has occupied all the time that could be spared from attending to current legislation and advising on questions connected with such legislation. Thus the Statute Law Committee and the Parliamentary Counsel form together the nucleus of a Legislative Department, such as has been established for India and has done such useful work in consolidating and codifying the Anglo-Indian law.

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Such being the machinery available, we are in a position to consider what it has accomplished during the last thirty years towards the improvement of the statute law.

The first edition of the Chronological Table and Index of the Statutes was published in 1870, the Index having been framed mainly by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Jenkyns, and the Chronological Table by the late Mr. A. J. Wood. This work has been improved and brought up to date by successive editions, and constitutes an indispensable guide to the labyrinth of the statute law. The last (thirteenth) edition has, for the sake of convenience, been divided into two volumes, one containing the Chronological Table, the other the Index.

The first volume of the Revised Edition of the Statutes was published in the same year, 1870, and the edition was completed in accordance with the original design in August 1878, by the publication of the fifteenth volume, comprising the statutes of the year 1868, the last year to which revision had then been carried by means of Statute Law Revision Bills. Further Statute Law Revision Bills were subsequently prepared and passed, and with their help three more volumes of the Revised Statutes were produced, comprising the Acts from 1868 to 1878. The last volume was published in 1885.

In 1886 Mr. George Howell, M.P., addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling his attention to the expediency of providing a cheap edition of the Statutes for the use of the public. This letter was referred to the Statute Law Committee, who recommended the publication in a cheap form of a new edition of the Statutes, as revised by expurgation of dead matter, and a further revision of the Statutes so far as it could be effected without unduly delaying the issue of the edition. The Government of the day approved of the recommendation, and steps were at once taken for carrying it into effect. The first volume of the new edition of the Revised Statutes was published in 1888, and included all the Statutes then in force to the end of the reign of Queen Anne (1239-1713). The second volume, published in 1889, brought the work down to the end of the eighteenth century. Three more volumes completed the pre-Victorian statutes; eight more, or thirteen in all, bringing the work down to 1875, have since been published. Each volume costs seven shillings and sixpence, and has an index of its own, and a chronological table showing how each enactment of the period to which it relates has been repealed. The progress of the work was for a time delayed by difficulties in passing through the House of Commons the Consolidation Bills necessary to its preparation,

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but under the arrangements now in force the work has progressed as rapidly as is consistent with the exigencies of printing, and with the minute and laborious examination required for maintaining the proper standard of accuracy.

The saving of cost and labour which has accrued to the public from these revised editions of the Statutes may be made apparent by a very few figures. The first edition of the Revised Statutes substituted eighteen volumes for one hundred and eighteen. The new edition contains in five volumes the enactments down to the beginning of the present reign, which formerly occupied seventy-seven volumes. There are, indeed, two classes of persons whose needs the revised edition will not fully meet, and, it may be added, was not specially designed to meet. The judge who has to decide, the counsel who has to advise on, the construction of an obscure enactment, frequently finds it necessary to refer to the language of Acts or sections which have been repealed, either as dead law by Statute Law Revision Acts, or as superseded law by amending or consolidating Acts. To the historical student the law of the past is even more important than the law of the present. Both these classes of persons require an edition of the Statutes containing everything that has been repealed, either by way of statute law revision or otherwise. But both these classes may derive material assistance from the notes and tables in the revised edition, which show the reasons for each repeal or omission. And to the ordinary legislator, official, lawyer, or member of the public, it is surely an immense advantage to have an edition of the Statutes which contains only living law, which is comprised within a reasonable compass, and which may be purchased for a reasonable price.

It will have been seen from the foregoing review that the process of improving the statute law by expurgation of the dead and republication of the living law, after having been carried on actively and continuously for nearly thirty years, is now approaching its completion. It remains to consider what has been done, and what still needs to be done, in the direction of consolidation. The record of progress in this direction is less satisfactory. But then the difficulties involved are much greater. There is a common fallacy that the task of consolidating Acts of Parliament is mainly mechanical, and involves little more than the use of paste and scissors. There can be no greater delusion. In the first place it must be remembered that our statute law extends over six centuries of the national life, and that every statute speaks with the language and bears the colour of its time. What would



would be the literary effect of placing in immediate juxtaposition sentences or fragments of sentences from Wyclif, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Johnson, Macaulay? Or conceive a line of soldiers consisting of the Black Prince's long-bowmen, Cromwell's buff-coated troops, the grenadier of the 'March to Finchley,' and Mr. Thomas Atkins, marching shoulder to shoulder. Such a literary jumble, such a motley and ill-assorted array, would be produced by a congeries of extracts from Plantagenet, Tudor, Georgian, and Victorian statutes. Then, apart from considerations of language, every statute is framed with reference to, and presupposes the existence of, the law, the judicial and administrative institutions, and the social conditions, of its time. During the last sixty years, the leading judicial and administrative institutions of this country have been completely remodelled. The consolidator who did not carry his work further back than the beginning of the present reign would have to deal with a time when there were no Supreme Court of Judicature, no County Courts, no Local Government Board, no County, District or Parish Councils; when in fact the ordinary machinery referred to and implied in Acts of Parliament was wholly different. Nor can the consolidator afford to overlook the more subtle and elusive effects produced on the operation of a statute by changes in the rules of substantive law, in rules of procedure, or in social conditions. Again, enactments relating to the same subject-matter, even when belonging approximately to the same period, are not infrequently drawn in different styles, and employ, intentionally or deliberately, different phrases to express the same thing, and differences of this kind must be removed if ambiguity and inconsistency are to be avoided. Lastly, the comparison and recasting of different enactments are certain to bring to the surface obscurities and inconsistencies, some of which may have been made the subject of judicial or other comment, while others may have lurked unseen. It is difficult to justify the retention and stereotyping of these defects, and at the same time it is difficult to remove them without incurring the charge of altering, while professing to reproduce, the law. The upshot is that the work of consolidation requires intimate acquaintance with past as well as with existing laws and institutions, involves the re-writing and not merely the placing together of laws, the substitution of modern for antiquated language and machinery, the harmonizing of inconsistent enactments, and yet the performance of this work in such a way as to effect the minimum of change in expressions which have been made the subject of judicial decisions

decisions and on which a long course of practice has been based. The performance of such a task with the degree of accuracy properly required by Parliament requires minute examination and careful deliberation, and imposes a heavy burden, not merely on the draftsman but on numerous members of the official administrative staff.

And, whilst the preparation of Consolidation Acts is no easy task, their introduction and passage through Parliament is apt to be attended with considerable difficulty. Statute law reform is one of those things which everyone praises in the abstract, but about which, in its concrete form, no one is enthusiastic. No Minister expects to obtain much credit from passing a measure of consolidation. Such measures are not eagerly demanded by the constituencies, and do not figure as items in any political programme. The permanent official, to whom a Minister looks for advice, is often reluctant to alter the form of Acts with which he is familiar, and knows that the preparation of a Consolidation Bill may severely tax the time of himself and his subordinates. Hence a Minister is naturally unwilling to introduce such a measure except on an assurance that it will pass unopposed, and will not encroach on the scanty time available for proposals looming more largely in the public eye. And such an assurance cannot always be obtained. It is difficult to disabuse the average member of Parliament of the notion that the introduction of a Consolidation Bill affords a suitable opportunity for proposing amendments, to satisfy him that re-enactment does not mean approval or perpetuation of the existing law, or to convince him that attempts to combine substantial amendment with consolidation almost inevitably spell failure in both. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties and obstacles, reasonable progress has been made since 1869 with the consolidation of various branches of the statute law. Among the groups of enactments which have been consolidated may be mentioned those relating to the Coinage, the National Debt, Stamps and Stamp Duties, the Customs, the Management of Taxes, the Slave Trade, Public Health, Weights and Measures, the Militia, Sheriffs, Coroners, Mortmain, County Courts, Commissioners for Oaths, Factors, Lunacy, Foreign Jurisdiction, Foreign Marriages, the Housing of the Working Classes, Municipal Corporations, Public Libraries, Trustees, Copyhold, Diseases of Animals, Merchant Shipping, Friendly Societies. Most of these Acts have been drawn in pursuance of recommendations by the Statute Law Committee, and through the agency of the Parliamentary Counsel's office. In some cases Parliamentary obstruction has been indirectly of use in suggest-  
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ing and stimulating improvements in the form of the statute law. Thus the Army Act, which forms a standing code for the discipline of the army, but in accordance with constitutional usage is annually brought into force by a short Continuance Act, owes its origin to the difficulties which were experienced in passing through Parliament the old-fashioned, cumbrous, lengthy Mutiny Acts. Under the new system the annual Continuance Acts embody, in a brief and technical form, such amendments of the law as are from time to time found requisite, and provision is made for periodically reprinting the standing Army Act with these amendments. There are other recent Acts, owing their initiation to the Statute Law Committee, and fashioned in the Parliamentary Counsel's office, which, though not falling precisely within the category of Consolidation Acts, serve the same useful purpose of shortening and simplifying the form of the statute law. The Interpretation Act of 1889 generalizes a number of definitions and rules of construction which had been in common use, and thus promotes uniformity of language, and supersedes a vast number of special clauses and provisions. The Short Titles Act of 1892 facilitated the reference to statutes, and has proved to be of much use in reducing the length and cost of legal documents involving such reference. It has now been supplemented and superseded by the Short Titles Act of 1896, which gives short titles to all Public General Acts passed since the Union with Scotland. The Public Authorities Protection Act of 1894 substituted a short general provision for the various and often unsatisfactory devices by which Departments of the Government and other public authorities had previously sought protection against unscrupulous litigants.

But if the amount already accomplished in the direction of consolidation is not despicable, the amount which remains to be done is great indeed, and would suffice to occupy for many years the spare time of the Statute Law Committee, the Parliamentary Counsel's Office, the Government Departments, and Parliament. The numerous groups of Acts which have to be administered by the newly constituted or remodelled local authorities—County Councils, District Councils, Parish Councils, Boards of Guardians—stand in urgent need of simplification. The provisions of the Poor Law are still embodied in a series of Acts beginning with the statute of Elizabeth and extending over a period of three centuries. The law of Public Health for the country outside London, though consolidated in 1875, has been much amended since, and requires not only consolidation but adaptation to the new machinery through which it is to be administered.

administered. The law relating to highways is even more fragmentary and obsolete. Had these and kindred branches of the law been consolidated, the task of framing the recent Local Government Acts would have been infinitely easier, and their form would have been far more satisfactory. But, as is usual in such cases, consolidation waited for amendment and amendment waited for consolidation. The enactments relating to the Supreme Court of Judicature are formidable in number and complication, and most of them could, without serious difficulty, be brought within the compass of a single Act. The law regulating some of the great public Departments, such as the Post Office, is ripe and over-ripe for consolidation. The Acts relating to the Government of India are more than forty in number, and some of them date from before the time of Warren Hastings.

What seems to be most needed is the formation of a body of public opinion which will encourage and stimulate the Government of the day in the introduction of Consolidation Bills, and the establishment of a practice under which Parliament will accept and pass them with a reasonable guarantee of their accuracy. The success which until a year or two ago had attended recent experiments in improving the machinery for carrying such measures through Parliament seemed to supply favourable omens for their easier progress in the future. In a long series of years Parliament had been in the habit of passing without question the successive Statute Law Revision Bills introduced by the Government. But in 1889 objection was taken to the Bill of that year, partly on the ground that enactments of the present reign could not safely be repealed by such measures. The Bill was reintroduced in 1890, and referred to a Select Committee, who reported that they desired to 'express their sense of the great caution and accuracy with which the Bill has been prepared, and their opinion that the Statute Law Committee and its assistants have fully justified the confidence which has been shown in them by both Houses of Parliament.' So far from being of opinion that the process of statute law revision had been carried too far, they came to the conclusion that it might be 'safely made much more extensive and valuable' by the repeal of preambles; and in accordance with this intimation of opinion the shorter expressions authorized by the Interpretation Act and the Short Titles Act have been adopted in the Revised Statutes, and authority has been given to omit preambles when merely of a formal nature. It was, however, thought prudent to strengthen the guarantees for accuracy by arranging that every Statute Law Revision Bill should be referred

referred for examination to a special Joint Committee of the two Houses.

It was subsequently determined to refer Consolidation Bills to the same Joint Committee, and the results of the determination were, on the whole, very successful. The Committee of 1894 examined and passed four Consolidation Bills, three of them of great importance and magnitude, including the gigantic Merchant Shipping Bill, with its seven hundred and forty-eight clauses and twenty-two schedules. The result of their labours was accepted by the two Houses, and the Bills became law, their passage through the House of Commons being materially facilitated by a ruling that amendments of substance are out of order in a measure professing by its title to be mere consolidation. The report of the Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill explains clearly the principles on which they proceeded. The Committee express an opinion that the Bill 'reproduces the existing enactments with such alterations only as are required for uniformity of expression and adaptation to existing law and practice, and does not embody any substantial amendment of the law.' They state that they had in some instances removed ambiguities, made consequential alterations, corrected obvious mistakes, and struck out obsolete matter. They had heard representatives of the ship-owners and seamen, and carefully considered the views expressed by them as to the effect of the consolidating measure on their several interests. In point of fact the Committee performed their duty in the most careful and exhaustive manner. They required every departure from the existing text of the law to be explained and justified, every case in which the removal of an ambiguity or inconsistency seemed desirable to be submitted for express decision.

Sundry Consolidation Bills were introduced in 1895, but were all nipped in the bud by the early dissolution of Parliament. The work was resumed in the Session of 1896, but the results were disappointing. A measure for consolidating the enactments relating to friendly societies became law, thanks to the active support of the representatives of the principal societies. But another measure which had cost much valuable time and labour was sacrificed to opposition in the House of Commons. The Acts relating to the administration of the Post Office have not been consolidated since 1837. In their present form they constitute a complicated piece of patchwork representing legislation which has extended over the whole of the present reign. A Bill for consolidating these enactments into a single measure of ninety-three sections had been prepared, and was introduced into the House

House of Lords at the beginning of the Session of 1896. After second reading it was referred to the Joint Committee on Consolidation Bills, and there underwent a most careful and minute examination. As revised by the Committee it was passed by the House of Lords and sent down to the House of Commons, but on its arrival it was dropped, on the ground that the Post Office Acts required amendments of substance, and that no measure of consolidation would be satisfactory which did not embody these amendments. At the end of the Session there was no time to argue the matter out, and the Bill had to be dropped, much to the regret of the Lord Chancellor and of his predecessor in office, Lord Herschell, both of whom pointed out in forcible language that if Consolidation Bills were to meet with opposition unless they embodied amendment as well as consolidation, all prospects of proceeding with the important work of consolidating the statute law of England had disappeared.

The fears thus expressed have, up to the present time, been completely realized. The Post Office Consolidation Bill was again introduced in 1897, was again passed through the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, but was again blocked in the House of Commons, on the ground, it is understood, that it was not, as it professed to be, a measure of consolidation, and amid the press of current business no time could be found for discussing and meeting the objections thus raised. Neither the Post Office Bill nor any other measure of consolidation was submitted to Parliament in 1898. It was doubtless felt that a body like the Joint Committee could not reasonably be asked to spend their time in examining the arid details of a Consolidation Bill if their labours were to be lightly set aside in the House of Commons, without due consideration for their care and good faith. Thus the work of consolidating the contents of the Statute Book, a work which has, under the direction and with the assistance of a succession of eminent Lord Chancellors, been carried on with more or less activity during the last thirty years, has for the present been absolutely suspended. This is not a state of things which can be contemplated with satisfaction. Can any remedy be discovered? Two things seem needed: first, such an expression of public opinion as would justify the Ministers of the Crown in undertaking a troublesome task; and secondly, a restoration of Parliamentary confidence in the work done under the authority of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons.

Is consolidation of the statute law worth the trouble that it involves? This is a question which ought to be fairly and squarely



squarely met. There are some, including men entitled to speak with high authority, who would say that it is not. Doubtless, they would say, the existing statutes are numerous, fragmentary, and ill-expressed. But, with the expenditure of a reasonable amount of time and with the help of a decent Index, it is always possible to find what you want in the Statute Book. Consolidation in the form of verbal literal reproduction of existing enactments is, for the reasons referred to above, impracticable. Consolidation in any other form involves the risk of altering the law in ways not desired or intended by the legislature. New language raises new questions and means new litigation. And then the apparent simplicity of a Consolidation Act is illusory. If a question of construction arises it is often necessary to look beyond the words of the existing Act and to consider the effect of previous enactments. So that the old search is still necessary, and there is added to it the difficulty of becoming familiar with another statute, novel in language and arrangement. This is the kind of answer which might not unnaturally be given by a judge who is accustomed to hear questions of statutory construction argued out by eminent counsel on either side, or by a leading barrister who has through long experience acquired familiarity with the intricacies of the Statute Book or of such part of it as he is most likely to want, who has at his disposal 'devils' for hunting up out-of-the-way points, and who is apt to ignore the fact that the difficult questions with which he has to deal are rare and exceptional, and bear a very small proportion to the number of difficulties removed by consolidation. Whether it is the answer that would be given by the 'unlearned' Member of Parliament who is expected to understand and discuss a Bill intelligible only by reference to a score of scattered enactments, by the busy police magistrate who has to compare half-a-dozen 'cuffing statutes' before he can decide an apparently simple point, or by the member of or clerk to a local authority who finds that he cannot safely exercise his administrative powers without frequent tedious and costly references to counsel, is another question. It may be presumed that the conscientious legislator, the harried magistrate, and the worried official would prefer consolidation to chaos. Anyhow, if it is considered safer and easier to go on adding a new volume each year to the Statutes without taking any steps to reduce the bulk or simplify the contents of the existing mass of statute law, the Government must be content to turn a deaf ear to the public officials and private citizens who periodically relieve their feelings by describing the laws of England, in Cromwell's forcible language, as 'a tortuous and ungodly

ungodly jumble.' They must be content also to hear the amending Bills, which they have to introduce from time to time in order to keep our complicated administrative machine in gear, described as 'Chinese puzzles.' It is comparatively easy to amend a single Act. But when amendment of the law cannot be effected except by patching up several Acts, 'applying' or 'adapting' several more, and appending, in schedules, lists or fragments of others, the result is apt to be distracting to the legislator, the administrator, and the private citizen. Yet such is the inevitable result of piling Act upon Act without any attempt to weld into shape any part of the chaotic heap.

English laws, based as they are on an unrivalled store of legal and administrative experience, ought to supply models to our colonies and to foreign countries. But they are severely handicapped by their defective form. If they were better expressed and better arranged, they could be more readily and advantageously adopted by colonial legislatures. And if countries like Japan look to France rather than to England for their models in legislation, it is not because the law of France is better in substance, but because it is better in form.

If it should be deemed discreditable to a great nation to lay aside the task of simplifying the contents of its Statute Book, it may be worth while to consider whether there is not room for improvement in the machinery for effecting that task.

Parliament, and every Member of Parliament, is entitled to a reasonable assurance that what professes to be consolidation deserves that name and does not disguise and conceal alterations in the substance of the law. At the same time it is perfectly clear that Parliament cannot by its ordinary machinery, and through its ordinary committees, test the accuracy of an elaborate measure of consolidation. Somebody must be trusted to do the work. In whom can this trust be safely reposed? And what guarantees of fidelity and accuracy can reasonably be required? It may be that an assurance by a responsible law officer of the Crown that a measure is 'consolidation pure and simple' would satisfy the House. But what does the phrase 'consolidation pure and simple' imply? It has been said above, and it cannot be repeated too often, that consolidation in the sense of verbal and literal reproduction is impracticable. The law has to be re-written in modern language. The form must be changed in order that the substance may be retained. Existing statutes contain many provisions which, to use Lord Westbury's language, 'are no longer applicable to the modern state of society' and have been 'repealed by obscure or indirect processes.' Is the recognition of these changes and the adaptation  
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of statutory language to these requirements to be treated as amendment of the law?

Even when the draftsman has done his work with the most scrupulous care, questions must almost always arise which he is unable to solve, and which demand the exercise of legislative discretion. There will usually be found, as has been remarked elsewhere, '*lacunæ* to be filled, obscurities to be removed, inconsistencies to be harmonized, and doubts to be resolved.'

In the case of Bills which have come before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, the practice has been for the draftsman to state these questions fully in the form of notes, supplemented by such verbal information as may be required, and to leave with the Committee the responsibility of determining how they should be settled. The particular form of solution adopted has not always been the same. In some cases of obscurity or ambiguity it has been considered safer to 'consolidate the doubt.' In others the Committee have felt it to be their duty to save litigation by cutting the knot. When, as often happens, the existing practice is not consistent with the letter of the law, the question usually considered has been whether the matter related merely to the internal regulations of a Government Department or affected the rights and interests of the outside public. In the former case, common sense seemed to point towards what might be described as the natural and legitimate development of the law and against express revival of regulations which experience had proved to be unnecessary or inconvenient. But where outside rights or interests were concerned, the action of the Committee was strictly conservative, and great jealousy was shown of any suggestion that it might be convenient to smooth away administrative difficulties by slight alterations of the law. It was always felt that to do this was the proper function of the legislature at large by means of amending measures. Of course there is always room for argument as to where the line should be drawn between 'amendments of the law' and 'alterations necessarily incidental to consolidation,' or 'adaptations to existing law and practice.' But if the work done by the Joint Committees is carefully examined it will be seen that their tendency has been to take a very strict view as to the limits of their powers.

If any one chooses to say that the procedure thus described is not consolidation, as he understands the term, he is perfectly justified in doing so. Only he must remember that consolidation in his sense of the term is not practicable.

The House of Commons usually takes a common-sense view of these questions, and, if its opinion were fairly challenged, it would

would probably say that it was quite willing to give its Committees a reasonable discretion as to what they did and what they did not think consistent with consolidation, provided always that it had some means of testing the grounds on which the Committee proceeded. Such a means could easily be supplied. In the first place definite instructions might be laid down as to the principles on which the Committee are to proceed. These instructions would probably correspond more or less to the lines of the report presented by the Joint Committee who settled the great Merchant Shipping Act of 1894. In the next place the report presented by the Committee on each Consolidation Bill might be specific instead of general, might deal with each of the questions submitted to the Committee for solution, and might explain the reason for the particular solution adopted. This would involve a certain amount of trouble and delay, but the amount of additional trouble would be trifling as compared with that necessarily involved in the preparation of a Consolidation Bill.

The problem is how to reconcile the control which the House ought to exercise over its Committees with the provision of facilities for passing measures which are not contentious but which may occasionally require a few words of explanation. Perhaps some slight amendment of the Standing Orders might be required. It might be expedient to let measures of this kind be taken on one day in the week either at the time allowed for private Bills or after twelve o'clock. In every case of a Consolidation Bill a very short discussion would suffice to settle the question whether the Committee who had considered a Consolidation Bill had done their work properly or not. The problem does not seem difficult to solve, but until it is solved in some way or other the work of consolidating the statute law must be indefinitely postponed.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Spain*. By H. E. Watts. London, 1892.  
 2. *The Cid Campeador*. By H. Butler Clarke. New York and London, 1897.  
 3. *A History of Spain*. By Ulick Ralph Burke. Two Vols. London, 1895.

THE courage and the misfortunes of Spain, the decayed but not dishonoured condition of a nation which led the world three hundred years ago, bring to mind the memory of her ancient glory. The history of Spain for the last three hundred years is one of decadence and senility, chequered by some gleams of ancient virtue. Down to the time of the destruction of the Moorish Empire and the Moorish people by Ferdinand VII. and Philip II., it is a story of conquest and re-conquest, in which the armies of three continents took part; of chivalry exhibited without the softness of Provence or the vanity of France, and of religion passing from wide toleration into an unpleasing but not ignoble sternness, which degenerated at last into a bigotry born from hatred of men rather than love of God.

Such expressions as 'national type,' 'national character,' 'national sentiment,' when we look into them, may appear at first to be metaphysical abstractions:—

'When we talk of national greatness, what does it mean? Why, it really means that a certain distinct definite number of immortal individual beings happen for a few years to be in circumstances to act together, and one upon another, in such a way as to be able to act upon the world at large, to gain an ascendancy over the world, to gain power and wealth, and to look like one, and to be talked of and to be looked up to as one.'\*

The preacher goes on to draw a religious moral from the individuality of the component atoms of the mass. He undervalues, perhaps, the reality concealed in the illusion of a common personality. The most abstract of all such personalities is the Church. The Church commands, triumphs, suffers. She is represented as a kind of goddess, something compounded of a Muse, a Virtue, and an Institution, rather than a community of living souls. Yet this mythological figure has power to inspire and to console; it symbolizes a type of character and a rule of life, and creates a likeness among those who take it as an ideal. The belief in a common country, and

\* Newman, 'Parochial and Plain Sermons,' Sermon VI., vol. iv., p. 82, ed. 1896.

a common character suitable to it, rests on a more tangible though not more real foundation. The inhabitants of one country resemble each other naturally in origin, features, language, and dress. They share the same ideas, and to some extent the same interests. The illusion is powerful to work: it makes ordinary actions sublime, it raises men above material desires, it creates out of the mutual resemblance of a certain number of men an ideal of the virtue proper to the type in which they share, and thus grows into a rule of life stronger than that supplied by laws and ordinances. To the historian, national character is more than an abstraction: it explains facts, excuses excesses and defects, and justifies predictions; and the wisest statesman is he who takes it into respectful account in dealing with those whose national type is different from his own. We wonder, perhaps, at the heroism of the Spanish sailors who sank the other day at Manila with colours flying, making a useless sacrifice to honour. We should wonder less, and admire more, if we remembered that the sacredness of the *pundonor* is a tradition inherited from centuries of courageous ancestors. In order to understand we must admire; and it is worth while to study the nobler side of national character, if only to render to ourselves a reasonable explanation of national actions.

The Spanish type, as fixed in the Middle Ages, is based on personal dignity and *amour propre*. Effort is ungrateful to the Spaniard: he does not care to get hot over buying and selling. His whole set of mind has something of an Oriental character, both in repose and in excitement. He likes ceremony and splendour, and yet is tolerant of squalor and waste. He is contented with Spain as it is—'Quien dice España dice todo'—and has no impatient desire for the hurry of modern improvements. He cares little for dynasties, but much for persons. His moods are hard to calculate, and his obstinacy is as invincible as his adherence to the only religion which he deems worthy of the attention of a *caballero*. These characteristics are found in every page of the history of Spain; and of the history of histories, the life and exploits of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.

We are apt to conceive of Spain and the Spanish character as it is presented to us from the Elizabethan point of view: when Spain, having vanquished all the enemies within her own borders, aspired to universal dominion; when the possession of the Indies had elated her to a belief in the omnipotence of gold; and when the militant chivalry who beat down the Moors was transformed into a paid soldiery, sent to crush freedom in

Germany,



Germany, Italy, Holland, and wherever the power of the Habsburgs could reach. But to understand the Spanish nature, we should look rather at the mediæval history of Spain; and the key of this is the conflict between Spaniard and Moor—a conflict continued for seven hundred years, and none the less real because the details are monotonous to read, and repeat a round of adventures and deeds of champions, battles and sieges, triumphs and massacres, in which there seems to be neither distinction of centuries nor progress in the arts of peace and war, but only one result, the advance of the Christian frontier through infinite slaughter, till Granada alone remains, a tolerated neighbour, destined also to fall at length before the power of united Spain.

One incident of this monotony is that Spanish character runs easily into types, which have been fixed by uniformity of conditions in a permanence not to be found elsewhere in Western Europe. We do not expect in travelling through England to see such personages as are described in the 'Canterbury Tales,' or brought on the stage in the 'Merry Wives,' or the 'Histories' and 'Comedies,' though we may often recognize our contemporaries in reading Chaucer and Shakespeare. But enter a train in Spain, and you will see at every station the curate, the housekeeper, the squire, and half-a-dozen Dulcineas with baskets; and if the knight himself is not there (though you may chance to light on him, too), likely enough it is because he has gone to fight windmills, or more perilous giants, in some enchanted island of the Eastern or Western Sea, to win no prize but barren honour.

Another effect of monotony is to bring into relief the figures of the champions on both sides. It is impossible to keep in mind the surging and resurging of the tide of war. In Spanish history it has always been the same: armies march from sea to sea and meet other armies; multitudes of Carthaginians and Iberians, Moors and Christians, are slain; the story of Saguntum is repeated in a hundred sieges. The mind cannot take it in. But across the sameness of the historical landscape, symbolized by the richly-coloured but featureless tracts of middle Spain, ride the romantic or heroic figures of Pelayo, the Cid, Abderrahman III., Almanzor, the two Ferdinands, James the Conqueror, and many other champions.

The history of the Spanish people has yet to be written. Spanish history has not advanced beyond the picturesque phase; and its interest is principally centred in the kings and warriors who led its armies. The ballads supplement it; but the ballads have no chronology, and what we read in the ballads as recorded

of the Cid may be only true of a *campeador* of three hundred years later.

The story of the Moorish rule in Spain has often been told, but never told by a historian. The Spanish and Moorish chroniclers are neither better nor worse than other chroniclers. The ballads are richer than those of any other country, and they not only deal with romance and adventure, but are the popular record of a passionately patriotic race. Less emotional than the Teutonic ballads, less fantastic than the unrealities of the *chansons de geste*, *fabliaux*, and *romans* of Brittany, France, and the South, the ballads of Spain deal with real facts, though in a romantic spirit, and serve as illustrations of the chronicles. What is wanted is a work based upon later researches than those accessible to Professor Dozy, whose history is the chief attempt made hitherto to read fact into the patriotic legend of the chronicle and the ballad. Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's book, 'The Moors in Spain,' gives a readable sketch of the period. Mr. H. E. Watts writes with a higher historical aim, and it may be hoped that he will give us a more complete work on the same subject as that dealt with in his clear and instructive book, 'Spain,' in the 'Story of the Nations' series. The story of the Cid has been re-written from the original authorities in an interesting work by Mr. Butler Clarke. Mr. Ulick Burke had a wide acquaintance with Spanish literature, ancient and modern, and his 'History of Spain' is by far the most complete work on the subject. Under the editorship of Señor Cánovas del Castillo, various periods of Spanish history are being treated by native writers, one of whom, at least, Don Juan Catalina García, is familiar with authentic sources of information,\* and the vast 'Coleccion de documentos inéditos' is turning the hundred in the numbering of its volumes. Nor are German books wanting; conspicuous among them are two volumes of Dr. Schirrmacher which treat of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Material is plentiful, and grows every day. But material is not history, nor virtue words, nor a wood timber. Let us wish for the appearance of some Frenchman or Englishman—for they are the nations which have the shaping touch—who will turn fuel into a flame, and make the dead Spain of the conquering age live again.

Spain—inhabited partly by Celts, but chiefly by a people

\* 'Historia General de España, escrita por individuos de número de la R. Academia de la Historia, bajo la dirección del Ex<sup>mo</sup> Sr. D. Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, Director de la misma Academia: Castilla y Leon.' Por D. Juan Catalina García. Madrid, n.d.

whom the Greeks and Romans called Iberians and Celtiberians, visited in early days by Phœnician rovers, conquered many centuries later by Carthage, and, after that, again by Rome—was part of the Roman Empire for six hundred years, during which time the people adopted the Roman laws, customs, and religion, and became as completely a part of the Roman world as Italy itself. The wave of barbarian invasion in the fifth century after Christ brought many tribes over the Pyrenees—Alans, Sueves, and Vandals (whence the name *Andalus*, *Andalusia*), and among them the West Goths or Visigoths. These appear first as allies of the Romans against other barbarians, then as independent rulers over the Iberian and Roman inhabitants. As the Iberians and Celtiberians had been Romanized, so the Goths were Romanized. We see in them another instance of the truth that the more highly organized civilization absorbs its conquerors. The Goths of Spain lost their German and learnt to speak Latin, and accepted the law and religion of Rome. The West Gothic or Visigothic kingdom was strongly founded and well maintained. The Gothic kings assumed a Spanish nationality, and governed the most flourishing and civilized of the new Teutonic realms; they extended their power northwards as far as the Loire and the Rhone, but were defeated near Poitiers in 507, and driven out of Gaul by Chlodwig or Clovis the Frank. The Gothic kingdom of Toulouse was destroyed at a blow, and the question was decided whether Goth or Frank, Arian or Catholic, should prevail in Gaul. This was the first war of religion waged among Christians. The Visigoths, like the rest of their race, had received Christianity in the Arian form. A modern student may wonder whether barbarous Goths, Catholic or Arian, could comprehend the metaphysical abstractions which exercised the intellect of Alexandrian Greeks in the fourth century. But much charity may be destroyed by a little theology; and the Goths who, according to the legend, might not read the Books of Kings lest their savage passions should be inflamed, learnt the lesson of intolerance from their conquerors.

The concurrence of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries in law-making is a common feature of mediæval history; but in Spain ecclesiastical synods took the place of parliaments, or were not distinguished from them; and in the body of Visigothic law which was codified in the '*Siete Partidas*' of Alfonso X. the liberties of the Church were better cared for than those of the nation. We have indications of the same tendency in our own history. The first article of '*Magna Carta*' runs: '*Quod Anglicana ecclesia libera sit.*' When clerks were

the only scholars it was reasonable that they should make use of 'a very respectable instrument of power, intellectual superiority'; and whatever was done in the way of reducing barbarous customs to Christian legislation is greatly due to the clergy. Ecclesiastical domination was accepted in Spain as a national institution; and Spain has always been priest-ridden, unable, that is, to conceive of any form of religion but that put forward by authority. Hence it results that in no part of Europe was orthodoxy so carefully guarded, and hostility to infidels so strongly entertained. The masculine and somewhat gloomy character of the Spanish race is reflected in its religion. In no country is Catholicism more sombre and dignified. In none are its doctrines held with less elasticity. The stamp of bigotry was only deepened by the conflict with Mohammedanism; it was imprinted from the first; and the cruelties of the Inquisition are the natural result of an inflexible creed professed by a serious people.

If the Visigothic Church was among the most completely organized churches, the Visigothic code of laws was the most rational and humane of codes. It exalted the power of the king and the clergy, but it gave all subjects equal rights. We see in both these institutions the proud, ceremonious, punctilious character which has for centuries made Spain at once the most dignified and the least progressive nation in Europe.

The judicial system of the Goths, a mixture of Roman and native jurisprudence, must not be left out of sight in considering the origins of the Spanish national character. The Visigothic code or 'Fuero Juzgo' (Forum Judicum), an adaptation to Teutonic customs of the Roman jurisprudence as established in Spain, is the foundation of Spanish law. Its penalties were distributed according to the social status of the offender and of the injured person. Social equality was not thought of; the privileged classes were the clergy and after them the nobles. Besides this, the only distinction was between freeman and slave. Here we have the national characteristic of universal gentility. All Spaniards since the Middle Ages are *caballeros*. The unfree class has disappeared; the remainder are all gentlemen. 'Every Spaniard,' says Ford, '(be his class what it may), considers himself a *caballero*, a gentleman, and an old and well-born Christian one, *Cristiano viejo y rancio*, and therefore your equal.'

Founded upon the 'Fuero Juzgo,' and completing it, is the body of laws codified by Alfonso X. (1258), under the name of 'Siete Partidas,' or 'seven sections,' a division based upon the seven-fold distinctions of Justinian's legislation. The 'Fuero Juzgo' was a universal code, ethical, ceremonial, and judicial,  
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like the laws of Moses, Mennu, the Twelve Tables, and Solon. All misdoings were included in its scope: sin as well as crime, offences against morality as well as offences against society.

The author of the 'Siete Partidas,' Alfonso X., El Sabio, the Wise, or rather the Scholar, was a bad manager of money, a thoughtless ruler, a vain and ambitious man, who cared more to be titular Emperor of Rome than a good King of Castile. But for learning and genius he stands, by the side of Frederick II., among the first men of that wonderful age. In his merits as well as in his defects he much resembled his contemporary, Henry III. of England. He was honourably distinguished from Henry III. by the fact that the reforms associated with his name were initiated by him; whereas the growth of national liberty which we date from the reign of Henry III. was due in the first place to his weakness, in the second to the organizing genius of his son, Edward I. Alfonso X. increased the prerogatives of the kings and diminished the power of the nobles, by bringing them into line with the Commons. The kings learnt henceforward to rest their power upon the Commons; and in course of time both clergy and nobles were excluded from the Cortes. An instructive parallel might be drawn between the growth of the Commons of England and the Commons of Castile. The Cortes and the *fueros* correspond to our parliaments and charters. But the principal difference is a fundamental one. In England the ancient principle of representation was never lost sight of; in Spain the elections were arbitrary, settled sometimes by lot, sometimes by royal choice. We must not expect to find in mediæval institutions a Republic of Plato or an American Constitution; but the principle of personal election and its influence on the national polity was established in Spain in the thirteenth century even more firmly than in England. The same may be said of the Cortes of Aragon. Whether a result of the national character or an element in its formation, we see in the popular institutions of mediæval Spain a balance of authority and liberty which existed in no country in which the feudal system was completely developed. In finance and in jurisprudence the voice of the nation was respected by the kings. The judges, as in England, could hold their own against the royal power; and their power was exerted both in checking royal caprice and in impeding legislation. If it is true that the English judicature has for centuries favoured individual liberty by exalting the common law at the expense of the legislature—in other words, has upheld custom, a native growth, above laws imposed by authority—it is also true that

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in Spain the judicial system limited as well as legalized the power of the nobles, and acted as a check on feudal autocracy.

Another feature to be remembered, as helping to build up a strong national sentiment, is the independent attitude which the Spanish nation took up in the presence of the claims of Rome. The vast pretensions of the thirteenth-century Popes roused a proportionate resistance in England and France. But in neither country was the opposition so strong as in Spain. Edward I. and Lewis IX., Grosseteste and Gerson, upheld national liberties against the Papacy. But the Spanish resistance to the claims of Rome was more vigorous still. The Mozarabic ritual was upheld against the Roman use by wager of battle, by bull-fight, and by ordeal of fire; and though the King's will prevailed, the national sentiment survived in a determined opposition to the Papal claim of temporal jurisdiction. We have as the resultant of these forces an orthodox united religious sentiment, combined with national self-will; a temper ready to fight the battles of the Church against the Infidel, but not willing to surrender the right of ordering Spanish affairs according to Spanish ideas. This was an element in the strength of the conquering and crusading spirit among the Spaniards; a spirit which found no antagonist of equal power among the fanatical populations of Islam.

The sense of personal worth and the dignity of behaviour which accompanies it have been noticed by all who have had experience of the Spaniards, from the Roman times to our own. This made them, and especially the Cantabrians of the North, famous for their obstinate resistance to invaders. Their indomitable character is a commonplace of the Roman poets; and the desperate defence of their towns, from Numantia to Saragossa, illustrates the saying of the Arab general that 'though they were women in the field, behind walls they were lions.'

Personal dignity is the very foundation of chivalry; and we must not forget that though his reading was chiefly in French romances, Don Quixote, no less than the Cid and San Fernando, was a Spanish hidalgo. In no country were knightly challenges to single combat so common as in Spain. The Cid got his name *el Campeador* from one of these combats; a name justified by innumerable victories over Moorish and Christian champions. To Spain, too, belongs the harsh rule of war which bids the victor slay his vanquished opponent, and lay his head at his lady's feet. Heads hung at the saddle-bow of Christian or paynim knight are as common in mediæval Spain as in Morocco to-day. The natural hardness of the Spanish type of character was deepened by centuries of warfare

between



between Spaniard and Moor, as in the story of our own Border. Thousands of prisoners were massacred and thousands sold as slaves. The courtesies of warfare were exchanged only between the chiefs; we anticipate in these early wars the cruelties of Mexico, Peru, and the Low Countries. It may be said that such hardness is inseparable from the virtues which make a conquering nation; but if so, they are dearly bought.

Akin to the love of prowess is that susceptibility to the personal influence of their leaders, whether native or foreign, which has often been remarked as an element in the national character. We need only mention the names of Mandonius and Indibilis in the Second Punic War, of Hasdrubal, Viriathus, the younger Scipio, and Sertorius, to recall to the memories of our readers this national trait. 'Law and order,' says Niebuhr, 'have not the least power over them, while personal qualities are everything.' We may add to this the remark of the same author that the Spanish soldiery are 'great in battles only at times and under great generals; under Hamilcar and Hannibal, in ancient history; in the Middle Ages and afterwards, under Gonsalvo de Cordova, who formed the Spanish infantry, down to the Duke of Alva, under whom it was still excellent.'

The Visigothic kingdom of Spain lasted three hundred years, until it was broken up by the new barbarians, the soldiers of Islam. The conquest of the West, as part of the conquest of the world, to the true religion, was part of the original idea of Islam.

The simple enthusiasm of the Arabian armies was guided by commanders to whom the government of the territories conquered was promised by the Prophet and his followers: and within one hundred years the successors of Mahomet 'extended their arms and their reign' over Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain. No statement of grievances, no mission of heralds, no announcement of claims, no *casus belli*, was required in these wars. Abubekr, the first Caliph or successor of Mahomet, makes proclamation in these terms: 'In the name of the most merciful God, to the rest of the true believers, health and happiness. I intend to send the true believers into Syria to take it out of the hands of the infidels. . . . To fight for religion is an act of obedience to God.' Obedience made discipline possible, and discipline gave unity. The Crusaders had equal religious fervour and equal greed; but they wanted the unity which made the Saracenic invasions irresistible, and established dominions more durable than the Frankish kingdoms set up by the Crusaders in the East. It was unity that gave strength to Islam. The Commander of the Faithful sends out his captains from Damascus or Bagdad, makes

makes and unmakes kings and emirs, demands and receives spoils and tributes, and rules from the Euphrates to the Indus in the East and the pillars of Hercules in the West. 'The fanatic cry of "Fight, fight! Paradise, Paradise!" drowned the uproar of the towns, the ringing of bells, and the exclamations of the priests and monks' in a captured city. Thousands of captives, the choicest of those who survived the battle or the siege, were sent, laden with treasure, to the slave market of Damascus—and when the conquerors could boast that at the expense of less than five hundred true believers who had exchanged glory for Paradise, fifty thousand infidels had been sent to hell, the battle was half won by the terror which preceded their advancing armies. 'He that labours to-day shall rest to-morrow' was the saying which stimulated the believers to fresh conquests. The beginnings of Islam afford a strange mixture of luxury and simplicity. Whilst making capture of inestimable treasures, Omar, the conqueror of Jerusalem, carried with him on his red camel a sack of corn, a bag of dates, a wooden dish, and a leathern bottle of water. The desert seems to be remembered in the city.

Moving on westward, the Moslems under Amrou took Cairo with its innumerable palaces, baths, and theatres; and, as Gibbon says, 'the fertility of Egypt supplied the dearth of Arabia.' Egypt was pacified by the restoration of order and the imposition of a not intolerable tribute; and that most patient of nations bowed to the mildest of its oppressors. The district of Carthage next fell under the Moslem power, and an Arabian colony was placed in what is now the holy city of Kairwan, and soon became the 'seat of learning as well as of empire.'

Confused fighting with Greeks and Goths went on for half a century along the African littoral, from Tunis to Tangiers, and as far as the wilderness in which the 'successors of Akbar erected the splendid capitals of Fez and Morocco,' and at length penetrated to the verge of the Atlantic and the Great Desert. The Moors, or Berbers—the name is merely the Greek *βάρβαροι* and Latin *barbari*, 'men of unknown language'—a hardy pastoral race, would not yield without a struggle. In order to divert the Arab invasions they are said to have destroyed their own towns, filled up their wells, and cut down their fruit trees. Those who would not submit fled to the valleys of the Atlas. But they were at length absorbed by the Eastern invaders. Many thousands of Eastern Arabs came in from Egypt and mingled their blood with that of the native Berbers; the creed of Mahomet and the Arabic tongue were adopted by the conquered tribes, and at the time of the invasion of Spain, Berbers and  
Arabs

Arabs ('al Maghreb' and 'Sharákim') are for all purposes of conquest and government the same people.

In the year 710 A.D. a small body of Moslems crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and found no one to oppose their landing. The next year (711) Tárik with five thousand Arab and Berber followers landed at the rock which still bears his name, Gibraltar, *Gebel al Tárik*, the Mount of Tárik. Roderick (Don Rodrigo) the Gothic King of Spain, marched from Toledo, his capital, to meet the invaders, with a force of a hundred thousand men, and met the Moors with little more than a tenth of the number near Xeres. Roderick, borne in a mule litter of ivory, dressed in silk and gold, and crowned with a diadem of pearls, was prepared to witness the easy slaughter of the infidels. But though thousands of them fell, the survivors persevered. 'The sea is behind you, the enemy in front,' cried Tárik; 'whither would ye flee? Follow me! I will either die in the field or trample on the King of the Romans.' Dissensions broke out amongst the Christians; and after seven days' fighting the Gothic army was cut to pieces or disappeared. Roderick himself, according to one account, was slain by Tárik, and his severed head was sent to Damascus; according to another, he perished ignobly in the waters of the Guadalete. 'Such,' says the Arab historian, 'is the fate of kings who withdraw themselves from the field of battle.'

This is the story as told by the Moors. The legend of the Spaniards tells the more romantic history of Count Julian or Ilyan, the Spanish Governor of Ceuta, and his daughter, Florinda la Cava: how, to avenge her honour, Count Julian dissembled with her ravisher, King Roderick; 'I will send you hawks and horses' (he said), 'such as you never saw yet': how he then called in Musa and his Moorish army; how Roderick after his defeat at the Guadalete escaped with life, but not with honour, and went into a hermit's cell, and there was tempted by the Devil in the likeness of a reverend old man, and again in that of the beautiful Florinda; and having resisted all assaults, was commanded in a dream to shut himself up in a tomb filled with toads and snakes, and so died, contented that the serpents should gnaw the fleshly members wherein he had sinned. As Sancho Panza says, 'from his silks and riches was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by snakes, if the old ballads tell true; and sure they are too old to lie.'

Cordova soon fell before the victorious Tárik himself, a thousand horsemen swimming the Guadalquivir, each with a soldier behind him. Another detachment reduced Granada. Tárik marched north and took Toledo. Thence he subdued

Castile

Castile and Leon, and even reached the southern shore of the Bay of Biscay. Immigrants from Egypt and the East occupied the conquered lands: and the Christians, protected in so much of their religion and their property as was left to them, became the contented tributaries of the Saracens. Their churches and services were respected. They were allowed to keep their own laws and the administration of them. They paid a land tax (*kharádj*) and a poll tax. The lands of the Church, and of those nobles who had fled to the North, were confiscated; but property in general was not disturbed. The poor of the land, and above all the slaves, were better off than under Roman, Frank, or Goth; and the Christians accepted their position without much murmuring. This wise toleration continued as long as the Moors were strong. Intolerance and persecution came in from the Christian side. The Crusade and the Inquisition went hand in hand.

The victorious Moors, looking for occasions of war and enterprise, besides those afforded by their own dissensions, crossed the Pyrenees within forty years of their first invasion, and carried their arms into Gaul, or as they called it Afranc, the Frankish land. All Aquitaine and Provence were overrun, and the victorious armies reached the Loire, and were intending fresh conquests, when they were met near Tours (732) by Charles Martel, Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the son of Pippin Heristal, and grandfather of Charles the Great.

'Abderrahman, the Emir of Andalus,' says the Arab chronicle, 'smote his enemies and laid waste their land, and took captives innumerable. Everything gave way before his scimitars, the devourers of men. Then came the people of Afranc, and told their king, Calvus (Charles), how the Moslems rode at their will through Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and how they had slain their Count. So the king bade them be of good cheer; and he mounted his horse and took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. Now at Medina Tours' (the city of Tours) 'the Moslems were laden with their spoil, and they saw great booty in that city; and the king feared to vex them by bidding them leave the spoil and think only of their arms and their war horses. Therefore, in the desire of booty, they took the city of Tours and spoiled it, and slew the people thereof.'

'Now the Christians were drawn up near the city, and the men of Abderrahman were the first to fight. They fought till the going down of the sun, and in the morning they fought again, and this did they for seven days.'

'But one came to the Emir, and said to him that the Christians were plundering his camp; and many of the Moslems rode away to save their spoil. Then all the host was troubled, thinking that they fled

fled from fear. And the Christians prevailed against them, and smote them, and their king was pierced with many spears and died. Thus were the Moslems smitten before the Christians.'

Charles the Great, the grandson of Charles Martel, added all Gaul to his empire, and made a progress through Spain. But here too a limit was fixed, and his invasion, which ended in defeat, established the Pyrenees as the barrier between France and Spain. The 'dolorous rout' of Roncesvalles has been as much sung by the poets as the tale of Troy. The Frankish power here received a permanent check. That is history; all else is fable. But the fable has kindled the poetic imagination of the world, and like the tale of Troy, is worth more to us than many historical facts.

According to the northern legend, Charlemagne, to give him the name which he bears in romance, after conquering the Saxons and their King Wittekind, determined to conquer Spain also and to drive the Saracens back to the sea. Another Abderrahman, Abderrahman I. the Omeyyad, was now (777) Sultan of Cordova. Alfonso, king of the Asturias, and some of the discontented Moslem chiefs, promised the Frankish king their help. But they fell to quarrelling among themselves. Meanwhile the Saxons rose in Germany, and Charlemagne had to raise the siege of Saragossa and march back his forces into Gaul to meet them. Charles's nephew, Roland the Paladin, the Orlando of the poets, was in command of the rear-guard of the Frankish host. Most of the army had re-crossed the mountains into Gaul, when the Basques fell upon the rear-guard in the Pass of Roncesvalles and destroyed it, so that hardly a man escaped. Moslem and Christian fought side by side against the Franks, caring more for a common country than a common faith; and 'Abderrahman expelled the invaders from the mountains of Afranc.'

Roland had plied his good sword Durindana all that day, till his friends had fallen, and he laid him down to die. But first he spoke thus to his faithful sword: 'O Durindana, sword of brightness, temper, and sharpness, ivory-hilted, gold-crossed, beryl-crowned, engraven with the name of God, who shall wield thee now? Whom shalt thou call thy master?' And lest Durindana should fall into a weaker hand, he broke him in twain upon a rock. The cleft in the mountain is still called Brèche de Roland. Then he blew his dread horn so loud that the sword-cut on his head burst out bleeding and the veins of his heart burst; and Charlemagne heard him afar off. But the traitor Ganelon told him that Roland was a-hunting; and Charlemagne turned not back to help him. Only Alda,  
Roland's

Roland's mistress, had a vision of a vulture tearing a falcon, which warned her of her lover's fate. Thereafter came Baldwin, another of the twelve Peers of France, and told the king that Roland and Oliver, his brother, were slain; and Charlemagne returned to Roncesvalles, and there found Orlando dying, stretched out in the form of a cross, with his face towards Spain, and his broken sword and his horn at his side. Then Charlemagne mourned over him, and the army rested there, and they embalmed Roland with balsam, aloes, and myrrh.

This is the story, told in a hundred poems, of the 'Thermopylae of the Pyrenees'; but Leonidas was a patriot, and Charles an intruder. The German invader became the hero of French romance, and his Peers and Paladins are the heritage of poets of the North. Not so in Spain. There the hero of Roncesvalles is not Roland, but the Spanish knight, Don Bernardo del Carpio. Charlemagne is the invader who took the Christian city of Pampeluna, and King Alfonso the traitor who betrayed his kingdom to the Frankish Emperor. Bernardo del Carpio is even more mythical than Roland and Oliver. But one story is as well authenticated as the other; and the Spanish ballads are as good evidence as the 'Chanson de Roland,' which Taillefer sang before the Norman ranks at Hastings, tossing his lance in the air and catching it again, in his chivalrous glee. So well has the rout of Roncesvalles been remembered by the Spanish borderers, that when Wellington was pursuing the French marshals through the frontier passes, the Basque peasants sang songs of Bernardo del Carpio and how he slew 'Roldan' by lifting him from the ground and crushing him in his arms:—

'There is the sound of an army coming; our men have heard it from the mountain-tops; they bend their bows, they sharpen their swords.

'Count them well, boy; one, two, three, four, five, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty. Twenty, and still thousands behind! Let us tear up the rocks, let us hunt the enemy from the mountain. Why came they to disturb our peace? . . . God made not mountains for men to cross. Down fall the rocks, down they fall—blood spurts, flesh quivers. Fly, fly, King Carloman, with thy black plumes and red mantle—thy nephew, thy bravest, thy beloved, Roldan, lies low. His valour could not save him. How many are they? Boy, count them well. Twenty, nineteen, eighteen . . . three—two—one. No, not one is left. . . . To-night the eagles will come and eat their flesh, and their bones shall whiten for ever.'

It is not to be supposed that the unity of Islam prevented all dissensions. The change of dynasty which came about by the  
overthrow



overthrow of the Omeyyad Caliphs at Damascus was felt in Spain. One of the Omeyyad house, Abderrahman I., escaped the general massacre of his family at Damascus, and fled into Africa. Here he lived among the Bedouins, a romantic hero, a lover of horses and hawks, one that feared not the lion when he roared at night. Abderrahman came over into Spain in 755. The adherents of the Ommiades in Spain gathered round him, and in less than a year he was king of Cordova and all Andalus. It was he who beat Roland and Oliver at Roncesvalles. He fought with the Abassides, who came over from Africa with their black standard, to overrun his kingdom. Abderrahman kindled a great fire, drew his scimitar, and flung the scabbard into the flames. Seven hundred of his comrades did the same; and by their valour the invaders were cut to pieces, and the heads of their leaders sent to Bagdad, to the Caliph Mansur, who exclaimed: 'Praised be Allah, that the broad sea lies between me and that man!' It was this Abderrahman who began to build the Aljama or Mosque of Cordova, the wonder of the world, the third sanctuary of Islam after Mecca and Jerusalem. It is thus described by the Arabian chronicles: 'The Aljama is 600 feet long, and 250 feet wide; the columns form 30 naves from side to side and 19 from end to end. It has 19 lofty and spacious gates; 1093 columns, all of marble, support the roof . . . 2700 lamps are lighted for the time of evening prayer.' Some of these lamps were bells taken from the Christian cathedral of Santiago. He also introduced palm-trees into Spain; 'exiles sighing for their home on the Euphrates,' he called them; for he was a poet too, and a lover of all learning and virtue; and it was said of him that he would not break his word for all the world.

Oriental history is full of sudden changes of fortune, of dynasties, and conspiracies, apparently without cause or effect. It is a succession of biographies, biographies of kings with names that cannot be remembered, and actions that lead to nothing. But the name of Abderrahman III., the Omeyyad Caliph of Cordova, deserves to be kept in memory. Abderrahman III. assumed the august title of Caliph, instead of that of Emir or Sultan, in 912 A.D., and under him Andalusia became the most prosperous kingdom in the West, or perhaps in all the world. He found the kingdom in a state of anarchy, divided among a crowd of chiefs of different race, and in danger of being absorbed either by the Christian kings of Leon or by the Fatimite Sultans of Egypt. He restored order and prosperity, repelled invasion, and extended his borders. We hear of his fleets and armies, his Slavic Janissaries, his successes in war against Egypt and  
Leon;

Leon ; his bridges and aqueducts, his palaces and castles, his libraries and colleges. A king like Abderrahman III., or a minister like the vizir Almanzor, perhaps the most powerful ruler and warrior of all the Moorish race, is followed by a weak king or a succession of weak kings ; the empire is divided ; Emirates of Badajoz, Toledo, Valencia, Seville, Granada, menace and weaken the King of Cordova ; rude African invaders take the place of the cultivated Arabs, the descendants of the first conquerors ; birds of prey build their nests on mountain crags and harry the dwellers in the plain ; Slavs and Berbers contend for the possession of the capital, and set up one Caliph after another. What remain to interest us are mainly some biographical details, principally speeches of the principal actors, wise or magnanimous or witty, accounts of the learning and splendour of the Moslems ; or deeds of arms and chivalry—for the spirit of chivalry awoke among the Moors as early as among the Franks, or earlier. But through the whole story we note the rise of the Christian power in the North, and the preparation of a religious and martial enthusiasm purer, stronger, and fiercer than that of the Moors. If history is the account of the growth and character of nations, the rise of the Christian power should be more interesting than the decay of the Caliphate of Cordova, which is exalted by no cause and illustrates no principle.

But here again Poetry steps in. The reign of the Moors of Spain is part of the kingdom of Poetry. What can be less like the language of sober prose than the following description ?—

‘Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite Sultana, the third and greatest of the Abderrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zahra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder ; his liberal taste invited . . . the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age ; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was encrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. One of these basins . . . was replenished, not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abderrahman . . . amounted to six thousand three hundred persons ; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scymetars were studded with gold.’ (Gibbon, chap. lii.)

Cordova from the ninth to the eleventh century was the eye of Europe : more splendid, more learned, and more civilized than any capital of the West. The Western renaissance, which began

began a century after Charlemagne, had hardly come to birth when the Moors were enlarging in every direction the limits of human knowledge. The mosques and palaces of Spain were shining with marble, mosaic, and Damascus tile-work at a time when our ancestors still dwelt in wattled huts, or were only beginning to imitate in ponderous vaults and gloomy cloisters the ruins of Rome. The orange groves, the fountains and cisterns, the luxurious pavilions of Andalusia, would have seemed like fairy-land to the rude inhabitants of Winchester and Paris. Poets were highly honoured at Cordova. There were poetesses too, of whom Ayesha or Aixa was the most renowned. The common life of the people was full of poetry. The boatmen of the Guadalquivir, like the gondoliers of Venice, recited verses as they rowed. It is to Andalusia, as much as to Provence and Languedoc, where also the Moors had borne rule, that we must look for the rise of romantic poetry, the 'gay science' of the Troubadours and the Courts of Love. The Arab element is as much a part of the history of Christian poetry as the Celtic and Roman elements. The ballad of love and war is Moorish; Moorish too, or at least Oriental, is the skill in metre and rhyme which reached its highest perfection in the Provençal poetry. In Spain the ballad, both Arabian and Christian, is the characteristic form of literature. The history of Spain is written in ballads, sung and repeated by all classes. Sancho Panza, who had no taste for romances, knows as many ballads as proverbs. No speech or address was complete without poetical allusions: and the language of poetry was adopted even by the chroniclers. Cordova (says one of them) is to Andalus what the head is to the body. The groves that fringe her river are tuneful with the voices of birds. Her fields are flowers. Her soil is rose-coloured amber. 'Come you from Cordova?' says an exile; 'let me smell the air of Cordova wafted from your garments.' The walls of Toledo are her turban, the river her girdle, the trees her stars; the river of Seville is more lovely than the Tigris and the Nile. The imagery of all this poetry is of the simplest kind, and the imagination gorgeous rather than inventive, as is the common character of Oriental art. Architecture, pottery, metal work, are all of the highest order, and far beyond what the Christians could produce, but lack the Gothic invention and variety. The Moors were as incapable of designing the portal of Valladolid or the cloister of St. John at Toledo as were the Christians of building the mosque of Cordova, the Court of Lions at Granada, or the Giralda of Seville.

Music too was held in high honour. Abderrahman II., the patron

patron of learned men and founder of numerous libraries, rode out in person to the gates, to meet Ziryab the musician of Bagdad. Ziryab, a pupil of Isaac, the favourite musician of Haroun al Rashid, had added a fifth string to the lute, and invented a new method, delivered to him, it was believed, by genii in his dreams. On his arrival at Cordova he found a sumptuous house ready for him, and a monthly pension of two hundred pieces of gold. What was enough honour for the man who knew by heart ten thousand songs? Ziryab became the sovereign of fashion and *arbiter elegantiarum*: music, literature, courtly manners, dress, cookery, were regulated by him; and if he abstained from politics, it was because the Caliph himself left such cares to the Sultana Taroub and the eunuch Nasir.

Philosophy, and especially the books of Aristotle, geometry, algebra, astronomy (the native science of Eastern skies), medicine, chemistry and its bastard child alchemy, were studied by the Arabs. We do not find that they invented much, except in medicine and chemistry; but they preserved the learning which the Christians neglected, and we owe principally to Arabic translations that knowledge of Aristotle and Plato which formed the staple of mediæval scholasticism. Averroes and Avicenna are mentioned with honour by Dante, and set side by side with the sages of antiquity in the *limbo* or painless region outside the limits of hell; and the names of Mesua and Geber, the physicians, and Al Beithier of Malaga, the botanist, were well known in the medical school of Salerno.

It might seem that the institutions of Islam were inconsistent with gallantry. But it is also not easy to reconcile the 'gay science' with the precepts of the Gospel. However this may be, the Christian code of chivalry and gallantry owed much to the Moors. As the Eastern crusades stimulated art, poetry, and the worship of woman, so in the wars of the Christians with the Western Arabs was learnt much of the lore of honour and gallantry of which we read in Fouqué and Scott, and which was nowhere carried to greater perfection than among the hidalgos of Spain. The palace of Zahra was built for the pleasure of Abderrahman's Moorish slave. The cypresses still stand in the garden of the Generalife at Granada, where the Sultana Zoraya received the visits of her lover. The Moorish ladies are as exacting as their Christian sisters. If the lady in Browning's poem threw down her glove into the lion's den, the fair Sevilla demands the heads of Roland, Oliver, and Rinaldo as the price of her favours; and Calaynos, less fortunate than de Lorge, loses his life in the quest. The ladies veil their faces only to enhance their charms; no lady can live without a lover,

lover, few with only one; 'a cavalier without love is a sky without stars'; but the night of Andalusia is full of stars: they shine from all the balconies. The ladies of Granada shared in the gaities of the Court. They were present at bull-fights and tournaments, they listened to minstrels and troubadours. In some frescoes, painted by Italian artists, which remain at the Alhambra, we see Moorish cavaliers riding down Christian knights, hunting and hawking, and leading tame lions in chains; whilst ladies with unveiled faces sit among them in the gardens.

Courtesy was the common mark of the Moorish and Spanish hidalgos. If the Cid was a barbarian, Don Quixote was a gentleman—and anyone who will read Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads,' or the notes to Southey's 'Don Roderick,' will feel that the Arab was equal in courtesy to the Christian, if inferior in arms. 'Kindness, valour, knightliness, gentleness, poetry, courtly speech (*bien hablar*), strength, skill with the lance, the sword, and the bow,' these are the accomplishments of a knight according to the Moorish rule; and Christian chivalry can add little to them, except devotion to Our Lady, and courtesy to all ladies and to one lady above all.

But the Moors had reached the highest point of civilization which is possible to Islam. In the poems of Hafiz, in those of Omar Khayyám, and in the Arabian and Indian romances, the same level is reached; a delicacy of sentiment, a subtlety of philosophy, a refinement of sensuousness, an enjoyment of luxurious life without sense of sin or incompleteness, which is unlike the Greek ideals, because it is bounded by what is experienced, and does not aspire to perfection. If we set against this the rugged strivings of the North, the hard justice of William of Normandy, the angry seriousness of Henry II. and his sons, the saintly sin-laden philosophy of Anselm and Bernard, the stubborn liberty of Norman barons and English freemen, the romantic enterprise of Godfrey and Tancred, we become aware that the Mohammedans had done all that was possible to them, and that promise and hope, invention and change, were on the side of the Christians. Christianity was the force which moved the nations of the North and West; Mohammedanism, though it has accepted European inventions, remains to-day where it was in the Middle Ages. If you cross from Gibraltar to Tangier, you find yourself in three hours transported from modern Europe to the Arabian Nights and the Bible. The judge still sits in the gate; the prisoners walk about clanking their chains in the dungeons and asking for alms; the muezzin calls to prayer from the minaret; lines of

camels pass to and fro as they did in the days of Haroun al Rashid, a thousand years ago; the men sit cross-legged in the streets, silent and idle, as if time were not; the snake-charmer, the schoolmaster who teaches the Koran and nothing else, the waterman, the pilgrim with his green turban, the scribe, the slaves, the mutes, the barred harems, are all there. Nothing has moved; and if the Frank would leave the African shore and come no more to break the peace of Islam, Islam would go on for another thousand years unchanged, unchangeable, generation after generation living as their fathers lived, with no desire for improvement, no learning, no sense of the future. The Christianity of the crusading age fixed its gaze forward.

Of that combination of gentleness and ferocity, fraud and holiness, honour and bad faith, humility and pride, which is characteristic of the Middle Ages, so that we may see the most inconsistent qualities combined not only in one age, but even in one person, no better example can be found than the Cid, the very flower of Spanish chivalry, according to the romances; according to the rule either of the Gospel or of modern civility as much below the Black Prince as the Black Prince is below Sir John Lawrence: not indeed in mere greatness of nature, but in greatness of nature combined with such and such opportunities and hindrances.

'In his character,' says Mr. Watts, 'are united all the best qualities of his race with the worst defects of his age. He was generous, crafty, magnanimous, brutal, merciful, and cruel . . . capable of feats of noble self-denial, such as amazed and puzzled that barbarous age, and descending to acts of blood-thirstiness such as shocked even contemporary opinion. He was, on the whole, of an amiable mood; and though he burnt his enemies alive, he was tender of their women and children. Insatiable in his appetite for plunder, he could be liberal of his largesses to the poor and needy. In his relations to the other sex, he was a Galahad, never swerving from his fidelity to his faithful Ximena. . . . His King Alfonso, his life-long rival and jealous adversary, he would serve and betray by turns, as it seemed good to him . . . and in excuse for the Campeador's breaches of loyalty and offences against patriotism . . . we should consider . . . that Alfonso was a Leonese and the Cid a Castilian, with little claim on the one part for loyalty and small duty on the other to patriotism.'

The Cid, like Cœur de Lion and the Black Douglas, is a glorious savage, with all the noble and some of the base qualities of a savage; at once reproved and exalted by the ideal which the soldier of the Cross, with the example of Christ and the Saints before him, must acknowledge, whether or not he confess



confess it in his deeds ; more like Front-de-Bœuf than Galahad, but capable of better deeds and higher thoughts than the more polished Moorish cavaliers whom he hacked and hewed.

Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, el Campeador (the Champion), 'El Cambitur' ('whom may Allah confound'), the Cid (el Seyd), 'my Cid,' as the ballads call him, was in fact, and still more in fable, the ideal Spaniard. The plain historical facts about him are that he was the best soldier of his time ; that he did great deeds of valour and of cruelty, fought indifferently against Christian and Saracen, broke and kept his faith, made himself King of Valencia and held it against all comers. In poetry he is Roland and Bayard in one. His love for Ximena, his mighty deeds of arms, his gaiety and valour, his love of song and feast, are all described in the language of two or three centuries later, when chivalry was perfected.

The finest stories of the Cid are those told in Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads': how the Cid in charity took a leper into his bed, and how the leper was St. Lazarus ; how, to do a deed worthy of Ximena's love, he took five Moorish kings and set them free, and prized his victory more than all the booty, which he gave to his soldiers ; how he won the love of Ximena by his prowess, though he had slain her father and she had cried to the king for vengeance ; how he broke the Pope's chair at Rome because the lilies of France were blazoned upon it above the Spanish castles (we may doubt whether in the Cid's time the shields bore either lilies or castles), was excommunicated, repented, and was absolved ; how he made Don Alfonso thrice swear that he had no hand in the murder of his brother Sancho ; how he fought indifferently, according as he was treated, for Christian and infidel ; how he made a great fire in the square of Valencia, and burnt his prisoners alive in it ; how he did desperate feats of horsemanship on the back of his famous charger Babieca, broke his rein and guided him without it, like Charles I. at Carisbrooke, so that the king would not accept the present of that horse, and said that none but Ruy Diaz should ride him—'Mount, mount again, my Cid !'—and how, when the Cid was dead, they set him once more on Babieca in full armour, with his sword Tizona in his hand, and so bore him to the church of San Pedro de Cardena, where he now lies ; or else, as his own epitaph tells the story, his armed corpse led his soldiers for the last time to victory over the Moorish hosts.

The stories of the Cid are not historical ; but they are more valuable than history, if history is only the record of facts, for they give us a living picture of the time in which they were written, as the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare give us the

image of Periclean and Elizabethan times, pictured under the names of heroes of romance.

The advance of the Christians, from the time when Pelayo was left with his thirty companions in the mountains of the Asturias, to the fall of Malaga and Granada in the fifteenth century, is the history of a single purpose prevailing against divided counsels. The Christians deserved to win, by all the rules which set one nation above another.

Alfonso VI., King of Leon, Castile, and Asturias, the Cid's king some nine hundred years ago, was the first Christian sovereign who made head against the Moors. He profited by their dissensions, terrified them with sudden raids, like those of the Douglas and the Bruce, penetrating as far as Cadiz, and even Gibraltar and Tarifa—where he rode his horse into the sea and cried: 'Here is the boundary of Spain!'—laid tributes upon them, and established castles in their territory, from which he burnt and harried their country. Unable to combine against him, they called in foreign aid, like the stag in the fable. The Berber invaders, who came over to Spain, could not prevail against the Cid. But the Cid died in 1099 (the year in which the Crusaders took Jerusalem), and in 1102 Valencia fell, and all Andalus was again united under a Moorish sovereign.

When we speak of the Cid as the champion of the Spanish nation, we are using the language of a later age. We might in a like sense speak of Leonidas as the champion of the Greek nation, Greece as opposed to Persia was one; Christian Spain as opposed to Islam was one. But Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre were as little united as Sparta, Argos, and Athens. The Moorish wars and the marriages of sovereigns welded them together at last; but till Ferdinand of Aragon married Isabella of Castile, there was no political unity in Spain. How strong then must have been the national character, which in all that length of time was growing into a national unity superior to all political differences. Islam was weak without a unity; and disunion prevailed among the Moors during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Christian power grew year by year, headed by the Templars and Hospitallers, and by the Spanish orders of Santiago and Calatrava.

The loss of Toledo, the pearl of the necklace. In 1085 made the Moors look for help to their old country. The Almoravides (the consecrated) had run a career of conquest in Africa under a chief named Yusuf. To him the Moors of Spain applied for help, and he came over the Straits, met the armies of Leon and Navarre at Zallaca near Badajos, and defeated them with much slaughter. Yusuf then retired

to Africa, but returned, not to help but to conquer. He subdued the Moorish kings of Seville and Granada, took Valencia, and established his dynasty as Caliphs of Cordova and sovereigns of all Southern Spain.

A century of confused fighting follows, at the end of which, in 1212, Alfonso VIII. (the Noble) won the famous battle of Las Navas de Tolosa near the Sierra Morena. The Moors never again made head against the Christian power. The fortune of Las Navas was repeated in 1340 at the battle of the Salado near Tarifa, in which Alfonso XI. with the kings of Aragon and Portugal encountered Abul Hassan, Emperor of Morocco, and sent him 'with a vengeance post' to Africa. One result of this battle was the siege of Algeciras (1343-4) an exploit which brought adventurers from all parts of Europe to win the reward of knight errantry and the pious repute of crusaders. Among them were Henry Earl of Derby—afterwards first Duke of Lancaster, reputed one of the best knights in Europe, and already a crusader in Prussia, Rhodes, and Cyprus—and the Earl of Salisbury; and among their men-at-arms was Chaucer's Knight:—

'In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be  
of Algezir.'

The good Lord James Douglas, too, was a fellow-soldier of Alfonso XI., and was slain in battle against the Moors, covering the Bruce's heart with his body:—

'Pass to the front, as thou wert wont:  
I follow thee, or die.'

In Granada the Moorish refugees gathered and formed a compact state, 'no further compressible,' says Hallam—but Granada, too, became tributary to Castile, and the continuous wars of Moor and Spaniard came to an end.

For two centuries the two nations lived, if not in peace, yet without crusading; there was a good deal of intercourse between them: visits of ceremony, jousts and bull-fights, even marriages. Granada took the place of Cordova as the capital of the Moorish dominion. Here Mohammed the Red built the beautiful 'Red Castle,' the Alhambra, with its towers and palace, its orange groves and vineyards, its gardens of roses and myrtles, its brawling streams and fertile Vega, and the hills sloping up to the snow-clad Sierra Nevada. No description can give an idea of the beauty of the Alhambra, which remains to this day empty and lonely, but so untouched by time that if the Moors came again they would find ready to receive them all that the greatest Sultan could desire. Half a mile distant  
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is the summer palace of the Generalife, with its airy arcades and marble conduits, and its closed garden of oranges, myrtles, and oleanders, and ancient cypresses, tuneful with the sound of rushing waters and the songs of nightingales.

Ferdinand and Isabella 'the Catholic' united by their marriage (1469, being then Infante and Infanta), the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. The King of Granada (Muley Abon Hassan) chose this moment to refuse tribute. 'Tell your master,' he said, 'that the mint of Granada coins only iron.' In mid-winter, in the midst of a violent storm, he assaulted and took the town of Zahra, and drove away its inhabitants, like a herd of cattle, to Granada.

But the Christians, though surprised, were not beaten; Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquess of Cadiz, took the strong fortress of Alhama and held it, in the midst of the Moorish territory. 'Ay de mi Alhama!' was the lament of the Moorish poets; and the King of Granada threw the letter that brought the news into the fire on the hearth, and slew the messenger.

Malaga came next. That ancient city, whose red towers and walls climbing up to the lofty citadel still tell of its former magnificence, was now, in the fifteenth century, the second city and the strongest fortress of the Moorish kingdom, shrunk to the narrow limits of Granada. Ferdinand, keeping to the plan, as he said, of eating up the pomegranate (Granada)\* grain by grain, prepared to attack Malaga.

We now come to the name of Boabdil and to the last scene of Moorish story. Abu Abdullah (corrupted by the Christians into Boabdil) was the son of Muley Abon Hassan, king of Granada, and had been taken prisoner by the Christians. Boabdil was called the 'Unlucky.' The most unlucky action of his life was his consenting while a prisoner at Cordova to become the vassal of the Catholic sovereigns. A Spanish faction and a patriotic faction arose in Granada, whose disputes were mixed up with the jealousies of two queens—Ayesha, and Zoraya, a Castilian lady, the mother of Boabdil—and the feuds of two families, one of them a Cordovan race, the Abencerrages (Beni-Sarai). Thus were two Moorish kings at feud with each other in Granada itself.

One tragic incident of this quarrel was the massacre by Boabdil of the whole family of the Cordovan Abencerrages, in that Hall of the Alhambra which is known by their name, and in which the blood-stains of their slaughter are still shown, an instance of those sudden outbursts of ferocity which form part

\* Granada (*manzana granada*) is 'pomegranate'; but the name is the Arabic *Karnatha*.

of the domestic history of all Eastern dynasties. In the ballad of Alhama (a ballad forbidden to the Moors after the conquest, sung both in Arabic and Spanish) a white-bearded Moor rebukes Boabdil for this deed, which brought the judgment of the loss of Alhama.

'Out then spake old Alfaquí,  
With his beard so white to see;  
Good King! thou art justly served;  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.  
(Woe is me, Alhama!)

By thee were slain in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower—  
And strangers were received by thee,  
Of Cordova the chivalry.  
(Woe is me, Alhama!)

To fight abroad and conspire at home is an impossible combination; and the nobles of Granada could never agree as to who should be their king, Boabdil, the vassal of Spain, or his patriot uncle, Ez-Zagal, 'the Warrior.' The Christians had only to go on and conquer. They took Cártama, the rocky fortress-town of Ronda, Loja, and other places, helped by a force of three hundred English archers under Lord Rivers, who did brave deeds of arms at the second siege of Loja. Ez-Zagal was banished, and Boabdil reigned with the help of Spanish troops.

The Spaniards advanced to the siege of Malaga. The Hill of the Beacon (Gibralfaro) on which the Castle stands, was assaulted by Ferdinand's cannon, called the 'Seven Sisters of Ximenes.' The besieged poured down hot pitch and resin, stones and arrows, and many times beat off the storming parties. Mines, wooden towers, and other engines were tried in vain. The garrison still held out, till famine compelled them to surrender, and the miserable inhabitants, fifteen thousand in all, 'old men, and helpless women, and tender maidens, some of high birth and gentle condition, robbed of all they carried with them as earnest of their ransom, were sent to Seville as slaves, to be released only when the ransom should be completed; which never came about. As they left their homes, they smote their breasts and wrung their hands. . . . O Malaga (they cried), city renowned and beautiful! Where now is the strength of thy castles, where the grandeur of thy towers? . . . Behold thy children driven from thy pleasant abode, and doomed to live and die in bondage in a foreign land! . . . O Malaga! city of our birth! Who can behold thy desolation and not weep bitter tears?'

Granada was still divided into two kingdoms, the seat of  
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one under Boabdil being at the Alhambra, of the other under his uncle, Ez-Zagal, at Baza, to the north-west of Granada. Boabdil prevailed, and Ez-Zagal was banished. By one of those sudden reverses so common in Eastern history, he ended his days (it is said) a blind beggar at the gate of Fez, wearing a badge on which was written 'The King of Andalus.'

Boabdil thought his luck had turned. He was (as we have said) a vassal of Ferdinand, who claimed the town of Granada under a compact. But while Boabdil hesitated what to answer, the *caballeros Granadinos* told the King of Aragon to come and fetch their arms, if he wanted them.

Ferdinand laid waste the Vega or plain of Granada in two successive years. In 1491 the two Catholic sovereigns set out on their final crusade, with forty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, the most famous captain of the time at their head, Ponce de Leon, the Marquess of Cadiz. The Moorish general Musa disdained to close the gates of Granada, and feats of knighthood were done on both sides, the Moorish and Christian knights challenging each other. It would seem as if the crusading spirit kindled the ancient chivalric feeling, now overlaid by ceremony and heraldic shams. Ferdinand, though he knew how to break a lance, was no knight-errant; but rather, as Bacon calls him, 'one of the *tres Magi* of kings of those ages,' as treacherous as he was cunning. It suited him better to starve his enemies than to beat them in the field. He constructed, not a camp, but a stone-built town near Granada, and called it Santa Fé or Holy Faith, and there sat down to await the fall of the city. Isabella, who was regarded by her subjects as a saint as well as a queen, a perfect example of a severe and royal if not attractive virtue, was during the whole war the idol of the army, as she has been the admiration of all succeeding generations of Spaniards.

At length, in November 1491, King Boabdil came out of Granada and gave the keys of the town to the Catholic sovereigns. The traveller sees represented in the carvings of the Capilla Real at Granada, where Ferdinand and Isabella lie beneath their tombs of pompous marble, the sad procession coming out of the castle gate, and the king surrendering the keys of his kingdom. The terms were moderate. The Moors were to have the use of their religion in their own mosques, and retain their property, laws, institutions, manners, and dress; and all facilities were to be afforded to those who should wish to emigrate into Africa.

'There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,  
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;

Here



Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,  
 And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn;  
*Te Deum laudamus* was up the Alcala sung,  
 Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;  
 The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile's display;  
 One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.

'In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. "You do well," said his more masculine mother, "to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!" "Alas!" exclaimed the unhappy exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine?" The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth, is commemorated by the poetical title of *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*, "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

Like Ez-Zagal, the unfortunate Boabdil could not endure to remain, a shadow-king, in the country which he had once ruled. The next year he sold his kingdom to Ferdinand, went over to Africa, and there fell in battle.

"Such was the immutable decree of destiny. Blessed be Allah, who exalteth and debaseth the kings of the earth according to his divine will, in whose fulfilment consists that eternal justice which regulates all human affairs." The portal through which King Abdallah for the last time issued from his capital was at his request walled up, that none other might again pass through it. In this condition it remains to this day, a memorial of the sad destiny of the last of the kings of Granada.'

The terms of the capitulation were not kept. 'Santa Fé' did not mean faith to be kept with the infidel. The new Archbishop of Granada tried, and with some success, to convert the Moors to Christianity. But Cardinal Ximenes, the great minister of the 'Reyes Católicos,' persuaded the Queen to decree that the Moriscos must choose between baptism and exile. The mosques were closed, the manuscripts burnt, and thus, with the monuments of the past, the promise of future learning was destroyed. Most of the Moors submitted to necessity; but some of them showed at the Rio Verde what despairing men can do.

Don Alonso de Aguilar, head of the noble house of Cordova, and brother of the 'great Captain' Gonsalvo, was sent into the Sierra Bermeja (Red Mountains) near Granada in 1501, and was trapped by the Moors in the gorges of the Rio Verde, the  
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Green River, turned that day (says the ballad) into a stream of crimson; and there was slain with all his chivalry.

‘Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,

The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow ;

There, o’er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado’s line,

High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine. . . .

Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,

For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear ;

Down, down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,

Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.’

Another revolt took place before the complete subjugation of the Moriscos or half-converted Moors of Granada. Charles V., in spite of the priests, did not press them hard ; but Philip II., here as often elsewhere his own enemy, attempted to enforce the regulations of Ferdinand, and closed the baths of Granada, the peculiar institution of Islam.

The revolt lasted two years. ‘The records are full of ruthless bloodshed, of torture, assassination, treachery, and horrible butchery on both sides,’ mixed with deeds of heroism, such as that of the friar who crossed the plank over a ravine in the face of the Moorish archers, leading the army by his example to follow. The war was no longer a war of chivalry. It was a war of despair and revenge. No quarter was given ; prisoners were massacred, fugitives smoked to death in caves, and women and children found no mercy. Three millions of Moors are said to have been sent into exile in the century succeeding the fall of Granada, chained together, driven like herds of cattle to the shore, where they were stripped of all their possessions, and delivered over to the captains of the Christian ships. Some were drowned at sea, some sold for slaves in the Moorish markets, many massacred by the Arabs to whom they fled for protection. The pious Mohammedans said : ‘Verily to God belong lands and dominions, and He giveth them to whom He will.’ The pious Christians accepted the deeds of their rulers by praising the ‘just sentence’ of the Catholic king which ‘banished to Africa the last relics of the Moors.’

The Spaniards repeated the crime of Rome in destroying Carthage. They blotted out a nation ; and they have paid the penalty in the decay of four centuries.

ART. X.—*Autobiography and Political Correspondence of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, K.G.* From hitherto unpublished documents in the possession of his family. Edited by Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford. London, 1898.

TO the majority of the reading public, even to such as are fairly well acquainted with the politics of the eighteenth century, the Duke of Grafton is little more than a name. They know that among the numerous shortlived Ministries which followed each other in such rapid succession during the first ten years of the reign of George III. one is called the Grafton Administration; and that the character of its chief has been handed down to us by Junius in colours of exceptional blackness. But few except professed students have troubled themselves to enquire into its truth. The world at large has accepted the portrait; and though historians may have placed his character in a somewhat different light, it is still the Duke of the great satirist who is most familiar to us. The 'Autobiography' which he began to write in 1804 for the benefit of his son Lord Euston, together with the correspondence attaching to it, has been largely drawn upon by subsequent writers, but as yet we have had only their inferences to depend upon, fortified by such passages as they chose to select in support of them. We have now the whole of it before us in a connected form and can judge for ourselves. Now for the first time the Duke, in the words of Sir W. Anson, 'tells his own story.'

The outrageous attacks of Junius, of which it is difficult to say whether the finished style, the exquisite satire, or the audacious mendacity is the more to be admired, are only gross exaggerations of what much more sober writers have supposed to be the truth: and what it is really important to ascertain is how far the Duke's 'own story' shows that political transactions on account of which he has been harshly judged by comparatively impartial critics have been misunderstood. The 'Autobiography,' which is admirably edited, seems to throw new light on more than one such passage in his life; and though we have no intention of trying to whitewash him, or to present the public with a 'real Duke of Grafton' after the fashion of a modern school of artists, still, in the interests of historical truth it is well that the correct version of certain affairs, in which he played a leading part, should be placed on record. His own letters published in this volume bear the stamp of truth on them, and our conviction is

is after reading them through that at some critical points in his career he was more sinned against than sinning.

The Duke was born on the 9th of October, 1735. His great-grandfather was a natural son of Charles II., and his grandfather, the second Duke, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1721 to 1724, and Lord Chamberlain from 1727 to his death, thirty years afterwards. The father of the third Duke was Lord Augustus Fitzroy, son of the above, who died in 1741. His wife, the mother of the future Prime Minister, was Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Cosby. Contrary to the usual practice of the English aristocracy, and perhaps owing to the early death of his father, Augustus Henry was not sent to either Eton or Westminster, but was educated at a private school at Hackney. Thence he proceeded to Peterhouse, Cambridge, and on leaving the University travelled for a time on the Continent. On his return to England he married Anne Liddell, the only child of Lord Ravensworth, from whom he was separated in 1764, and divorced in 1769, on account of her misconduct with Lord Ossory. The same year he married Lord Ossory's cousin, Miss Wrottesley, which, in the opinion of Junius, showed great want of delicacy. He sat in the House of Commons for a short time, having been returned for Bury St. Edmunds in 1756. But in the following year he succeeded to the title, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., and took Ministerial office for the first time as Secretary of State in the first Rockingham Administration, from which he retired early in 1766. He became First Lord of the Treasury in Chatham's Government which succeeded it, and Prime Minister when Chatham was disabled by sickness. He remained in this position for two years, and resigned in 1770 to make room for Lord North, with whom he served as Lord Privy Seal till 1775. He re-entered the Cabinet with Rockingham and Shelburne in 1782-3, and though he was not yet fifty, and lived nearly thirty years longer, never took office again.

That he should have filled it so often is rather strange when we reflect on his tastes and habits. He had neither Parliamentary talents nor political ambition; he was no orator; he hated business; and, when he was wanted by his colleagues, had usually to be summoned from Newmarket or Wakefield. There is a passage in Junius which might be thought to afford some explanation of this seeming incongruity. In his first letter, written in January 1769, he refers to the Duke as "a young nobleman ruined by play." Of course, if Grafton was distressed

distressed for money, we have the key to much of his conduct. He had a great fortune ; but a pack of hounds, a racing stable, and a fashionable mistress are not to be kept for nothing ; and were there any other reference to such embarrassments in any of his contemporaries, we might accept the statement of Junius as a key to the riddle. But we have found none ; and the problem must remain unsolved, except as one of the knots in a somewhat singular character. The Duke himself says that he did not wish to take office in 1765 ; he thought he could have served the Government better as an independent supporter. But he was overruled, as he often was afterwards, a weakness on which, of course, the worst construction was placed by his implacable enemy. On the 10th of July he kissed hands as Secretary for the Northern Department.

And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to notice that whether Grafton was eager for office or not, all parties in turn seem to have been eager to have him. If he was such as Junius painted him, what bitterer satire could there be upon English parties and public men at the period in question—the days, be it remembered, of Chatham, Burke, and Camden—than that they should have courted his support and considered him a valuable colleague ? Yet it is evident that they did so ; and, to anticipate a little, we may add that the younger Pitt in 1783 asked Grafton to join his Administration.

The Duke's connexion with Lord Rockingham did not last very long. He had entered public life as a devoted admirer of the elder Pitt, between whom and Lord Rockingham there was no love lost, and he did not believe that any strong Government could be formed without him. To obtain his co-operation was Grafton's one object throughout. This was the secret of his reluctance to join the Ministry in 1765, and was the secret of his leaving it in 1766. He belonged neither to the Rockinghams nor the Bedfords nor the Grenvilles. He was brought up as a Whig, and formed his political opinions on Locke. But he was not a member of the great Whig connexion, the Junto of Revolution Families, with whom George III. waged incessant war. He never recognized their claims ; but he did not regard them with the positive dislike which they inspired in Mr. Pitt, and at a very critical moment desired to obtain their assistance, a project which his chief discouraged. Pitt, as Sir William Anson truly says, was, in the eyes of the recognized Whig leaders, 'a disturbing element in party combinations.' To a great extent, he stood aloof from all parties, cliques, or groups whatever. He could not act cordially even with his natural connexions,  
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the Grenvilles. Had he done so, it is by no means impossible that a strong Government might have been formed in 1765. But the Great Commoner would not aid them in the realization of their dream, which was the formation of a purely Grenville Ministry, strong enough to set the Old Whigs at defiance. Pitt, in fact, carried this principle of total independence rather too far. 'The time came,' says Walpole, 'when he found the disadvantage of keeping all connexions at a distance.' What might have happened had his health, strength, and intellectual powers remained in full vigour till he had completed the allotted term of human life it is of course impossible to say. Sir W. Massey, whose excellent 'History' is but too little consulted, thinks that in that case he might have anticipated the triumph which twenty years later crowned the courage and genius of his son. Whether his character and his peculiar powers were equally well fitted for the task may perhaps be doubted. But had he made the attempt, he would have found a loyal ally in the Duke of Grafton.

Without a brief glance at the state of parties between 1763 and 1783, we cannot appreciate the whole of the 'Autobiography,' or the principal points in it to which the editor calls attention. But the ground has been so frequently travelled over that we need only touch its salient features.

The voice of party had been almost hushed, and the divisions of party half forgotten for the moment, during the famous Administration of which from 1757 to 1762 Mr. Pitt was the presiding spirit. When that Administration was broken up the old divisions reappeared, and new ones sprang up at the same time, creating a political maze through which it is not always easy to thread one's way. The Old Whigs, who styled themselves 'the Revolution Families,' and still considered that the government of the country belonged to them of right, were always jealous of Pitt, and only submitted to his ascendancy as a matter of necessity. The Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, and Newcastle opposed him in the Cabinet and thwarted his Imperial policy. The time came, however, when the Woburn family set up a separate standard, and, without deviating from the Whig theory of prerogative, took a line of their own on foreign and colonial questions and some others. This detached group, however, was never considered to represent the Old Whig party, of which, as the Duke of Newcastle gradually retired into the background, Lord Rockingham became the leader. The Rockingham Whigs and the Bedford Whigs now accordingly come before us as two rival sections, of whom we hear enough before the end of the chapter to be heartily



heartily tired of both. Next to these came a third group of very able men comprising the personal adherents of Pitt, and a fourth in the shape of the Grenvilles, of whom the head was Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law. Sometimes these two groups acted together, and sometimes stood aloof from each other. Could they have cordially agreed, much might have happened differently. They both called themselves Whigs, though placing a very different meaning on the word from that which the Rockinghams and Bedfords attached to it. Shelburne, indeed, the son-in-law of Lord Carteret, the brilliant statesman who had done his best to deliver George II. from the oligarchy, we can hardly classify as a Whig, though we suppose he would scarcely have called himself a Tory. Grafton, of course, was a Whig by birth, though preferring Revolution principles without the Revolution Families.

The Grenvillites, perhaps, were not very easy people to get on with. They were the Peelites of that day. They considered themselves the salt of the earth, and regretted that there were not enough of them to fill all the offices of Government. When Temple and his brother, George Grenville, were reconciled in 1766, and when Rockingham finally broke down, they thought that a pure Grenvillite Government was the only thing to save the country, and refused to join Pitt or Grafton on that very ground. Pitt, or Chatham, as we must now call him, never gave in to this idea. He may have thought that a Grenvillite Administration, immediately inspired by the two brothers, would be as much of an oligarchy as the Rockinghams, and quite as willing to reduce the Crown to a cypher. It is said that a scheme somewhat similar to that of the Grenvilles was entertained by Sir Robert Peel himself after 1846; and it is certain that, after his death, the idea of a purely Peelite Government, distinct from both Whigs and Tories, was cherished for a time in high quarters. But this would have been a Government favourable to the authority of the Crown, and not opposed to it.

There still remains the Tory party to be considered, who are sometimes apt to be overlooked in our political surveys, because they had for the time being no very prominent leader at their head, and their weight was felt on divisions more than in debates. They must not be confounded with 'the King's friends,' a term that technically applied only to a small number of men holding offices of state and more or less pledged to support the Crown, even, if necessary, against the head of the Government. The great bulk of the Tory party was then composed of the English country gentlemen, elected by far  
more

more independent constituencies than the borough members who constituted the strength of the Whigs. Their animating principle now, as it had been in the seventeenth century, was loyalty. They were devoutly attached to the principle of monarchy, and they wished to see a real king. They were, says Lord Shelburne, 'the landed interest of England, who wished to see a dignified honourable Government, conducted with due regard to order, economy, and subordination.' It was only by the fidelity of this party that the King was able for a moment to withstand the borough interest of the Whigs, which as soon as the younger Pitt obtained power it was his first object to destroy. The Tory party was numerous and united in the House of Commons, and is described by Lord Stanhope, by no means a Tory himself, in highly eulogistic terms :—

'Men without a thought or wish of office for themselves, but who loved and revered the Crown with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength. Not free from any selfish taint was the spirit—such as Ormond felt, such as Clarendon describes—the spirit with which the ancestors of many among them had stood by the Crown in its days of danger and distress—in the days of the rout at Marston, or of the watch and ward at Carisbrooke. Then the flame of loyalty beamed far brighter from the surrounding darkness—now it was as pure, though it paled before the day! Nor was it a blind unreasoning ardour of loyalty alone. Many of them throughout this reign fixed their faith on the personal integrity and upright intentions of the Sovereign, and felt more reliance on his character than on that of any of his Ministers—the younger Pitt alone excepted.'

With this brief summary of the political situation, as we should now call it, when Grafton entered public life, we may proceed to those transactions of which the 'Autobiography' seems in any material respect to qualify the received version, helping us to understand more clearly than we did before the full significance of the part taken by the Duke, with the natural results which flowed from it. The connexion between the two does not seem to have been fully recognized by either Lord Stanhope or Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice or Lord Macaulay, or any other writer of our own times with whom we are acquainted who has given his attention to the subject.

The Duke of Grafton has been charged with 'betraying' three persons and 'deserting' one. The three are Lord Rockingham, Lord Chatham, and Mr. Wilkes; the one is George III. On these four questions the 'Autobiography' is full of interest for us, whether we are convinced by it or not. We have said that the Duke of Grafton had at all events sufficient  
sense

sense and discernment when he was a young man of two-and-twenty to appreciate the genius of the elder Pitt and to take him for his political master. He rode to a lead, as they say out hunting, and if the line given him by his chief occasionally brought him into difficulties from which he perhaps did not extricate himself in the best possible manner, he ought not to be too harshly judged on that account. It may be remembered that when George Grenville's Administration came to an end in the summer of 1765, it was at first contemplated that Mr. Pitt should be a leading member of the new Cabinet. Grafton never concealed his opinion that no strong Government could be formed without him. And when it was found that, owing to circumstances not material to the present point, Pitt's accession to the Rockingham Government had to be deferred, Grafton only took office on the distinct understanding that renewed efforts should be made at no distant date to secure the Great Commoner's services. On this condition alone he agreed to take the post of Northern Secretary, who then divided the duties of the Foreign Office with his colleague of the Southern Department, at this time General Conway.

'Despairing of receiving Mr. Pitt's assistance at our head, a new plan for establishing a Ministry was proposed to His Majesty by H.R.H. and accepted, several with myself understanding that it came forward (*sic*) with the full declaration of our desire to receive Mr. Pitt at our head, *whenever* he should see the situation of affairs to be such as to allow him to take that part. My concern afterwards was great when I found before the conclusion of our first session that this idea was already vanished from the minds of some of my colleagues. I always understood this to be the ground on which I engaged, and it will be seen that I adhered to my own resolution to the last.'

We see from the 'Autobiography' that Grafton frequently reminded Lord Rockingham of the terms on which he had consented to serve under him, and that for some time he was met with evasive answers. Now it was not Grafton only, but the public generally, who had been led to expect that Pitt's recall to office was only a question of time, and that a very short time. This expectation was founded to a great extent on the known fact that the Duke of Grafton had only joined the Government upon that assurance.

'Men's minds,' he says, in April 1766, 'were not at rest while no prospect was open to bring forward Mr. Pitt, nor any step taken to gratify on that head the expectation of the public. Many of my friends spoke to me under great concern, lamenting that this desirable object bore too much the appearance of being laid aside.'

My uneasiness on this matter was equal to theirs ; and was increased by feeling that my character was at stake, and that I was called upon to prevent the present favourable moment from slipping ineffectually by. It became incumbent on me to come to a full explanation on the subject with Lord Rockingham.'

Writing to General Conway, his brother Secretary, the next day, he says :—

'I found Lord Rockingham and Lord Albemarle together, without any third person. They had din'd, and as the House of Lords had sat till seven, I believe Lord Rockingham expected no one on business ; and after some digressions came more to the point, and with more openness as to one than I had ever known him do.

'There was now no hesitation in him to declare that he *would never advise His Majesty to call Mr. Pitt into his closet* ; that this was a fixed resolution to which he would adhere. He added that he saw no reason why the present Administration (if they received assurances from the King that people in offices were to hold their posts at the goodwill of the Ministers) should not carry on very well, and with honour to themselves, the King's business. The first of these I must consider as an absolute opposition to Mr. P. coming into the Ministry at all. We know that it is with the King alone that he can settle it, and I can feel Mr. Pitt's reasons to be strong on that head. I also feel very well that there is no quarter from which that advice can come to the King if Lord R. does not make a part. . . .

'I own to you I have been deluded by the expectation that no such determination had been taken by L<sup>d</sup> R. I was deceiv'd, my eyes are now open, and I shall probably take that step on Monday (at least, to acquaint the King with my resolution upon it)—that step, I say, which nothing but a different idea of L<sup>d</sup> R.'s conversations with me had prevented my taking as soon as the Stamp Act was repealed, and which I have every hour repented that I had not done.'

Rockingham's statement was of course decisive, and after this interview the Duke felt that he had no alternative but to retire from the Government. But how it can be said that he betrayed Lord Rockingham we are at a loss to understand. Grafton's story is confirmed by Lord Albemarle, editor of the Rockingham memoirs ; and if blame rests on anyone it should surely be on the statesman who, when he formed his Administration, said one thing while he meant another, and accepted a colleague on conditions which he never intended to fulfil.

There is, of course, another side to the story, though it leaves Grafton free from blame. It may be observed in the above extract that Lord Rockingham does not say he will never accept Pitt as a colleague, but only that he would 'never advise his

his Majesty to send for him.' This distinction, shadowy as it may seem to ourselves, was a very real one in 1766, and touched a question going to the very root of the whole Whig system. The Whig contention was that it was for the Whig leaders to name the King's Ministers and submit them to His Majesty for approval. Against this contention George III. had struggled from the first, and in his resistance to it he now had the concurrence of Mr. Pitt, who had abandoned the ground on which he stood in 1763, when he told the King that the Government could not be carried on without the 'Revolution Families.' Sir William Anson notices this change, but does not attempt to account for it. The probability is that as the sentiments of the 'Revolution Families' towards himself became more fully revealed to him, he began to see their pretensions in a different light. He now positively refused to join the Government simply on Rockingham's nomination. He would be called in by the King and receive his instructions directly from the royal lips. On this rock the negotiations split. And as Grafton had never adopted the Family theory he was evidently quite justified in resigning. Whether Rockingham did or did not know in 1765 that Pitt would only come in upon the above-mentioned terms we cannot positively say. But it is very unlikely that he did not, and Grafton was certain that he did. On this conviction his whole defence rests.

The reader must now judge for himself of the relations between Grafton and Rockingham. The former resigned office in April 1766, and the latter in the following July, when the curtain rises on another act of the drama. Rockingham's conduct had no doubt strengthened the aversion with which Pitt had now begun to regard the Old Whigs, and confirmed him in his resolution to withstand their unwarrantable demands, as Sir W. Anson allows them to have been. Had his health and strength lasted he might have carried his point and his second Administration have been as favourably remembered as his first. But as matters turned out all went wrong from the beginning. And now for the second time Grafton was drawn into difficulties not of his own creation, and found himself before long in a very tight place—to use an expressive vulgarity—from which no satisfactory escape seemed open.

Lord John Russell says that Grafton 'abandoned' Chatham; Junius says that he betrayed him. Let us see how the matter stands. The Chatham Ministry, as it was at first designated, was formed in July 1766. After his first session Pitt's health gave way, and for the next three years he never

appeared in his place either at the Cabinet Councils or in Parliament. Grafton, convinced of the necessity of his being at the head of affairs, tells us that he only took office because Pitt threatened to throw up the cards unless he did. Accordingly, much against his will, he became First Lord of the Treasury; but 'he took the situation,' as he records in the 'Autobiography,' 'merely for the sake of acting under Pitt, and not to be Minister himself'; and he more than once threatened to resign unless his chief would come forward and assume the responsibility which belonged to him. These threats were met by counter-threats of resignation on Pitt's part, which always had the effect of silencing Grafton for the moment. At last, however, his situation became intolerable. He could neither act with Pitt nor without him. The Lord Privy Seal, who was to have been the inspiring genius of the Cabinet, remained in his gloomy retirement, professing his total inability to take any part in public affairs, or to give any advice to his colleagues. He had begun by treating them all, so says Lord Hardwicke, 'as Lord Peter does Jack and Martin.' He had taught them to lean upon himself exclusively, and that his word was to be law. And now no word was forthcoming. The staff on which they had leaned was struck from under them, and the Ministry showed signs of breaking up. But Grafton held on. He was convinced that the name of Chatham alone was a tower of strength, and that as long as he was popularly supposed to be a member of the Ministry the nation would support it. The state of parties, the real situation of affairs, the weakness, the intrigues, and the personal animosities which make that period one of the most discreditable in our annals, were little known out of doors. At the present day they would be known in every market town in the United Kingdom. But it was not so then: and in studying the party history of that time this difference should always be borne in mind. It is well illustrated by the fact that in spite of the internal weakness of the Administration, they could count on 'a large and independent majority in the House of Commons, which gave them credit with the public.'

But, for all this, it seemed indispensably necessary that the Treasury Bench should be strengthened in some manner, and Grafton was naturally anxious to do it in the manner most acceptable to Chatham, and least likely to afford him any pretext for resigning. There were two quarters from which additional strength might be obtained, the Rockingham Whigs and the Bedford Whigs. Grafton was in favour of the former, because they shared his own views and Lord Chatham's on the  
subject



subject of the Colonies, while the Bedford party were all for 'firmness,' meaning by that word coercion. And now comes the strange part of the story. In spite of this difference of opinion, Chatham preferred to negotiate with the Bedford party. He had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate adherence of Lord Rockingham to the Old Whig doctrine in the previous year, and perhaps foresaw that fresh negotiations with that party for the same purpose would only have the same result. The King chose to try the Rockinghams first; and some attempt was made in that direction. But Rockingham, with whom communications had been opened at the King's desire, whose unpleasant recollections of the Duke of Bedford seem to have weighed more with his Majesty at the moment than the question of the Colonies, was found impracticable. He had no idea of coming to the assistance of the Government. He would only consent to form a new Administration on the assumption that the old one was dissolved. To this, of course, it was impossible for either Grafton or Chatham to assent. Grafton's object was to hold his own Government together so as to keep the way open for Chatham's return. This was the advice given him by Lord Camden. But this was the last thing of which the Lord of Wentworth was dreaming. And the Duke could now only fall back on the alternative which his leader had originally suggested. It is evident, in short, that after all that had occurred, it was impossible for Rockingham and Chatham, in spite of their agreement on the American question, to act together. The latter, in his interview with Grafton in May 1767, had no doubt allowed his lieutenant to see this pretty plainly. Chatham saw in Rockingham the head of the oligarchy with which he was now at open war. Rockingham, according to his friend Lord Albemarle, saw in Chatham a Tory and a King's friend. Even had Chatham and his interests been out of the way, the two sections of the Whigs could not agree among themselves. Bedford and Rockingham were unable to put their horses together, and it is out of the question to suppose that the Marquis and 'the King's friend' could have done any better.

Now because the Duke of Grafton, against his own better judgment, adopted Chatham's suggestion and recruited his Government from among the Duke of Bedford's friends, he is said to have 'betrayed' Chatham—to have 'abandoned' Chatham! And the surprising part of the whole business is that Chatham in almost as many words said so himself. Unless we accept the theory, which still has its advocates among us, that all the time he was in retirement he was really crazy—he

must

must have known what would be the consequences of a coalition with the Bedfords. Yet when these naturally followed, Chatham, on the recovery of his health, took the lead in denouncing them. He declaimed in the bitterest terms against the policy which had resulted from his own advice, and roundly abused the Government for their perfidy because they had taken it. Truly may Horace Walpole say that Grafton had as much to complain of in Chatham as Chatham ever had in Grafton, if not indeed a good deal more.

Sir William Anson is of the same opinion :—

‘Chatham, in the last interview which he accorded to Grafton before the cloud of illness wholly overshadowed him, exhorted the Duke to retain office, and counselled an alliance with the Bedford Whigs. In both matters the advice was taken, but when Chatham recovered he denounced the Duke, in language wholly unjustified by anything that had passed, as a traitor to himself and to the liberties of his country.’

The editor still thinks that Grafton was to blame for the admission of this party to the Government. But that is only to say what has never been denied—that Grafton was too pliant an instrument in the hands of Chatham, and too easily overruled by a chief of whom he stood in awe. This may be true. But this was no offence against Chatham. Had Grafton not been Grafton, but somebody else instead, he might have resigned office rather than unite with the Bedfords, have thrown over Chatham altogether, and have formed new connexions for himself. That he did not do this is no reproach on his honesty or fidelity. He still hoped that Chatham might recover and resume his place in the Ministry. It was with this object in view that he remained in office. Nor was he mistaken in thinking his recovery possible. But when that wished-for event took place, to Grafton’s infinite disappointment and chagrin, he appeared not as a friend, but as an enemy! Then he resigned, because the only motive which had prevented him from resigning before had ceased to exist.

It is to be noted, moreover, that, Chatham’s preference notwithstanding, an attempt had been made to obtain the co-operation of Lord Rockingham. We have seen why it failed. And what reason had Grafton for supposing that overtures which had been rejected in 1767 would fare any better in 1768? Besides, the union with the Bedford party had been settled before Lord Chatham’s resignation, though the details were not finally completed till afterwards, and this alliance was effected for the express purpose of showing him that his colleagues were still anxious to consult his wishes in all respects.

respects. On the 9th of October, 1768, the Duke saw Lady Chatham at Hayes. He had by this time been obliged to act as the real head of the Ministry, though Chatham continued a member of it.

'I began my discourse,' says he, 'by assuring Lady Chatham that, notwithstanding the King had now for so long a time, by Lord Chatham's dreadful illnesses, been deprived of all assistance from him in his Councils, his Majesty did not despair of seeing soon his return to the head of affairs, which I was expressly commanded to deliver, as the King's particular hope and expectation. I ventured to add my own declaration, namely, of being ready and anxious to return to him that lead in administration to which his experience and ability had just claim, and which had been imposed on me at his lordship's earnest request, and was considered by myself as a painful and temporary possession. I added, that every man whom Lord Chatham had left in the Cabinet desired as earnestly as I did his return to power; and that I had taken care, in bringing those into Ministry whom his lordship had more especially pointed out as the most desirable accession to support it, to have it plainly understood by them that his Majesty and his Ministers were looking out with impatience for the day on which Lord Chatham could again take the lead in the King's Councils.'

This letter is quoted by Lord Stanhope, who does not, however, seem to have felt its full significance, nor does he take any notice of the final interview between Grafton and his leader the year before, when Chatham 'pointed out' the Bedfords 'as the most desirable accession to the Ministry.' On this conversation with Lady Chatham Sir William Anson has a note which we do not perfectly understand. He says Grafton was 'misled' by the advice given him in 1767. How was he misled? The advice was plain. Nothing had occurred in the interval to make it less expedient, if indeed the failure of the negotiations with Rockingham had not made it even more necessary.

Chatham's resignation took place only a few days after this meeting with the Countess. He based it entirely on his health, but expressed himself to Grafton as much annoyed by the removal of Lord Shelburne and Sir Jeffrey Amherst, two circumstances which may be briefly referred to hereafter. It is enough to say here that the dismissal of Lord Shelburne followed as a natural consequence on the admission of the Bedford party, which was Chatham's own doing. If Chatham had only waited a little longer Grafton fully believed that the war with the Colonies might have been avoided. The interview with Lady Chatham took place, as we have said, in October 1768. In the same month the Earl resigned, on the score of his health; yet within a few weeks only it began to mend, and in

two or three months he was quite well enough to have resumed his part in public business.

‘I shall ever consider Lord Chatham’s long illness, together with his resignation, as the most unhappy event that could have befallen our political state. Without entering into many other consequences at that time which called for his assistance, I must think that the separation from America might have been avoided; for in the following spring Lord Chatham was sufficiently recovered to have given his effectual support in the Cabinet to Lords Camden and Granby and General Conway, with myself, who were overruled in our best endeavours to include the article of teas with the other duties intended to be repealed. There can be no doubt that the favour would have been gladly received by the Colonies, especially if it was held out to them that their former constitutions, with their different charters, were no longer suited to their condition, and that Great Britain was ready to confer with them on establishing a free government, dependent on the mother country, and exclusively possessed of the full right of taxing themselves. When I advance these sentiments with so much confidence to my belief, I assure you that it is the result of mature deliberation.’

This passage, too, is quoted by Lord Stanhope without comment, and in seeming unconsciousness of its value as evidence in Grafton’s favour.

We have so far endeavoured to keep the thread of our argument distinct from the labyrinth of intrigues, ambitions, and jealousies through which it winds its way; and to confine ourselves exclusively to what concerns the Duke of Grafton. Of course his path comes into contact with so much of the general party history of the period that some of it must necessarily be interwoven with our narrative. But we have been anxious to avoid entangling it with extraneous matter, in order that the eye might rest with greater concentration on the particular object for the sake of which the ‘Autobiography’ is published. It is quite right that justice should be done to the memory of any statesman who has been wrongfully defamed. But the Duke of Grafton was not of sufficient importance in himself to make it worth while to reopen the controversies connected with him, and to ask public opinion for a fresh trial. What helps to make it worth while is the fact that his history has been written by political opponents, and that the popular estimate of him shows what can be done by persistent misrepresentation when combined with either literary ability or political eminence. We say nothing of Junius. But in Burke, Lord John Russell, and Lord Macaulay we have the three Whig advocates who have made it their business to paint an opponent of the oligarchy in as unfavourable colours as possible. To these

these may be added the numerous Whig editors and biographers whose statements for a long time governed public opinion. Of Chatham they were obliged to speak gently. But they have pounced on his two chief followers, Shelburne and Grafton, and have punished their unpardonable offence with unscrupulous severity. Lord Beaconsfield was the first to set the character of Lord Shelburne in its proper light, and for a very sufficient reason. The purgation of Shelburne was necessary to his own theory of the Venetian Constitution. But it has been nobody's interest to take up the cudgels for Grafton. The Tories never recognized him as one of themselves. The King and the King's friends thought he had behaved badly in resigning when he did. He had enemies all round. The Stowe interest, the Woburn interest, and the Wentworth interest were all hostile; and as he was vulnerable on the side of his private character, no wonder he has come down to us with scarce a rag of respectability about him.

After Chatham's resignation Grafton struggled on for another session. But with his former leader in active opposition, and bringing charges of treachery against him which were eagerly backed up by other parties, it was morally impossible for him to continue in office. He might have retorted Chatham's reproaches with perfect justice, but he never did. He had neither the inclination nor perhaps the ability to play the part of Lord North. And after Chatham's bitter attack upon him at the opening of Parliament on the 9th of January, 1770, when his old friend and colleague Lord Camden, still on the woolsack, turned against him, he lost no time in informing the King of his intentions. Whenever the resignation of a Minister seemed to threaten George III. with the restoration of the oligarchy, he called it desertion. And he now accused Grafton of deserting him, as he afterwards accused Lord Shelburne. He might with more justice have censured those who had brought the Prime Minister into an utterly false position, in which it was impossible for him to remain, with any regard either to his own self-respect or the benefit of the King's cause. He sincerely disapproved of the policy into which he had been dragged by the Bedford party. But had he been really the renegade which his enemies asserted him to be, he might easily have continued in office, and have carried out the Colonial policy of the Court, as Lord North did, with the help of a steady majority in the House of Commons. His resignation was the proof not of his treachery but of his honesty. Lower motives might have had their share in determining his action. He had now got his Divorce Bill through the Lords (one of his objects, according to Walpole,

Walpole, for remaining in as long as he did). He was about to be married, and was glad no doubt to shuffle off all political cares and official responsibility. But nothing in all this justifies the diatribes of Chatham.

The relations between the two men remind us in some respects of those between Addington and Pitt; but whereas Addington never chose to regard himself merely as a *locum tenens*, Grafton wished to be nothing else. In fact, he was not formed to be a leader or master; and, when he called in the Bedford group, he soon found himself in the condition of the horse in the fable, 'Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.' Shelburne, who chafed under the yoke more than his easy-going colleague, soon began to make himself very disagreeable. The Bedford party gave him fresh offence by refusing to appoint his nominee to the embassy at Turin, and sending a friend of their own instead. As this appointment belonged to Shelburne's department, the slight was very marked. As Grafton was now completely under the thumb of the Bedford party, who were Shelburne's bitterest enemies, he could not prevent many things of which Shelburne disapproved. But they agreed on some important points. They were both for assisting Corsica against France; they were both against coercion in America. But the Bedford party in the Cabinet prevailed on both points; and, though it seems that Grafton in the end rather weakly acceded to their policy, Shelburne must have known that he disapproved of it. The First Lord complained to Chatham of Shelburne's great want of cordiality, and of his uncivil behaviour to himself, yet it seems at the same time that he did not resolve on his removal without considerable reluctance. He was 'perpetually urged,' says Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, 'both by the Bedford party and the King,' to dismiss Lord Shelburne. But solicitations which are constantly renewed must also have been frequently resisted. And it is easy to understand that the Duke of Grafton did not wish either to weaken still further the Chathamite element in the Cabinet, or to offend Lord Chatham by expelling his pupil and *protégé*.

On the other hand, it is clear that, in spite of their agreement on some points, the two colleagues were, for the time being, personally distasteful to each other. In what proportions pressure from without and personal feeling from within contributed to Grafton's final resolution, it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice says that the Duke 'hated' Shelburne, and this because he was jealous of the favour shown to him by their common chief. We know not what evidence his lordship has for this statement. It is much more likely, we should



should say, that Shelburne had given offence to Grafton by affecting airs of superiority towards him, and showing, especially after the inclusion of the Whig contingent, that he regarded himself as the head of the Chatham party in the Cabinet. This attitude would certainly have been warmly resented by the First Lord of the Treasury, who supposed himself to have been acting in complete accordance with the judgment of his great leader when he sought the assistance of the Woburn interest. As he still looked forward to seeing Chatham resume his place in the Government, it would have been useless for him to purchase the assistance of Lord Rockingham on the only terms which the Marquis was willing to accept. When Chatham regained his health, only to find that his Government, instead of being strengthened by the accession of Lord Rockingham as a colleague, had been formally dismissed to pave the way for him as chief, he would hardly have thanked the Duke for his share in the transaction.

Sir William Anson seems to think that if the Duke, on finding himself outvoted in the Cabinet by a majority of one on the American question, had at once threatened to resign unless his own policy were adopted, his colleagues must have given way. We are not so sure of this. They would have had the support of the King, and from what we know of that party we should not think it likely that they would have refused to act with Lord North. The great question of the day was the taxation of the American Colonies. They were agreed on this point. The King had a clear majority in the House of Commons. It is quite as likely that the Bedfords would have held on; and that the system over which North presided for twelve years would have been floated one year earlier. Finally we repeat that whatever Shelburne had to complain of in Grafton was due to the original error committed at Chatham's suggestion in 1767. Grafton had not sufficient force of character to arrest its natural consequences; but of anything like treachery or falsehood towards that statesman he was entirely innocent. Sir William Anson says, and says truly, that 'the difficulties which Grafton experienced in dealing with Shelburne were common to all who had to do with a man who seems to have been almost universally mistrusted.'

Two other persons to whom Grafton is said to have behaved badly are John Wilkes and George III. We will defer the King's affairs till the time comes for glancing at George III.'s scheme of government in general, and Sir William Anson's remarks upon it. Wilkes falls into his place between Shelburne and Junius. Whether the action of the Government in the  
case

case of Wilkes was wise or foolish, legal or illegal, constitutional or unconstitutional, the responsibility for it rests on the Cabinet as a whole, and not on any single individual. We know that some members of the Government disapproved of it. Conway, the leader of the House, refused to vote for the expulsion of Wilkes. But as he kept his place he cannot be acquitted of all complicity with it. No doubt, however, Grafton and Lord North were among its principal supporters. But their conduct at the worst was only an error of judgment; whereas the charge against which the Duke defends himself in this 'Autobiography' was one of moral turpitude—'Was he not,' says Junius, 'the bosom friend of Wilkes, whom he now pursues to destruction?'—his alleged motive being to curry favour with the King. Now the Duke, as he assures his son in this statement, so far from having been a bosom friend of Wilkes, had never once in his life been in a room alone with him. 'He may have dined with me once or twice,' says he, 'and I may have met him at clubs and private parties.' But that was the extent of their acquaintance. When Wilkes was first arrested and sent to the Tower, the Duke of Grafton, not then in office, thinking he had been hardly used, called at the Tower, but was not allowed to see him. On the strength of this visit Wilkes applied to the Duke to become bail for him in conjunction with Lord Temple. This the Duke refused to do, on the ground that Wilkes, whatever might be thought of his imprisonment, had been guilty of an insult to the King, which he shrank from any appearance of condoning. Five years elapsed between this time and the Middlesex election, during which he saw nothing of Wilkes; but he assures us that if, when Wilkes returned to England in 1768, he had been content to remain quiet, the Government would not have interfered with him, and thus he might have remained unnoticed as long as he lived. Wilkes chose rather to throw down the gauntlet to the Ministry, and to become an abettor of riot and outrage. Grafton and North both believed that they had no alternative but to act as they did. Their resolution may have been a very unwise one, but we do not see that Grafton was a traitor for adopting it, simply because many years before Wilkes had been once or twice his guest or had supped with him at a friend's house, and perhaps thrown a main at the same table with him afterwards. On this count also then it seems that he must be acquitted, and that the charge of his betraying Wilkes must go along with the others we have already disposed of—the charge of betraying Rockingham and the charge of betraying Chatham.

Sir

Sir William says that he will not rake up the ashes of the Junian controversy, and we shall follow his example, by passing on to the remaining accusation which has been brought against Grafton—that of betraying the King.

Probably no one but George III. himself ever thought that Grafton had not behaved well to him. 'Non hæc in fœdera veni,' the Duke might have said with perfect justice. For, though he was in complete agreement with his chief on the subject of the royal prerogative, he had never undertaken to defend it against the whole power of the oligarchy without the assistance of Lord Chatham. This in his eyes was an indispensable condition of success. But there can be no question of the principle on which he was prepared to act when the Ministry was first formed. In the fragment of autobiography prefixed to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's 'Life,' Lord Shelburne frequently speaks of the 'false government' adopted at the accession of the Hanover family. He says also that the Ministry of 1766, in which Grafton was First Lord of the Treasury, was 'formed of those who recognized that the Hanover family was become English and that the old false system of government was worn out and seen through.' The Duke of Grafton then, though he called himself a Whig, was among those who held these opinions, and he carried on the King's Government for two years under very trying and distressing circumstances, rather than see it handed over to the King's enemies. Grafton was no hero. He could not have won the great battle of 1784. But he did all that honour and all that loyalty required of him when he fought as long as he did without the support of an ally on whom he had confidently reckoned. He was in much the same position as Wellington would have been in if the Prussians had failed him at Waterloo.

Shelburne seems to have wavered in his views more than Grafton ever did. Writing between 1800 and 1804, Shelburne says, in reference to George II. and Lord Carteret, that the King 'did not choose to try the experiment which his grandson is about'—though what the grandson was doing at this time was only just what Shelburne had advised him to set about gradually ten years before. In 1792, in consequence of some negotiations then set on foot, Shelburne, then Marquis of Lansdowne, wrote a letter to the King, declaring himself strongly in favour of what he calls 'the new principles,' one of which was that the 'executive should be kept independent of the legislative' part of the Constitution. We can only conclude that schemes, which would have been highly commendable if carried

carried out by the Marquis of Lansdowne, appeared in a different light when represented by the Ministry of Addington.

It does not appear that Grafton, however, receded at any time from the principles of 1766. He objected strongly to Mr. Pitt's foreign policy and the war with France. But he was quite ready to take office with Mr. Pitt in June 1784, immediately after the young statesman's great victory over the Coalition, and from the manner in which he speaks of Fox's India Bill it is plain that his objections to placing any further restrictions on the power of the Crown were quite unchanged. All these men, Chatham, Grafton, Shelburne, and the younger Pitt, conceived themselves to be the true representatives and interpreters of the traditions of 1688. If the overthrow of the 'Families' gave more power to the King, it only restored what the Revolution had intended him to retain. This was a modified form of what is now called personal government, and which lasted in this country from the accession of George III. to the Reform Bill of 1832.

'We read, not unfrequently,' says Sir William Anson, 'in these memoirs and elsewhere, of the principles of the Revolution, and the departure from them by George III. and the group of politicians which formed itself round him. It is reasonable to ask what these principles were, and in what respect George III. departed from them. So far as the constitution of the eighteenth century is discoverable it must be sought in the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, and the conventions of government which grew up on the basis of these enactments.'

And these, he adds, did not 'involve the withdrawal of the King from all control over the policy of the country.'

If we want to know what Revolution principles meant, we must go back to the Revolution. We find that for nearly thirty years after that event, while its genesis and its objects were still fresh in the public mind, nothing was heard of the doctrines which the Whigs in later days pretended to derive from it. The Whiggism of the middle of the eighteenth century was so far the exact counterpart of the Romanism of the fifteenth, which the Popes professed to have inherited from the primitive Church, but which in reality was unknown to it. William III. chose his own Ministers, and took them indifferently from either party. He himself was his own Foreign Minister, a nearer approach to personal government than George III. ever made, and was never told that his conduct was unconstitutional. Queen Anne pleased herself about her Ministers. It was not till the accession of George I., when the

the Whigs got the game into their own hands, that the divine right of the 'Revolution Families' began to be asserted. This political popery was carefully instilled into the King's ear, and then ensued that policy of proscription, or persecution, as it may be called, which is the theme of some of Bolingbroke's most eloquent invectives. All Tories were studiously represented as Jacobites, and excluded from public employment and Court favour. The system was matured during the reigns of George I. and George II., and was only strengthened by the unsuccessful revolt against it in 1743; and by the time George III. came to the throne it was so completely organized that it taxed all his powers to make the slightest impression on it. It was ten years before he gained any substantial advantage over it, and nearly a quarter of a century before he finally overthrew it. The statesmen who stood by him believed that they were only reverting to the original principles of the Revolution. They were the constitutional Protestants, appealing to the primitive Church against the gross imposture by which those principles had been so long overlaid. George III. never set himself against the Settlement of 1688, but only against the abuse of it, loudly declared by interested parties to be the only orthodox creed.

In his speech on the Maynooth Grant, April 1845, and again on the labours of the session in August 1848, Mr. Disraeli has some very striking remarks on the subject of party government. Some of those who object to that system, he says, may be capable of forming an opinion, and know to what their objections point. 'But there are others who are not exactly aware of this: and they should understand that in objecting to party government they are in fact objecting to Parliamentary government.' But it was not with the party system, as we understand it now, that George III. was contending. When Lord Chatham avowed his detestation of 'that thing called connexion,' he meant something very different from the thing called party, which indeed in its modern sense hardly existed during the first thirty years of George III.'s reign. The connexions, or factions, sometimes united, sometimes at open war, did duty for it: and one beneficial result of George III.'s victory, at all events, was that, the connexions being broken up, a healthy and useful party system was welded together out of the fragments.

Of Grafton's private life a curiously blended picture has come down to us. His natural tastes seem all to have been rural and agricultural. He was a keen sportsman, hunted his own hounds, and was a stern disciplinarian in the field. He was devoted

devoted to farming, and seems to have loved country life in all its aspects. But becoming his own master, with a splendid fortune, at the age of twenty-two, it is not wonderful that he gave himself up to the pleasures of the town as well, played high, and frequented the society of ladies more notorious than virtuous. He shared Lord Rockingham's passion for the turf. But, unfortunately for himself, in the heyday of his youth he had political importance thrust upon him. He fell to the ground between two stools. His pleasures might have escaped notice had he not been Prime Minister, and his administration might have been far more successful had it not been for his pleasures. Whether the Duchess drove the Duke into the company of 'Nancy Parsons,' or the Duke drove the Duchess into the arms of Lord Ossory, are questions of which the world must be content to remain in ignorance. But a husband who is 'profligate without gaiety,' as Junius describes Grafton, gives his wife as good an excuse for infidelity as any woman could desire. It was said by some who knew him that his want of 'gaiety' arose only from shyness. But the man who, when he was Prime Minister, handed his mistress out of the Opera House in the presence of both the Queen and his own Duchess could hardly have been troubled with much of that complaint. In fact, there is a kind of cynical bravado in such an action not at all in keeping with the general character of Grafton, unless we are to suppose that his wife had provoked him beyond all endurance, and that this was his revenge. Walpole hints at something of the kind.

His second marriage, with Miss Wrottesley, was apparently a happy one, and closed the Duke's career as a profligate. Later in life he took to religion, became a Unitarian, and gave the lie to one part of Junius's description. But it seems to be conceded on all hands that he was never thought an amiable man. He disliked children, and children were afraid of him. The late Lord Albemarle remembered him at Euston—a thin old man in a long peach-coloured coat, with leather breeches, butcher boots, and a three-cornered gold-laced hat. The Duke died in 1811, when young Keppel, whose father's seat was at Elden, four miles from Euston, was twelve years old. The sixth Earl of Albemarle only died in 1891, so that boys now in their teens may have talked with one who had known the colleague of Chatham, the victim of Junius, and the statesman who retired from public life before the death of Dr. Johnson.

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ART. XI.—1. *The Evolution of France under the Third Republic.* By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. Authorized Edition with Special Preface and Additions, and an Introduction by Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the American 'Review of Reviews.' London, 1898.

2. *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Westminster, 1898.

MEMORABLE and deserving of study for many reasons, the last thirty years of the nineteenth century will in no respect demand closer examination from future historians than with regard to the light which they throw upon the working of democratic forms of government in the sphere of foreign affairs. Before 1870, there was comparatively little material for such a study outside the histories of Greece and Rome. The circumstances under which the foreign policy of the first French Republic was framed and conducted were so entirely exceptional, and that *régime* passed in so very short a time into a military despotism, that to attempt to build any kind of general conclusions on those events, striking and dramatic as they were in the highest degree, would be altogether futile. It would be rash to say that even now we are in possession of a body of facts adequate to form the basis for anything like a philosophy of the subject. But at any rate we have enough to justify a slight survey, and an attempt to gather the nature of the principal tendencies which have so far been revealed.

Since 1868 what is the practically sovereign assembly in the United Kingdom has rested, as to its urban representation, on household suffrage, and since 1884 that franchise has prevailed in the counties also. Since 1870, France has been a Republic with universal suffrage. In Italy the right to vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies, on whose confidence the King's Government depends for its existence, has been enjoyed since 1882 by all male citizens of full age who pay taxes to the amount of about twenty *lire*, or in the case of certain tenant farmers so small a sum as eighty *centesimi*, or who have an elementary educational qualification. In Greece, since 1864, the single Legislative Assembly has been elected by manhood suffrage. In Spain, since 1890, all males over twenty-five, with a certain residential qualification, have possessed a vote for the Deputies, whose Chamber wields the usual powers of the popular branch of the Legislature in constitutional monarchies.

It need hardly be added that the Constitution of the United States, on both its executive and its legislative sides, rests upon a broadly democratic basis.

Each of the countries named has had external problems of great interest and difficulty to deal with within the period under consideration. A year ago this remark would hardly have applied to the last two countries on our list. No one will deny that it is applicable now. Let us pass briefly in review some of the principal foreign and imperial questions which each of the States mentioned has had to face.

And to begin with England. Since 1868 she has been required to consider, with a view to subsequent action, the old Eastern Question under almost all its aspects, including the Egyptian Question, and that of the Soudan; the South African Question in many aspects; the Venezuelan Question, with several other matters bearing upon the vital subject of Anglo-American relations; and lately the new and extremely difficult Question of the Far East. She has also had to review her position as the central and sovereign State in that world-wide fabric, the British Empire.

This list, which makes no pretence to be exhaustive, may be accepted as showing that the tendencies and aptitudes of the United Kingdom, on the Imperial side, have been subjected to very varied and searching tests since the popularization of the electorate. In the first instance there seemed to be some reason to believe that the great democratic infusion into the voting body had brought about a tendency to accept a reading of international ethics which would alter the traditions of British foreign policy in an altruistic sense, while underrating the requirements of national security and dignity. This tendency was by no means altogether ignoble, but it was ill-instructed, and lacking in regard for practical perspective.

The first, as indeed it has proved the only, General Election since 1868 that turned mainly on foreign affairs was that of 1880. On that occasion the popular mind was deeply moved by the passionate persuasiveness with which Mr. Gladstone denounced the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. The public condemnation of that policy was in the main the result of a moral movement—the determination of the voters to punish what they considered had been a use of the power of this country for unworthy ends. It was not a well-informed movement, and it resulted in placing in power a Government which for a time very seriously injured British prestige. At the same time it may be admitted that there were points in Lord Beaconsfield's tone and bearing with regard to the  
outrages

outrages committed by Bashi-Bazouks in suppressing the Roumelian insurrection, and features of the treatment meted out to the unfortunate Shere Ali, Amir of Afghanistan, that lent themselves to the unfavourable construction which, doubtless with much exaggeration, was placed upon them. But whatever measure of justice there may have been in the onslaughts made on Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, there can be little doubt that the majority of the voters in 1880 intended to convey that too exclusive attention had been given by the Conservative Government to what they claimed to be British interests, and too little to British obligations.

The continued prevalence in the people at large of the kind of temper to which we refer, received even more striking, though negative, illustration from the absence of any manifestations of popular resentment on the occasion of the surrender to the Transvaal Boers after their victory at Majuba Hill. No such proceeding would have been tolerated by the public opinion more or less closely represented in the limited electorate which held power from 1832 to 1868. That electorate always supported Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, as expounded by him—and denounced by Mr. Gladstone—in the celebrated 'Civis Romanus sum' speech in the Don Pacifico debate, and only failed him on the occasion when he was thought to have truckled to Louis Napoleon and the rampant French colonels, by bringing in the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

No doubt it may be argued that the great body of the nation came for several years under the sway of Mr. Gladstone's eloquent exposition of the duties of national humility and altruism, only the upper and upper middle classes escaping the spell. In illustration of this view reference may be made to the enthusiasm with which the Nonconformists, whose numerical strength lies among the lower middle, not the working classes, supported the Bulgarian Atrocity agitation, and the cordiality with which they accepted the Liberal Prime Minister's refusal to incur the 'blood-guiltiness' of vindicating the supremacy of British arms in South Africa. We are not at all concerned to dispute the justice of the contention thus enforced. But granting that the smaller manufacturers and tradesmen went with Mr. Gladstone in the years 1878–82, we maintain that it was his enormous popularity with the great body of urban and semi-urban voters of the artisan class, especially in the north of England, which gave him his overpowering strength at that period. This point is energetically, and as we think justly, brought out by Sir Wemyss Reid in a very interesting recent magazine article

on 'Mr. Gladstone and his Party.' The same writer maintains further that in the North Mr. Gladstone's popularity among those whom he mischievously marked off from their fellow-countrymen as the 'masses,' continued to the end of his public life. With regard to Yorkshire, at any rate, we imagine that Sir Wemyss Reid is right, though the General Election of 1886, and even that of 1892, told a different story in regard to other parts of the North, and Scotland. Our point is, however, that during the time when Mr. Gladstone's position as the exponent of a specially altruistic and humble policy was prominently in view, he obtained a very large majority in the House of Commons from the democratized electorate, and that at that time he himself enjoyed the highest personal consideration among a large part, at any rate, of its most popular section.

That was the beginning of the treatment of foreign affairs by our enfranchised artisans, but only the beginning. For—and this is the important point—that which had been the peculiar quality of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy ceased, within a few years, to be its peculiar quality. It took on quite a different colour. From the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's short term of office in 1886 down to his retirement from public life his foreign policy was that of his Foreign Minister, Lord Rosebery. Now people may differ as to the effectiveness with which Lord Rosebery conducted the business of the Foreign Office—the opinion of the present writer is a favourable one—but there can be no two opinions as to the aims which he set before himself, or the tone which he held, alike in his speeches to his countrymen and in his communications with foreign Powers. They were those of a statesman in whom the sense of England's Imperial mission is not only alive, but dominant.

From the failing hands of Mr. Forster, whose influence in the closing years of his life of admirable public service was powerfully exerted to mitigate the worst features of the foreign policy of the Government of 1880, Lord Rosebery took up the great work of educating the public mind on the subject of the need for Imperial consolidation. He it was who used the striking phrase that the Federation of the Empire was a cause for which a man might be glad to live, and if need be might be glad to die. It was recognized on all hands that in his management of foreign affairs when in office, and in his exercise of the influence upon their management always at the disposal of an ex-Foreign Secretary, he invariably sought to maintain alike the material interests and the dignity and authority of this country, not by bluster, but by unmistakable though quite courteous firmness. And we may say with confidence that the presence of such

such a personality in the highest quarters of the Liberal party was felt to be a new source of strength to that party.

Accordingly when, after the elections of 1892, Mr. Gladstone returned to office, and his Cabinet was being made up, the majority of his supporters were undoubtedly glad to hear that Lord Rosebery had not only been again appointed to the Foreign Office, but had received assurances that in the discharge of its duties he would be able to carry out his own general views, as distinct from those held by the section of the party headed by Sir William Harcourt, a politician once described by Mr. Balfour, perhaps rather unkindly, as possessing a 'disinterested aversion to the British Empire.' And when the two opposing tendencies came into direct conflict, as happened on the question of the treatment of Uganda, after the breakdown of the East Africa Company's authority there, the triumph of the Imperial policy, as represented by Lord Rosebery, was welcomed by much the larger number of Radicals, both in Parliament and in the constituencies.

That may be regarded as a test case. The theoretical, indeed the practical, arguments against the assumption of large territorial responsibilities in a tropical country more than six hundred miles from the sea, with at that time no early prospect of being reached by a navigable river, were by no means slight, and they were energetically put forward both in public and in private. But their effect was entirely overborne in the country at large, and in the Radical party in particular, by the combined force of three considerations—first, that it would be highly injurious to British prestige and unworthy of the British character to abandon to a sanguinary and heathen reaction a country which had in some substantial degree been civilized and Christianized by British effort; secondly, that it was of great importance not to let slip the opportunity of keeping open any potentially considerable market for British trade; and thirdly, that British interests and obligations in Egypt forbade the idea of allowing the sources of the Nile to come under the control of any possibly hostile Power. The British democracy stood then at the parting of the ways, and, so far as could be judged, it definitely and without hesitation took the road leading towards Imperial expansion.

In this we find nothing surprising. The hatred of being beaten is deeply rooted in the British working man. It shows itself in the intense interest excited by the rivalry between one town and another in open-air games. The inhabitants of neighbouring towns, whose picked players at football or cricket have struggled desperately to win for their respective communities

communities the county championship, join in the ardent desire that their common county may win and hold the palm of victory in contests with all other counties. And not far otherwise do the dwellers in various counties combine to hope, with lively eagerness and persistency, for the success of the country which embraces them all, in any contests, whether athletic, commercial, or political, which it wages with other countries. The instinct, in part indeed, is a sporting one. Like other instincts it is spontaneous, and its operation is by no means necessarily accompanied or guided by thought.

But it is a great force, and it is a fact of undoubted importance that its tendency is to operate in one direction. It is often accompanied by—and, if ‘men of light and leading’ exercise their legitimate influence, it may be more and more constantly associated with—the desire that the power of Great Britain and of the British Empire should be exercised not merely in furtherance of the material interests of the nation, but for the advancement of civilization, justice, and freedom among mankind at large. A sentiment of that nature, in our belief, had much to do, as we have already indicated, with the popular acceptance of national responsibility for Uganda. It also accounts for a large part of the satisfaction almost universally felt at the progress of British policy in Egypt, and at the gradual re-conquest of the Soudan. The difficulties created by a complex network of international agreements in the path of Lord Cromer, and by nature and fanaticism in that of Lord Kitchener, have been immense, and they could hardly have been surmounted—as they have been, to the admiration of the world—had not the British Government been able to give to both its distinguished representatives the most resolute and unflinching support. This it could never have done unless it had been assured that the British people, while perhaps comprehending only in outline the nature of the problems to be grappled with, were heartily and intelligently in sympathy with the aims in view. No surprise need have been felt if, in view of the obvious fact that the occupation of Egypt was plainly the cause of much embarrassment in our foreign affairs, and especially in our relations with France, there had sprung up a movement against the continuance of an enterprise the Imperial advantages of which, though on a wide view real and great, could with difficulty be brought into focus. But no; the job, however troublesome, had been undertaken, and it would not be becoming in England to back out of it, and let all the blood and effort she had given for Egyptian regeneration go to waste, even if it were prudent, as it



it was recognized not to be, to let the gateway of the East fall into weak, and thence possibly into hostile, hands. Such was the feeling of the English people, and in the consciousness that it prevailed, Governments of the Queen were able to sustain Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener and their subordinates in their arduous and unintermittent work, until the economic revival of the country on the one hand, and the development of manhood (as Sir Edward Grey has put it) among its people on the other, had made the gradual recovery of the lost provinces a rational and practicable undertaking. Even then it would not have been wonderful if the remembrance of all the desperate struggles of the expedition which failed to save Gordon had prompted the thought that the blood-stained desert and the City of Murder might be left alone, England's present duty being fulfilled, and her interest, in the protection of the road to India, secured, by helping to make Egypt, up to Wady Halfa, or Dongola, economically and morally impregnable against fanatic assault. But again no; as it was under the British protectorate that the Soudan had been lost to Egypt, so in due time under British leadership and with British aid it must be recovered, and at the very place where Britain's honour was wounded by the ghastly triumph of Mahdism in 1885, there that abominable Power must be for ever crushed. Such was the attitude of the British people. If it had been otherwise, the British and Egyptian flags could not now be flying at Khartoum, over the ruins of the palace in which Gordon ruled and died.

A candid consideration of these facts must, we think, lead to the acknowledgment that, as far as they go, they stand to the credit of democracy in England, and that they go a long way to illustrate its capacity to work well in the sphere of foreign affairs. The artisans and the peasantry, endowed with and conscious of constitutional power, have in no respect impeded, but on the contrary have facilitated the prosecution of a most complex and arduous Imperial undertaking, necessarily protracted over many years. No limited electorate, not even any aristocracy, could conceivably have comported itself in such fashion as to create fewer hindrances to an enterprise such as that which we have been considering. Nor could any other system of government than a popular one have afforded to those in command of the nation's resources the support and encouragement derived from the well-grounded conviction that the nation itself was at their back.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the value of that conviction, as possessed by Her Majesty's Ministers and brought home

home to all the world, during the grave crisis created by the appearance of the Marchand expedition at Fashoda. Several members of the British Government have, as was fitting, gratefully acknowledged the aid which was afforded to them by the patriotic utterances of Lord Rosebery and many other leading members of the Opposition through the anxious period when the decision of the French Cabinet was in doubt. Great credit is due to the prominent Radicals who thus strengthened the position of their country at a time of very serious national emergency. But the circumstances under which they so acted reflect credit not on them alone but on the British democracy. The sober but genuine enthusiasm which, at public meetings of all kinds, greeted the declarations of public men of both parties as to the necessity of acting up to the warning given, through Sir Edward Grey, on behalf of the Radical Government in 1895, illustrated in a high degree the intelligent apprehension, spread through all ranks, of a momentous Imperial issue. The virtually complete absence of any indication of hesitation or divergent opinion as to the national duty, through weeks when the probability of a great war was constantly present to all minds, bore, if possible, still more striking evidence in the same direction. The explanations put forward, apparently more or less on authority, of the reasons of policy lying behind the retirement of Sir William Harcourt from the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons—in addition to the grounds of personal complaint which bulked so largely in the letters publicly exchanged between that statesman and Mr. John Morley—all go to confirm the view that it is the growing Imperialism of the Radical party which has made its leadership increasingly difficult to an unconverted child of the Manchester School. If it is so with the Radicals, the temper of Unionists can need no laboured proof. The great majority of voters, in both cases, is of those who work with their hands.

Another point of great importance to which we should like to draw attention, in connexion with the popular character of the electorate, is its teachableness on Imperial questions. This quality has been shown in several ways. It was quite conceivable, for example, that the working-class voters would be attracted by the aspiration for an artificial and indeed impossible equality of races embodied in the agitation for making the Covenanted Civil Service of India accessible to natives trained only in India. But when, in consequence of a snatch vote in the House of Commons, an inquiry was held into the subject, and as the result of that inquiry Sir Henry  
Fowler,

Fowler, to his lasting honour, pronounced resolutely and earnestly against the proposed innovation, his decision was loyally accepted by the House of Commons, and the subject was hardly so much as raised in the constituencies.

Like good sense characterized the popular attitude on the Opium Question. A persistent and unquestionably well-meant agitation, conducted by well-known philanthropists for many years, issued at last in the assent of the Government of 1892 to a Royal Commission to investigate the reiterated allegations that the Indian Government was deliberately maintaining, and to a large extent subsisting on, an essentially immoral industry, which ought to be prohibited. But when the Commission reported, as it did, in a sense entirely adverse to the main contentions of the leaders of the agitation, and showed moreover that any attempt to put down either the use or the production of opium in India would be contrary to native opinion, and likely to bring about grave political results, the danger of any popular support to such a policy in this country absolutely disappeared. These were matters of first-rate importance in regard to the government of our magnificent Asiatic heritage. But of still more vital moment to the welfare of the Empire at large was the development, and at length the absolute triumph, of the reaction against the feeling bred by the Manchester school on the subject of the Colonies. We doubt if that temper ever penetrated to the artisans and peasantry, and are disposed to believe that it was never more than a passing aberration of the middle and part of the governing classes. Yet among them it went dangerously far, and it is quite credibly reported that in the mid-century there existed in the Colonial Office the draft of a Bill for facilitating the pacific detachment of the Colonies from their connexion with the Mother Country.

What statesman of the present day, with the slightest interest in his own political future, would venture to confess the remotest association with such a project? What great journal of to-day would care to risk the angry contempt of its readers by avowing such sentiments with regard to the connexion of Canada with the Mother Country as those which called forth Tennyson's splendid protest? 'Is this the tone of empire?' indignantly asked the patriot Laureate, when the 'Times,' commenting upon Canadian dissatisfaction with the result of negotiations between the Home Government and the United States, had suggested that Canada might 'take up her freedom,' her term of apprenticeship being over. The tone of empire is to be heard everywhere now, strong, clear, and unmistakable, and  
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it has grown and spread and obtained its mastery during the reign of household suffrage. As we have said, there is no reason to suppose that the working classes ever looked with anything but disfavour on the thought of 'shedding' the Colonies. But they did not realize for some time that in this, as in so many other human spheres, not to move forward was to move backward, and that while anything like formal steps towards federation may possibly need to be long deferred, everything possible should be done, both administratively and unofficially, to multiply and strengthen the ties binding together the different members of the Empire. The recognition of these truths was not evolved out of the consciousness of the English people. It was the fruit of earnest and persistent and enlightened teaching, by men profoundly possessed by the principles which they proclaimed. Among the most notable of those who thus promoted the growth both of a genuinely Imperial temper and of an intelligent apprehension of Imperial needs, was that distinguished Canadian, Mr. George Parkin, now head of the Upper Canada College. For several years Mr. Parkin was, with the possible exception of Lord Rosebery, the most powerful speaker in connexion with the Imperial Federation League. His eloquent appeals and closely reasoned arguments fired the emotions and convinced the understandings of audiences of every type. The writings and personal influence of the brilliant and revered author of the 'Expansion of England' contributed, both directly and indirectly, in an important degree to the education of the public mind on the same great subject. Other workers, some of them, like the late Professor Ransome, with large gifts and knowledge, toiled in the same field. And so it was that a movement went on which, when the celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee was reached, culminated in a demonstration of Imperial thought and feeling so striking as to command the attention of the world.

But we must pass from England. It is difficult to write of France immediately after the close of a dangerous passage in the relations between that country and our own, the occurrence of which was entirely due to an amazing series of blunders in the conduct of the foreign policy of our neighbours. For the purposes of the present discussion we are bound, of course, at this stage, to look at the Fashoda incident from the French point of view. Doing so, we are deliberately of opinion that the despatch of the Marchand expedition to the Nile, after Sir Edward Grey's celebrated declaration, unless French Ministers were clearly assured either of the Republic's ability

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to wage war single-handed with England, or of the aid of a powerful ally in a war arising out of such an occasion, was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of levity recorded of responsible statesmen. Again, the failure to recall or repudiate the expedition, as by steady degrees probability grew into certainty that it would find itself in presence of a victorious British force of overwhelming strength, afforded a hardly less signal illustration of ineptitude or moral cowardice on the part of French Ministers. We grant all this fully. More than that, we are prepared to allow that it seems unlikely that under a Monarchical or Imperial *régime* a line of policy could have been pursued leading so inevitably and at the same time so gratuitously, to a situation in which national disaster could only be avoided at the cost of a severe blow to national self-esteem. But it does not in the least follow that democracy, or even democracy under Republican forms, stands condemned as a system of government for the conduct of foreign affairs on the part of the French nation. That would be a hasty judgment indeed. Nations, like individuals, learn through and by their blunders, and generations must be allowed for a nation's education in the use of new methods of government. But, even as things are, the presumption as to the fitness of democracy to manage foreign affairs in France is, on a broad view, by no means unfavourable.

Baron de Coubertin, in his volume on 'The Evolution of France under the Third Republic,' and in a remarkable article published early last summer in one of our monthly reviews, has afforded welcome aid towards a fair study of this interesting question. He brings out in a very effective fashion the way in which the French democracy has taught itself, we do not say all, but certainly some of the lessons which it was most important that it should learn, with a view to the recovery of the position which was lost through the disasters of the war of 1870-71. He shows how France has known how to emerge from a foreign policy of reserve and abstention, necessitated by those crippling calamities, into one of imperial activity and international influence. The difficulties of the task were enormous, and the sacrifices involved not less so. The latter—the tremendous burdens of the conscription, together with the great pecuniary charges of the army, as well as the cost of developing a navy of considerable power, have been borne not only without a murmur, but with glad cheerfulness. The difficulties have been grappled with resolutely one by one, and, if writing only a few months ago, we should have maintained, on the whole with conspicuous success. Even now, notwithstanding the

the curious light thrown, by the Czar's Peace Encyclical, and its reception by the French press, on the nature of the Franco-Russian alliance, and notwithstanding the melancholy Fashoda chapter, it appears to us that a large measure of success in the imperial sphere must, in common justice, be allowed to have been secured by the third French Republic.

Not, of course, without serious mistakes and breaches of decorum, altogether apart from the question of the Upper Nile. In the case of Egypt, in 1882, the nerve both of statesmen and of ordinary politicians across the Channel completely failed them. England found herself left, through no fault of her own, to go through alone with a warlike enterprise, flowing originally from that financial and diplomatic intervention into which she had been drawn a few years before by the invitation of M. Waddington on behalf of France, and proximately from the diplomatic action against the 'National' movement in Egypt, which was joined in by Lord Granville under pressure from M. Gambetta. The surprising weakness and vacillation shown by M. de Freycinet, and by French public opinion, when the situation on the Nile became really dangerous, are dealt with quite clearly and candidly by M. de Coubertin. So is the extraordinary outbreak of furious and unreasoning resentment which swept M. Ferry (the ablest of the French statesmen who survived Gambetta) for life out of politics because of a reverse, of no first-class consequence and easily repaired, in Tong-King. This incident was wholly inexcusable, except in a nation in which the memory of crushing disaster and humiliation still nursed an altogether morbid susceptibility. The frankness and acumen with which M. de Coubertin treats these unsatisfactory features of the first half of the span of life thus far attained by the third French Republic establish for him, in our opinion, a strong claim to respectful attention when he leads us on to recognize, during the latter half of that period, evidences of steadily growing continuity of public policy. Foremost among those evidences is the development of the Russian alliance. Whether that bond will stand the strain imposed upon it by the Czar's startling Rescript may be open to question. But it is hardly fair to blame democracy in France for the consequences of the action undertaken, apparently with limited calculation of its probable issue, by a generous but inexperienced despot. And in any case it cannot be reasonably disputed that for several years the Russian connexion very materially strengthened the position of France in the world. If any one is sceptical on that point, we are confident that his doubts would not survive five minutes' conversation with any  
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leading member of any of the principal Foreign Offices in Europe. We are not in the least concerned to contend that there was nothing incongruous in the alliance. Rather does the incongruity, which indeed is manifest enough, emphasize the bearing of the relationship upon the point which we are considering. Many persons would have contended that an effective understanding, even for a limited number of years, between a Republic based upon universal suffrage and an absolute Monarchy was impossible. But the Parliamentary representatives of a democratic electorate have known with remarkably fine instinct what to do and what not to do in order to enable their country to enter into relations greatly enhancing, if not doubling, the power wielded by its diplomatists. To make the Russian alliance possible, three things were necessary—popular manifestations of approval, hearty support in the legislature, and—quite equally important—a careful abstinence from asking inconvenient questions as to the nature of the engagements incurred. The two first conditions, it may be said, were easily supplied in the circumstances. The right hand of fellowship, publicly proffered by the Power whose possible combination with France had constrained Bismarck to form the Triple Alliance, was obviously a thing to be welcomed with enthusiasm. But for a democratic Chamber of Deputies to give a practically complete discretion to the Ministers of the day in regard to undertakings which might involve issues of incalculable moment, and to leave them entirely untroubled by awkward enquiries, argues an amount of self-restraint which could hardly have been expected, and which has certainly not been shown by the same persons in other directions. It is perhaps true that French statesmen have not made the best use of the trust and the backing thus accorded to them. But if the Russian Alliance is not as useful an arrangement as it might conceivably have been to France, the fault lies in the capacity of French diplomatists and Ministers, not in the system of government under which they have worked.

Nor is it only in Europe that much has been achieved towards the re-establishment of the position of France, by the exercise of qualities which critics have commonly thought that a democratic system of government would be unlikely to develope. Concurrently with that line of events, there has taken place the growth of a colonial empire on a very large scale. Tunis, a Dominion in Eastern Asia, Madagascar, and, with the exception of Morocco, the whole of North-West Africa down to the Middle Niger and to the back of several of the British Coast Settlements, are surely considerable acquisitions to have  
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made within twenty years. We doubt if, at the most brilliant periods of English history, when our command of the sea was undisputed, the British Empire ever received such vast and varied accessions of territory within a like space of time.

Of course it may be questioned how much these additions to French territory are worth to France. There are eminent men to whom the value of India to England is matter of doubt, apart from the glory of the imperial position which such a heritage implies, and the grandeur of the civilizing mission which it involves. But views of this kind are not accepted by the common opinion of Europe. Not only are the glory and the grandeur regarded as worth winning and keeping, but wide tracts of territory, even in tropical and semi-tropical zones, are held to have economic value to their European possessors. By all the standards, therefore, by which the world judges success, the third French Republic has achieved, from the imperial point of view, very considerable and even striking results. And they have been secured, as they could only be secured, by a combination of what is called a 'free hand' given to adventurers and explorers, together with moral, and, when needed, material support on the spot, and of steady, resourceful diplomacy in face of rival Powers. No doubt, as sensible Frenchmen have lately recognized, the policy pursued towards this country has been of a gratuitously irritating quality. That was a grave error, but yet if it had not been for the culminating provocation afforded by the Fashoda expedition, the 'pin-pricks' might never have recoiled inconveniently for France. It remains the fact that a popular system of government in France has been compatible with the building up of a great empire, and that in that process, as in the conduct of the European policy of France, qualities have been displayed which keen observers have been apt to regard as the special characteristics of monarchical or aristocratic forms of government. This view is at least suggested in Sir Henry Maine's acute and powerful essay on the 'Nature of Democracy,' republished in his volume entitled 'Popular Government' (see pp. 62-3).

'The defects which are defects in individual men, and perhaps venial defects, are faults in States, and generally faults of the extremest gravity. In all war and all diplomacy, in every part of foreign policy, caprice, wilfulness, loss of self-command, timidity, temerity, inconsistency, indecency, and coarseness, are weaknesses which rise to the level of destructive vices, and if Democracy is more liable to them than are other forms of government, it is to that extent inferior to them. It is better for a nation, according to an  
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English prelate, to be free than to be sober. If the choice has to be made, and if there is any real connexion between Democracy and liberty, it is better to remain a nation capable of displaying the virtues of a nation than even to be free.'

Put aside Fashoda, and we are prepared to contend, on the facts which we have passed in review, that the weaknesses to which, in the passage just quoted, Sir H. Maine plainly suggests that democracy is 'more liable' than other forms of government, are just those which have, for the most part, been remarkably and increasingly absent from the general conduct of the external affairs of France under the Third Republic. We are aware that some thinkers are disposed to maintain that, in so far as democracy abstains from asking inconvenient questions in public, from 'pulling up the plants of international understandings to see how they are growing, and other like *bêtises*, it is untrue to its fundamental principles. But that line of argument does not seem to us tenable. Sir H. Maine, we are sure, would not have adopted it. As he truly says, democracy is only a form of government, and as such it must be judged. It must stand the same tests as those to which other forms of government are subjected.

But it is neither fair nor reasonable to subject it to others. If a monarchy or an aristocracy had within much less than a generation raised a country like France from the lowest pit of humiliation and distress and ruin to a position of high consideration, and had added to its transmarine possessions, without any first-class war—but not without difficulties with Great Powers, which, with but one exception, were creditably surmounted—vast tracts of territory largely peopled by semi-civilized races, with important possibilities of development, every fair-minded man would have claimed that the great potentialities of the system of government in question had been strikingly illustrated. That is all that we claim—but we do claim it—in regard to democracy as exemplified in French history since 1870.

The special virtue of democracy, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, is in our judgment most likely to be shown in dealing with national problems of a comparatively simple character, but requiring great national qualities for their solution. Where a great lifting power has to be evolved and exercised, there is, we think, a strong presumption that the most favourable conditions are likely to be afforded among a free self-governing people. It may well be that there are some special dangers apt to be associated with this good working of democracy, and that we see those dangers exemplified at the  
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present time in France. When, by their own devotion and self-control, a great people have created out of their own flesh and blood a mighty instrument, by the mere possession of which they have gone far to re-establish a ruined position and prestige, it is not perhaps altogether surprising that they should develop a morbid nervousness upon any question affecting the repute and efficiency of that weapon. There has been too much in France during the last few months of something like an idolatry of the army, and the existence and manifestation of that sentiment have perhaps promoted some of the ugliest developments of the Dreyfus scandal. It seems probable that just that kind of scandal would be less likely to occur in a country where, while the army was a not less important feature than it is in France, the supreme executive authority was in the hands of an absolute monarch. This admission, however, though it may be regarded as considerable, in respect of the stability of democratic Governments and their efficiency in some departments, does not bear directly on the main subject of the present article, which is the fitness of democratic government to deal efficiently with foreign affairs. We hold, however, no brief for democracy, and we are quite prepared to recognize that in the south of Europe its working in the sphere of the foreign relations of the countries wherein it prevails has been by no means conspicuously successful. Space will not allow of our dealing at length with the illustrations which will at once occur to the reader's mind of the truth of this observation. In the case, however, of Italy, in which Englishmen have always taken a sympathetic interest, it seems to us very doubtful indeed whether the form of government can be in any large measure held responsible for misfortunes which we all deplore. It is admitted that membership of the Triple Alliance has imposed upon the Italian people crushing burdens, the pressure of which had probably a good deal to do with the recent serious disturbances in various parts of the country. But it must be remembered that the alliance with Germany and Austria was entered into by Italy purely with defensive objects. It was not, like Cavour's participation in the Crimean War, undertaken with a view to an improvement of the national position and prestige, but simply for the security of the national territory. The hostility of France was deeply feared, and nothing but a powerful alliance could afford security against it. It has been commonly supposed, and may be true, that the Italian Government from time to time obtained assurances that England would not be unmoved to action if the French navy attacked the ports of the peninsula. But a peninsula

peninsula is not an island, and Italy is accessible to a land attack from the north-west. If, therefore, Italian fears of France were well founded, and if there was no reasonable means of disarming French unfriendliness, it is difficult to see how the policy of the Triple Alliance can be condemned, though doubtless, when it had been adopted, prompt measures should have been taken to distribute the burden of taxation with the utmost possible equity.

But the questions to be asked here are: first, Would Italian Governments resting on a less popular, or non-popular, basis have been likely to form different conclusions as to the elements of danger in the temper of France? If not—and there seems to be no reason for giving an affirmative answer to that question—then, secondly, would a less popular, or a non-popular, system of government have been less likely than that which has been in existence in Italy, to regard an alliance with Germany and Austria as the best protection for the young kingdom? To that question we should return, without hesitation, a negative reply. *Cæteris paribus*, an irresponsible monarchy, or an oligarchy, would have been more, rather than less, likely to welcome the prospect of an alliance with the great military monarchies of Central Europe, and less, rather than more, likely to take care that the conditions under which Italy entered such a combination should place no intolerable strain upon the masses of the Italian people.

The want of success which has attended the Colonial policy of Italy, again, can hardly with any justice be traced to the working of democratic institutions. The greatest nations, however governed, are liable to be afflicted by spells of combined administrative incompetency and bad luck. We suffered from that complaint in a very pronounced form during the unhappy conflict with the American Colonies; but the fact cannot be held to have proved either that the country was then ripe for the Reform Bill of 1832, or that George III., or even a much wiser sovereign than he, would, if left alone by Parliaments, have settled the difficulty in a satisfactory manner.

On the other hand, there is plausible ground for the view that two of the most ill-judged and disastrous wars ever waged—that by Greece in 1897 against Turkey, and that by Spain last year against the United States—might never have been entered on if the weaker State in those struggles respectively had been governed by a firmly established monarchy or oligarchy. In both these cases the Government must have been perfectly well aware that, barring accidents, on the probability of which no sober rulers would be justified in

counting, the odds were hopelessly against the success of their country. But they allowed themselves to be forced into a position in which war was inevitable, through fear of the domestic consequences of adherence to a pacific policy. Since the disasters of Spain, one or two of her statesmen have recognized that what was wanted before the war actually broke out was a Minister with the courage to tell the Spanish Parliament and people the truth as to the inevitably calamitous issue of a struggle waged with a nation possessing the resources of the United States. But it may excusably be doubted whether even those who have discerned retrospectively the desideratum which was not forthcoming, would have supplied it if the principal responsibility had been theirs.

Granted a certain weakness of fibre in public men, such as it is not unreasonable to regard as prevailing in Spain and in Greece, and it can hardly be denied that Parliamentary institutions and a low suffrage provide conditions in which that weakness may cause the maximum of mischief in the domain of foreign affairs. For a governing people, and the representatives through whom a people governs, are more liable to waves of ignorant and uncalculating sentiment than a monarchy or an oligarchy. It was such a wave, not devoid by any means of elements of chivalry, which brought about the war into which Greece flung herself, with the practical certainty of defeat, against Turkey, on behalf of Cretan emancipation. Not the actual appearance, but the fear of such a wave prevented Señor Sagasta and his colleagues from recognizing that at all costs they must not go to war with the United States about Cuba. At the same time fairness requires the acknowledgment that at the end there was that in the bearing of the United States which made the avoidance of war by Spain extremely difficult.

And so—for space will not allow of detailed consideration of the cases just touched upon—we are brought to that most interesting question, the working of American democracy in the sphere of foreign affairs. It has peculiar interest from its practical novelty, as well as its wide-reaching issues. Beyond the difficulties which from time to time arose with Great Britain, and which may for the most part be described as of a next-door-neighbour character, the people of the United States, until the other day, had no foreign questions of a kind to exercise their minds at all seriously. It was not therefore by any means surprising if, when confronted by the question of entering upon a policy which had as its logical issue the forcible extrusion of Spain from the West Indies, their conduct presented evidences of inexperience and want of study of the  
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full bearings of a policy of active intervention. Few Americans, we imagine, would now deny that they were very greatly deceived as to the character of the Cuban insurgents, and that if they had known in the early months of last year what they know now with regard to those upholders of freedom's cause, they would have hesitated long before applauding a line of action leading, by natural and obvious steps, to a great outpouring of American life and treasure on behalf of such persons. Again, that hesitation, among the most thoughtful at any rate of those Americans who heartily favoured the war, would have been considerably enhanced if they had given the subject the consideration needed to show that not even a certain victor can make war with limited liability, and that triumphant success may entail burdens hardly less onerous than crushing defeat.

It now appears quite evident that for an indefinite time to come Cuba will have to be occupied by a large body of American troops. The destruction of the system of Spanish rule, evil and oppressive as it unquestionably was, has entailed upon its destroyers the clear duty of providing security that it shall not be followed merely by a system in which the parts are reversed, with, at the top, an element of almost absolute barbarism. The idea of anything like genuine self-government for Cuba, in the present state of the population of the island, would be regarded with a sentiment of just repulsion by American public opinion, and above all by those whose friends and relations served in the army of General Shafter. An analogous responsibility, but on a very much larger scale, has been created by the naval and military operations which resulted in the overthrow of Spanish authority in the Philippines. In those islands there are supposed to be seven millions and a half of inhabitants, no more homogeneous and not much more likely to treat one another with humanity or equity than the Loyalists and Insurgents in Cuba. We have no doubt whatever of the capacity of our kinsmen to grapple effectually with all the difficulties and dangers which they may encounter in the Philippines. We believe that they share the British secret of governing inferior races at a distance with justice and firmness, and with the smallest possible exercise of military power. But they have had no experience in that kind of work as yet, and it would not have been unnatural for them to hope that they might prove their qualifications for it by degrees. If they accept the full measure of the consequences of their overwhelming naval and military triumph, the world, in our belief, will be the better for it. And they themselves will be the better for it, for a nation, no less than an indi-

vidual man, always gains in the long run from rising to the height of a great but compassable mission. They will have to establish a Colonial Civil Service, entrance to which and promotion in which will be governed by considerations, not of party advantage, but of individual merit. It will not be found possible to turn out a Governor of Luzon, who has just got to understand how to keep order among the Spanish colonists, the fierce Roman Catholic Tagals of Malay descent, the heathen but respectable and industrious agriculturists called Igorrotes, and the numerous Chinese commercial immigrants, just because a Republican has given place to a Democratic President of the United States. Nor will the principle of going in and out with parties at home be any better applicable to deputy commissioners, collector-magistrates, or by whatever other title the district officers in the Philippines may be designated. Permanence and promotion for good service will declare themselves as essential features of the administration of America's islands in the Far East. And the discovery is likely to re-act in a very beneficial manner on the home public service of the United States. Their people will soon see that practices which are not good enough for the administration of troublesome colonies cannot really be good enough for the conduct of domestic affairs.

In view of such considerations as these the contention may be maintained, with no slight plausibility, that it is just as well that in the early months of the past year the American people did not see whither they were being drawn by their indignation at the condition of Cuba, lashed into fury by the calculated excesses of the 'yellow' press. True; but a system of government can hardly claim much credit for the ultimate consequences of a plunge undertaken with emphatic declarations which it is found impossible to fulfil. It must, we think, be acknowledged that the Government of a country possessing a fairly stable monarchy, with the same humane motives for intervention as those which influenced the United States last spring, would have seen that the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish oppression might be secured without war, and would probably have been able to avoid being propelled into any such hurried and violent action as that which made the escape of Spain from war, at the last, extremely difficult. In other words, the democratic quality of American institutions—large as is the measure of independence which the Constitution theoretically ensures to the President—was, in part at least, responsible for the outbreak of an avoidable war. Yet by no means entirely so. Inexperience in foreign affairs, as we have already

already suggested, had much to do with it. The same kinds of mistakes would be much less likely to occur again. The habits of thought of the American people, and the bearing and modes of procedure of their public men, in regard to imperial questions, will, in our belief, be essentially modified by the experience now being, and to be, acquired, of the natural consequences of action taken without due information and deliberation, in the sphere of external affairs. We expect that the American democracy will show itself teachable—by facts as well as by persons.

The events of the last few months in the United States, however, have illustrated one very serious difficulty in the way of democratic government—that of getting at the real opinions and wishes of the sovereign people at national crises. We heard repeatedly that President McKinley desired to ascertain, and at any rate to some extent to be guided by, public opinion in the matter of the Philippines. We do not doubt that he adopted what seemed to him the best available means for informing himself; but he had to take the most critical decision—that of insisting, as was done in November, through the American members of the Peace Commission, on the complete relinquishment by Spain of the Philippines—in the absence of anything which could be regarded as a clear public manifestation of the opinion of the American people on the subject. The Constitution has not provided for such a case. Its authors would probably have shrunk with horror from the thought that such a question should ever present itself. They made arrangements, only too effectual, as some thinkers are inclined to hold, for the utmost deliberation on all matters of legislation on domestic questions of a fundamental character. The securities against drastic internal innovation afforded by our Constitution are poor and slight indeed in comparison with those enjoyed by the citizens of the United States. But they can claim no such superiority in the foreign sphere. The Bill for the assumption of authority over Hawaii was not held to require any kind of reference to the Legislatures of the sovereign States of which the Union is composed, or to the people at large. Nor would there be any technical reason for such a reference if the present American Congress passed an Act for the annexation of every Spanish colony in the world, and Minorca and Cadiz into the bargain.

In one of his very interesting though not altogether cheering series of essays on 'Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy,' Mr. Godkin touches with his usual acuteness on 'the difficulty of consulting a modern democracy.' The only recognized  
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means of ascertaining what the sovereign people are wanting on a question of executive policy is by observing elections and by reading the newspapers. Neither method is at all conclusive. There is almost invariably room for quite honest difference of opinion as to the precise questions which were chiefly before the minds of the electors. Thus, it is possible that President McKinley may have known the results of the 'Fall' elections before he finally arrived at the momentous resolve which determined that the United States should be a Far-Eastern Power. But there was nothing decisive as between Republicans and Democrats in those elections, and even if there had been it would have remained extremely doubtful whether the voters had been influenced mainly by enthusiastic pride in the victories of the war, or indignation at the mismanagement of the War Office, on the one hand, or by approval or disapproval of the policy of national 'expansion' on the other. And very possibly considerations of a domestic character, connected with currency or tariff, weighed appreciably with many electors.

Quite as obviously, to turn again for a moment to our own affairs, it would be difficult if not impossible to regard a general election, if one could be brought about at the present time, as affording any certain evidence of the wishes of the people as to British policy in the Far East. A Cabinet Minister was said a few months ago to have observed, in conversation, that bye-elections were being lost because, as he put it, the Government would not enter upon an unreasonable war with Russia. We believe that they were indeed being lost because the country disliked extremely the experience of a succession of failures on the part of the Government to secure the ends at which it had publicly aimed, which failures were generally due, at the moment, to the successful pressure brought to bear by Russia at Peking. The bye-elections, in our belief, illustrated the general opinion that while the British interests involved in China were, indeed, quite important enough to justify the 'risk of war' for their maintenance, our material position there was so strong that a clear and firm line of policy would have attained success without war. We are, however, quite ready to acknowledge that there can be nothing like absolute certainty as to the significance of bye-elections. If in them the Imperial question most engaging the public mind at the moment controls the result more directly, it is also true that purely local and personal issues play a relatively larger part in them than is usual at a general election. The one thing certain is that a dissolution of Parliament now would not bring

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out with any unmistakable clearness the predominant opinion in the electorate on the network of complex problems called the Far-Eastern Question. It would not even determine whether the majority of the electors would prefer to entrust the management of that question to Lord Rosebery rather than to Lord Salisbury. In the first place it is by no means plain that Lord Rosebery would be Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary in the next Radical Government. In the second place, it is quite conceivable that the majority of the electors, while caring a good deal about China and securities for the development of British trade there, care as much or more about those first-rate domestic questions, such as Home Rule for Ireland and Disestablishment, on which the policy of a Radical Government would, or at least might, differ essentially from that of a Unionist Government.

Analogous considerations vitiate the significance of elections in all democratic countries. But if elections do not afford conclusive indications as to the drift of public opinion on foreign questions, nothing remains, in the absence of a Referendum, except the press. On the unsatisfactory quality of the press in this regard Mr. Godkin has some very strong remarks:—

‘In international questions,’ he says, ‘the press is often a poor reliance. In the first place business prudence prompts an editor, whether he fully understands the matter under discussion or not, to take what seems the patriotic view; and tradition generally makes the selfish quarrelsome view the patriotic view. The late editor of the “Sun” expressed this tersely by advising young journalists “always to stand by the Stars and Stripes!” It was long ago expressed still more tersely by the cry, “Our country, right or wrong.” . . . It is not every diplomatic difference that is at first clearly understood by the public. Very often the pros and cons of the matter are imperfectly known until the correspondence is published, but the agitation of the popular mind continues; the press must talk about the matter, and its talk is rarely pacific. It is bound by tradition to take the ground that its own Government is right; and that even if not, it does not make any difference—the press has to maintain that it is right.’

There is much force in this, which Mr. Godkin illustrates by reference to the action of the American press, as well as Congress, on the now happily dead and gone Venezuelan question. The fact that the press ‘must talk’ about questions on which there may be nothing fresh or useful to be said, is, beyond doubt, a serious evil; for it tends in some cases both to produce in the minds of statesmen the view that there is more public excitement than actually exists, and to arouse more excitement than the situation calls for. We do not think, indeed, that in the  
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conduct of the principal newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, in this country, there is anything like that absence of sense of responsibility, or absence of knowledge with regard to foreign affairs, which the remarks we have quoted from Mr. Godkin suggest, as existing in connexion with the American press. Nor do we doubt that the development of a transmarine empire will tend to raise the level of American journalism, in respect both of sobriety and information, in relation to foreign affairs. Still, when all is said, the fact will remain that the press is very imperfect as an indication of what is being thought and felt even in Great Britain by the great body of voters on public questions. It is so in regard to home questions. London is not as Unionist and Conservative as the preponderant tone of its leading newspapers would suggest. The same may be said still more decidedly of Scotland. In Manchester, on the other hand, though the voters are very predominantly Unionist, the principal newspaper is Radical. If it is so in regard to home affairs, there is no obvious reason for supposing that on Imperial questions the opinions of newspapers afford a safe guide as to the opinions of those who read them. All that can be said is that, when on such questions they are found unanimous, while maintaining their differences on domestic affairs, there is a strong presumption, at any rate in this country, that they are reflecting the prevailing thought and feeling, and influencing the dissident elements to fall into line. And when, as happened last summer in the case of our policy in the Far East, the practical unanimity of journals is corroborated by the results of bye-elections, and by the prevalent feeling among active politicians on both sides, the presumption that the sovereign people's views and sentiments point in the same direction becomes very strong indeed. The only defence that can be made in such a case for refusal to follow these combined indications is that 'the public don't understand what they are talking about,' or, as seemed to be suggested by the Prime Minister in a recent speech, that they are ignorant of some extraneous consideration having a vital bearing on the possibility or prudence of the line of policy they desire.

But it may happen, not very seldom, that the need for an important Imperial decision presents itself when there are no means of forming any correct judgment as to the set of public opinion on the matter in hand. Even yet, in the Celestial Empire, the Government of this country, or of the United States, might find itself almost suddenly in presence of a situation in which secrecy as well as promptitude in action was of vital moment.

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In such a case, no doubt, the defects of democracy, at least of large democracies, stand out as compared with systems of government in which effective authority is wielded by the one or the few, who can be quickly and privately consulted. Then, no doubt, the statesman must take his own political life in his hand, and, getting what guidance he can, not from the 'bosses,' but from the wisest and best-informed, must move forward whither, or stand still as, his judgment and conscience dictate. In such circumstances, Anglo-Saxon democracies, we believe, will always look leniently on any blunders of a statesman who has plainly sought, not merely to guess what the people were thinking, but to carry out the general aims which, judging from the past, he knew they must cherish, by the measures best adapted to meet the special crisis. We are not so sure about Latin democracies. Indeed, there have been too many indications that, when tried by the test of failure in the sphere of foreign and imperial affairs, they were apt to develop unreasonable fury, unjust to its victims, and reacting with inevitable hurt upon their own stability and welfare.

The course of history may prove that it is only the Teutonic races—for Germany will feel her way to greater freedom—that are altogether fitted for popular government. Yet, so far as can be judged from the experience of the past thirty years, at which we have now glanced, in the case of France and Italy, democratic government in those countries may fairly be credited with much of the success which has been secured by the one in the sphere of foreign policy, and cannot fairly be blamed for much of the misfortunes which have happened to the other.

It need hardly be said that in every democratic country it is of the first importance that the classes with leisure and culture should exert themselves, not merely to give effective interpretation to the views of the electorate, but to guide those views into right channels. Here, at any rate, as we have endeavoured to show, the people are essentially teachable on Imperial questions. There is no evidence that if wisely dealt with they are unteachable in other democratic countries. The best hope for the future of democracy lies in the general realization by the upper classes that, under that system of government, the calls of public duty on them are not less but more urgent than when political power was more or less confined to their own order.

ART. XII.—1. *Les Races et les Nationalités en Autriche-Hongrie.*

Par Bertrand Auerbach. Paris, 1898.

2. *La Question d'Orient.* Par Édouard Briault. Paris, 1898.3. *Metternich und seine auswärtige Politik.* Von Fedor von Demelitsch. Stuttgart, 1898.4. *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, 1859 bis 1866.* Von Heinrich Friedjung. Two vols. Stuttgart, 1898.

THE condition of the Austrian Empire engages the anxious attention of statesmen to a greater extent than perhaps any other political question of the hour. This Empire is composed of a number of different and mutually hostile races, and of several distinct nationalities. It has never attained to anything resembling national unity. Everyone remembers the old epigram, 'Bella gerant alii, Tu, felix Austria, nube'; few however reflect on the influence which the various accessions to the Empire have had on its political life. As the result of marriages and heritages and artificial political arrangements, German counties, Italian principalities, countries like Bohemia and Hungary, and at last a part of the kingdom of Poland, were joined together. These were never welded into a State. The Tyrolese obeyed the Count of Tyrol, the Austrians the Archduke of Austria, who happened to be the same person, and was also the King of Bohemia and of Hungary. The link that united these different countries was the circumstance that they all recognized one common sovereign. There was, however, an eventful and dramatic period in their history during which they might have been fused into one nation. This was at the time of the Reformation. The movement identified with the name of Luther was not only directed against form and superstition in the Church; it was national in the deepest sense of the term. If the Imperial authority in Germany had placed itself at its head, it is not impossible that the great schism in Western Christianity might have been avoided, and it is certain that Germany would have been spared long and bitter years of suffering and degradation. Unfortunately at that time Charles V., a man entirely under the influence of the Spanish mind, wore the Imperial crown. He failed to grasp the situation. He neither understood Luther nor the moral forces which supported the cause of the Reformer.

The dynasty in whose history Charles V. is one of the greatest figures showed similar deficiency of perception. The House of Habsburg ranged itself on the side of the enemies of the Reformation with frantic zeal. This movement took a firmer hold, and was more widely accepted in the countries which

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compose the present Austrian Empire than almost anywhere else. The depth of its influence is revealed in the secret reports made to Rome from South Germany by the confidential agents of Clement VII. and Paul III. It was ruthlessly suppressed. The whole nobility of Styria, with the exception of seven families, were deprived of their property for their attachment to the Protestant cause. Wholesale confiscations also took place in Bohemia; the ancient nobility of the country were deprived of their land and replaced by foreigners of various nationalities—Spaniards, Italians, Walloons, Portuguese, and above all by Irish—who formed a new governing class. With regard to the mass of the people, any sympathies they might have had with the Reformation were driven out of them by methods which, even in the dark history of religious persecution, are remarkable for their violence and cruelty. Popular expressions at the present moment in use in Austria illustrate the ways and means adopted to preserve what was called ecclesiastical orthodoxy. If a man has been brutally beaten or treated with exceptional cruelty, he is described in popular parlance as having been made a Catholic. If a mother threatens to inflict severe corporal punishment on a child, she will express her intention to make it a Catholic. The result of this policy was to destroy the intellectual life of Austria. Men like Kepler and Comenius when driven from the country could not be replaced by disciples of the Jesuits, and those parts of the Empire which had not been laid waste by fire and sword during the Thirty Years' War had their intellectual life crushed out by the steady and relentless action of the Government at Vienna.

This jealousy of intellectual independence has been a leading characteristic of Austrian policy down to our own time. In the year 1859 Field-Marshal Hess was not given the command of the army in Italy because he was a Protestant. He had seen Aspern, Wagram, and Leipsic; he had been highly considered by Archduke Charles; he was the right hand of Radetzky in 1849, but military experience and ability were not so requisite in the opinion of the Government in Vienna as theological orthodoxy. Count Gyulai, a favourite of the Jesuits, was placed at the head of the hundred thousand men who stood on the Ticino. This general was hopelessly incapable. He remained in the Lomellina in foolish and obstinate inactivity, and allowed the hostile armies to be so manœuvred that the Austrian forces lost all the advantages from a strategical point of view that they possessed at the opening of the hostilities. One would think that after the battle of Solferino the weakest eyes in Vienna would have seen the real cause of  
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the Austrian defeat. Instead of that, every sort of frivolous reason was given for the disaster in Italy, and a well-known Jesuit, Klinkowström, announced from a pulpit, surrounded by the rank and fashion of Vienna, that the reason why the army had not been completely victorious was because of the presence of Protestants in its ranks.

A most serious consequence of the steady policy pursued in Austria towards intellectual independence in every shape and form was the estrangement with Germany which could not fail to result from it. While Austria was sinking in the depths of obscurantism, Prussia was rapidly becoming the representative of German progress, and the University of Berlin acquired the highest position among the intellectual centres, not merely of Germany, but of the world. The idea of excluding Austria altogether from Germany, on the ground that she did not represent German interests, culture, or habits of thought, gradually but steadily grew, particularly amongst the States of the Germanic Confederation north of the Maine. This idea assumed a definite shape when Bismarck became Prime Minister of Prussia in the closing days of September 1862. Four years after that time the power of Austria over the States of the Germanic Confederation was overthrown at Königgrätz, and a new chapter was opened in Austrian history.

In dealing with Austria and Austrian politics, it is absolutely necessary to consider with critical care the influence of the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Ever since he ascended the throne in 1848, both the foreign and the internal policy of Austria has been mainly directed by him; and he has acquired so great a position, and has had so powerful an influence on the imaginations of men, that many well informed people are inclined to think that his disappearance from the scene will be followed by the disruption of the Empire whose crown he wears.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is a man of considerable natural gifts of mind, and extremely conscientious in attention to public business. His remarkable grasp of administrative detail is all the more important because the questions that come continually before him are not only grave and various, but the difficulties in solving them are enormously complicated by disturbing political, racial, ecclesiastical, and social forces which do not exist concurrently in any other Empire. His Ministers have often been astounded at his marvellous and minute acquaintance with lengthy and dull official documents. The judgments formed by distinguished statesmen and politicians on the Emperor Francis Joseph are numerous and interesting.

esting. His exalted position has necessarily brought him into contact with many of the striking personalities of the age. The greatest of these was of course Bismarck. He was presented to the Emperor of Austria in 1852, and on the 25th of January in that year he wrote from Ofen :—

‘The young ruler of this country has made a most agreeable impression on me. The fiery spirit of twenty is united to the dignity and judgment of riper years. He has a beautiful eye, particularly when he is excited, and a most winning and frank expression when he smiles. If he were not an Emperor I should say that he was rather too serious for his age. The Hungarians are most enthusiastic about him, and are attracted by the national accent with which he speaks their language and his elegance as a horseman.’

Eight years later, in February 1860, after the disastrous Italian war, Orges, who was the editor of the ‘Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung,’ saw the Emperor Francis Joseph. He was sent on a mission to Vienna by the Duke of Coburg. The description he gives of his audience, which lasted for more than an hour and a quarter, is instructive. It reveals the warm sympathies of the Emperor for South Germany, and shows a certain desire to make himself acquainted with the real state of things, and to hear with patience unpleasant truths. The Emperor of Austria, however, is not, as a general rule, remarkable for keeping an open mind. Only a few months ago the writer of this article was in a position to judge how the inherent difficulties of governing the Austrian Empire have been rendered more difficult still by the impossibility of getting the Sovereign to listen and give due weight to statements of disagreeable facts. He is, moreover, not a resolute man. During the Italian war of 1859 he showed himself quite unable to make up his mind between different schemes of policy. His indecision of character was made still more manifest in 1866. In that year he had to face two enemies, Prussia and Italy. He might easily have avoided going to war with both at the same time. He could have come to terms with Prussia on the basis of the division of spheres of influence in Germany; in that case he would have had the whole of his forces at his disposal, not merely for the defence of Venice, but for the reconquest of Lombardy. On the other hand, he might, by ceding Venice to the Italians at an opportune moment, have prevented the Prusso-Italian Alliance, and consequently have been in a position to use the whole military force of his Empire against the Prussian power. He did neither one thing nor the other, but on the 12th of June, some days before the outbreak of war with Prussia, he concluded a Treaty with Napoleon III., in which it was stipulated that

that Venice should be ceded to France for the purpose of being handed over to Italy, no matter whether the Austrian armies were victorious or not. The text of this Treaty has never yet received the attention it deserves, but, when the historians of the next century come to deal with it, we are much mistaken if they will not all of them pronounce it to be the most marvellous State document of our time. It is almost incredible that, when the whole strength of the Empire was required to meet the Prussian attack, a large portion of the army should have been used against Italy, although the Government in Vienna had already made up its mind to cede the ancient city of Venice and the territory adjacent to it, the possession of which by Austria was the cause of war with Italy. The explanation of this extraordinary conduct is that Count Moritz Esterhazy, who was at that time very powerful with the Emperor of Austria, succeeded in getting a clause introduced into the Treaty which in reality meant nothing, but which seemed to such as he to bind France to favour a hypothetical Italian movement in favour of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff. This clause was to the effect that, if the population of Italy should some day or other rise against the unity of the country, the Emperor Napoleon would not interfere. The House of Habsburg was not to gain any advantage should the unity of Italy be destroyed. The dynasties of Tuscany and Modena were not to be restored under any circumstances. The Austrian Government was never again to be imposed on any part of Italy. If the Austrian arms had been everywhere victorious, it would have made absolutely no difference to the political position of Austria in Italy, but the French graciously agreed that the Italians might restore the temporal power of the Pope or break up and destroy their country if they thought fit to do so. Count Beust, when he became Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, saw this Treaty, and, as he read it, could hardly believe his eyes. Others have been equally astonished. We do not wonder. This Treaty makes it absolutely clear that the war in Italy of 1866 was waged, not in the interests of Austria, but in those of the Pope. Austria had often in former days drawn her sword for what she considered to be the cause of the Church; but neither Maria Theresa, Kaunitz, Thugut, Stadion, Metternich, nor indeed any Austrian statesman had ever up to that time dreamed of sacrificing the interests of the State to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. The defeat of the Austrian arms at Königgrätz, and the collapse which followed that defeat, might, one would think, have shown the Emperor of Austria that men like Count Belcredi, or Count Moritz



Moritz Esterhazy, or the other members of the coterie in Vienna who were guided and directed by the Jesuits, were not safe councillors in the affairs of State. Cardinal Antonelli, when he heard the news of the rout of the Austrian army in Bohemia and that the victorious Prussians were marching on Vienna, exclaimed, 'Il mondo casca!' The Cardinal was right; the end of the world had come for the politicians and statesmen who imagined that mankind could be governed on the principles held by such men as he.

One of the marked characteristics of the reign of the present Emperor of Austria is that the moment a Minister becomes really powerful his fall is always at hand. The Emperor has invariably failed to support a leading Minister just at the moment when that Minister's policy required his most complete adhesion in order that it should be successful. He withdrew, for instance, his support from Schmerling at the most critical moment. Beust was dismissed just as as he had brought about the overthrow of the Ministry of Hohenwart, at a time when it was a prime necessity to take up a firm, or at least clear, position as regards the Slav population of the Empire. Count Andrassy, in many respects one of the most interesting statesmen of the reign, who had rendered exceptional services to the whole Empire by his moderating influence on his Hungarian countrymen, was forced to leave office just as he had concluded the alliance with Germany. An unswerving adherence to the governing idea of the policy of Andrassy, and its application to internal questions, would certainly have averted some of the pressing troubles of the present hour. But the Emperor Francis Joseph never could tolerate a Minister of really first-class ability. In this respect he contrasts most unfavourably with his contemporary, King William I. of Prussia. The latter sovereign himself selected for the work of his reign four men, each of them in a very marked manner his intellectual superior. Bismarck, Roon, Moltke, Count Friedrich zu Eulenberg, were men of genius. They were not always on the best of terms with each other; but the commanding personality of their Sovereign forced them to work together, and was strong enough to prevent them interfering in the business of departments which were not specially entrusted to them. The Emperor Francis Joseph would have been totally unable to command, utilize, or work with such men.

The character of the Emperor of Austria is strikingly illustrated by his conduct in regard to some of the most illustrious personages of his reign. When the war with Prussia was about to break out in 1866 the question arose as to what general should be entrusted with the command of the Imperial

Imperial forces in Bohemia. Two men stood out prominently among Austrian generals as fit to be placed in this important position. One of them was Archduke Albrecht, the other Ludwig von Benedek. The former was the son of the great Archduke Charles, who for his talents as a soldier won the admiration and respect both of Napoleon and Wellington. Archduke Albrecht inherited the military talents of his father, and was a man of perhaps even more political sagacity. He distinguished himself most brilliantly at the battle of Novara on the 23rd of March, 1849. During a large part of that day he held with a single division the whole Piedmontese army so long in check as to give time to Radetzky to arrive on the field and win a decisive victory. There was but one opinion among military men, that Archduke Albrecht was eminently fit to lead the Austrian forces that would have to meet the solid regiments of the King of Prussia. On the other hand, there was a strong popular opinion in favour of giving the command to Benedek. The Press in Vienna was almost unanimous in calling for this appointment, and the writer of this article has grounds for believing that some Austrian newspapers, perhaps even unknown to their editors and proprietors, were prompted to urge the appointment of Benedek by no less a person than the arch-enemy of Austria at the moment, Herr von Bismarck himself. The past of Benedek has been creditable and glorious. He was born on the 14th of July, 1804, in a small town in Hungary. His father, who was a doctor, had great difficulty in educating him, owing to want of means, but he received the powerful help of Radetzky, whom he had once attended in illness. Benedek entered the army in 1822, and after serving with credit in various parts of the Empire he found himself in 1848 in Italy under the banner of his father's old patron, Radetzky. During the war of that year he again greatly distinguished himself, but all his splendid military services were outshone by the brilliancy of his action some ten years later at Solferino. During that battle he commanded on the right wing of the Austrian army at San Martino. He was not only completely victorious, but his conduct on that occasion brought out in great relief his personal courage, the clear power of his mental vision, and his gift of inspiring with confidence the soldiers he led. In consequence of the part he played at San Martino, he fired the imaginations of men, and was enthusiastically admired by the general public. The observant critics at Berlin, however, while giving him due credit for his action in Italy, doubted whether he possessed certain gifts necessary for a great commander-in-chief, and whether

whether he was equal to handling with decision very large bodies of men. They considered that Archduke Albrecht would be a more formidable adversary if he were to lead the Austrian army with which they were to try conclusions in Bohemia. It is not very generally known that Benedek himself shrunk from accepting the command in Bohemia, that he declined it on more than one occasion, and begged and prayed of the Emperor not to select him for it, but to entrust him with the task of dealing with the smaller military events which were likely to take place in Italy, a country with which he was especially well acquainted.

Archduke Albrecht had many weighty grounds for declining on his part the command of the army of the North. In the first place, public opinion was in favour of Benedek, who was the hero of the hour. The governing reason, however, why the Archduke wanted to get out of the command in Bohemia was that he knew that he was almost certain to win laurels in Italy, whereas he was much too keen-sighted a soldier not to see that the armies of Prussia, created and armed by Roon, led by generals like Fransecky and Hiller, and directed by strategists like Moltke and Blumenthal, would not be so easy to dispose of as the Italians. In the morning of the day on which Benedek was to have audience with the Emperor, during which the question as to his command in Bohemia was to be definitely decided, Archduke Albrecht went to see him. The two generals talked over the situation. Benedek had formerly served under the Archduke in Italy, and his Imperial Highness was so struck by his brave and chivalrous nature that he presented him with the sword which his father Archduke Charles had worn at Aspern. During this interview the Archduke pressed Benedek most vigorously to accept the command in Bohemia. Benedek insisted on his reasons for declining. Then the Archduke appealed to his feelings of attachment and loyalty to the dynasty. He insisted that it was most inadvisable that a member of the Imperial House should command against the Prussians, for that in the event of a reverse the dynasty might seriously suffer. To this argument Benedek at once gave way; it was an appeal to the chivalry of his nature which he could not resist. A few hours later the Emperor received with the greatest possible delight the consent of Benedek to accept the command. Shortly afterwards Benedek left for the seat of war. The main events which then took place are known to all. The personal jealousies, the confusion and the distracted councils in the Austrian camp, have, however, never yet been fully revealed. They led to Königgrätz,

which ruined for ever any chances Austria might have of leading Germany. On the 13th of July, 1866, ten days after that battle, Benedek wrote a letter to his wife, which contains the following passage:—

‘When the command was forced upon me, in spite of all my representations, I expressed myself unequivocally and simply in a conference that we were playing *va banque*; that I felt that I was sacrificing my civil and military reputation to the wish of the Emperor, and that I only hoped he would not regret having entrusted me with this command. I said in so many words that as far as the German seat of war was concerned I was quite useless, whereas in Italy I might perhaps do some good.’

He took the command to save the Imperial House from any chance of unpleasantness in case of reverse; let us see how his sacrifice was rewarded. When the news of the disaster which overtook the army in Bohemia was published in Austria a storm of indignation arose. The reverse was not however to be wondered at. It was the inevitable outcome of the policy of the persecution of independence of mind which was inaugurated by Ferdinand II., and which, generally speaking, has been followed in Austria ever since. There were, it is true, some persons of high position and exalted character, such as Prince Eugène, Joseph II., and the Emperor Leopold, who tried to modify or alter it; but after the death of the last-mentioned monarch it was adopted with renewed energy by his successor, and the present Emperor by his Concordat with Rome set his seal to the settled system of intellectual repression. When this bore fruit in 1866 the ruling powers in Vienna, instead of throwing the blame on the vicious system of obscurantist government, determined to make Benedek responsible for the disaster. He was deprived of his command with indecent ruthlessness, and was called before a military commission of enquiry. When he appeared before that commission he answered the various questions briefly and with dignity; he took the whole responsibility of the defeat upon himself, and did not in the least rely upon orders which he received from the Emperor when he was in front of the enemy, and which certainly contributed to, if they were not the immediate cause of, the disaster. He retired from the army on the 1st of November, 1866, and settled at Gratz, where he remained till his death. Shortly after he took up his residence in that town Archduke Albrecht appeared one day at his door and extorted a promise from him that he would not publish any account of what passed between him, the Emperor, and the Archduke, as regards the circumstances under which he was forced to take the command of the army in Bohemia,

Bohemia, and also that he would not publish a defence of his conduct while he held that post. Benedek gave his word, and scrupulously kept it. Before his death he destroyed every paper which had reference to the events of 1866. He expected that his defence would come from the Emperor, or at least from Archduke Albrecht; it never did come, and Benedek passed away broken-hearted and in disgrace on the 27th of April, 1871, at the age of seventy-seven. He was not a great commander, and he did not profess to be one, but he was beyond question one of the most chivalrous figures of the century. The only protest he made against ungenerous and even base usage was to leave strict injunctions in his will that he should not be buried in Austrian uniform, and that no military honours should be shown to his remains. We have insisted at some length on the history of Benedek, as it seems to us to illustrate the character of the reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and as likely to assist our readers to penetrate the causes of its disaster.

A story hardly less edifying than that of Benedek might be told as regards Admiral Tegetthoff, the hero of Lissa. Tegetthoff was a sailor of the type of Nelson and Dundonald. When we read how he took the 'Ferdinand Max' into action at Lissa, we are forcibly reminded of Nelson on the quarter-deck of the 'Victory.' The heroism, resolution, and resource which he displayed that day were never surpassed by Nelson himself. To the surprise of everybody he fell into disgrace and was deprived of his command immediately after his magnificent triumph. The real reason for this disgrace has never yet been published. The truth is that the brilliant victory of Lissa contrasted strongly with the comparatively uninteresting battle won by Archduke Albrecht at Custozza. The Archduke was the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces, naval and military, engaged against the Italians. His instructions to Tegetthoff were invariably such as tended to paralyze the action of the fleet. Tegetthoff was told to land all the Venetian sailors on board his ships. This he declined to do, on the ground that if he did so his fleet would be useless, seeing that the Venetians were among the best men he had afloat. When he sailed to the relief of Lissa, which was being hard pressed by the Italian fleet under Persano, he was overtaken by a frigate bearing an order from the officer representing Archduke Albrecht, Lieutenant Field-Marshal Maroičić, warning him not to go to sea. He won Lissa as Nelson did Copenhagen, in spite of his orders. The trophies of his victory were sent by him direct to the Emperor at Vienna. This was the crowning offence.

They ought forsooth to have been forwarded to Archduke Albrecht and laid by him at the feet of the Emperor, in order that some credit for Lissa might be given to his Imperial Highness. Tegetthoff, like Benedek, bore his disgrace in silence. The Emperor and the Archduke, secure in the conviction of his loyalty and chivalry, imagined, no doubt, their conduct would escape the censure of history. They forgot the old saying, 'Magna est veritas et prevalebit.' The Emperor Francis Joseph has received the sympathies of the world in the misfortunes which have overtaken his House. He has acquired in an ample degree the personal attachment of his subjects of various nationalities and races. When, however, impartial history investigates his career, and observes how he has dealt with the various forces of his Empire, how he has worked with the various administrators and statesmen who have served him and what attitude he has assumed to the leading ideas of the time, it will hardly pronounce a favourable judgment on it, for, notwithstanding his high and noble qualities, certain weaknesses of intellect and character developed by a narrow education and pernicious personal surroundings have prevented him from being either a great ruler or a great man.

The Empire of Austria-Hungary is, as we have already said, composed of a very large number of mutually hostile races and nations : Germans, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Roumanians, and Italians. The question presses as to the mode in which these various races should be held together. At present the Empire is divided into two parts, one of which is called Cis-Leithania, the other Hungary or Trans-Leithania. The former division is made up of a group of some seventeen different countries, each with a local Parliament, but also sending members to the Central Parliament in Vienna. The most important of these countries is Bohemia.

Bohemia derives its name from the Boii, a Celtic people who played a considerable part in Italy during the Punic war. They took the Carthaginian side, but they were ultimately driven across the Alps, after which they settled in the country now called Bohemia. They were again expelled from this new settlement by a German people called the Marcomanni, who were in their turn driven out by the Slavs. The Germans began to reappear in Bohemia in the tenth century, and in the twelfth they were the leading people in the country. In the middle of the fourteenth century, in 1348, the Emperor Charles IV. founded the University of Prague, which became a great seat of German learning. In consequence of the Hussite movement this German influence was paralyzed ; over twenty thousand



thousand students left Prague, and the Universities of Leipsic, Ingoldstadt, and Rostock came into existence. Prague never regained its old importance. In 1512 there were no students at all at the University. The Protestant movement seemed likely to heal the animosity between the Slav and the German. They were both equally hostile to Rome, but in 1620 the battle of the White Mountain marked the fall of the monarchy of the Winter King, and with it of the Protestant cause of Bohemia. The whole condition of the country was changed; over thirty thousand Protestant families were driven into exile.

From that day to this there has been trouble in Bohemia. The German population, which is the most thriving and industrious, occupies well-defined districts almost exclusively on the frontiers. The Congress of Vienna incorporated Bohemia with Germany just as it did other territories of the House of Austria. Bohemia was part of the Germanic Confederation when, in 1848, a German Parliament was called together at Frankfort. To this Parliament Bohemia was invited to send representatives. At that moment a man appeared in public life who was destined to have a commanding influence on the politics of his country. This was Palacky, who has rendered such important services, not alone to Bohemia, but to historical science generally. Palacky's reply to the invitation to join the Parliament at Frankfort is remarkable as a clear assertion of Bohemian nationality. 'I am not a German,' he said, 'but a Bohemian, and I belong to the Slav race. Any talents I may possess are at the service of my own country. It is a small country, to be sure; nevertheless it has preserved its individuality.' Acting under the advice of Palacky, the Slav population in Bohemia sent no representatives to Frankfort. They called together a Congress of their own in Prague. This assembly met in June, and was composed of representatives of Slavs living under Austrian and Turkish rule, but, like all the parliamentary assemblies of 1848, it came to a more or less ignoble end. In 1849 Austria became a completely absolute monarchy, and continued so till after the Italian war of 1859. In 1860 an Imperial decree called into existence local parliaments throughout the Empire, and in 1861 a Constitution was established in Austria which in *Cis-Leithania* is in existence to this day. The local Parliament in Bohemia is composed of some great ecclesiastical dignitaries, such as the Archbishop of Prague; a certain number of persons are elected by owners of great estates, and others by the inhabitants of the towns and the peasantry. The contention of Bohemia, however, is that it should be an entirely separate kingdom,

kingdom, with which Moravia and Austrian Silesia should be incorporated, and that it should have a position in the Empire similar to that of Hungary. During the Ministry of Count Potocki in 1871 negotiations were undertaken with the leading Slavs for the purpose of recreating the Bohemian Kingdom, and in that very year the Emperor of Austria in a solemn document recognized the rights of the Kingdom of Bohemia, and expressed his willingness to confirm them by taking the coronation oath.

No further step has been taken to meet the political aspirations of the Bohemians. But, in truth, it is impossible that they can be satisfied. The population of Bohemia is about 5,800,000 souls altogether; of these 3,444,000 are Czechs, and 2,159,000 are Germans. These two races hate each other with intense animosity, and as they are nearly balanced it is manifest that there is no such thing in reality as a united Bohemian nation. It is ridiculous to speak of unity where everything is double. There are two languages, two cultures, two peoples, and two races, and it is manifest that any attempt to establish an independent Bohemian kingdom is almost certain to fail. If attempted it would raise the question of federalism, and a serious move to federate the Empire would at once create a number of almost insoluble problems. Is the federal system to be integral or partial? For instance, are the dozen-and-a-half countries which really compose Cis-Leithania to be comprised in the federal system without exception and without reference to their importance? Is the country to be turned into a sort of Imperial Switzerland, with a number of cantons proclaimed equal, in spite of any other political or economic consideration? Is Bohemia, for instance, to be divided between the Czechs and the Germans? And in the Kingdom of Galicia are the 3,900,000 Roman Catholic Poles to be separated from the 3,668,000 Ruthenians of the Greek rite? Then, again, there is the question of Hungary. According to official statistics, there are in Trans-Leithania 7,500,000 Magyars, 6,735,000 Slavs, and 2,500,000 Roumanians. The Magyars are therefore not much more than a bare majority over the Slavs at the present moment in Trans-Leithania. But if any scheme for the federation of the Empire were to come into existence the Slavs, both in Cis-Leithania and Trans-Leithania, would be brought into political contact with each other, and, notwithstanding their mutual hostility, they would always combine against the Magyar, who is their common enemy. The result would be that the 7,500,000 Magyars would be face to face with the whole Slav population of the entire  
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Empire, which is 21,500,000. The Bohemian difficulty, then, appears insoluble on any lines which involve the recognition of Bohemian nationality as a whole. This will appear all the more clear when we reflect that in Moravia and in Austrian Silesia there are no districts inhabited only by Slavs or by Germans, as is the case in Bohemia. In these two countries, which are, it will be remembered, claimed for the Bohemian crown, the Germans and Slavs live together in what are called mixed districts. There seems for the moment nothing for it but impartial and administrative methods, and perhaps, as far as Bohemia proper is concerned, reform of district government.

Hungary, in spite of the variety of its races, is a more compact and homogeneous whole than any other portion of the Austrian Empire. Cis-Leithanian Austria is much superior to it in riches and in civilization, but, on the other hand, Hungary has great advantages, both as regards the form of its territory and the groupings of the peoples who live in it. Its great drawback is that it possesses only one outlet to the sea, the port of Fiume on the Adriatic. The comparative backwardness of Hungary in commercial enterprise is mainly the result of religious persecution. Calvinism took considerable hold of the Hungarian people, but it was stamped out with remorseless energy by the Emperor Ferdinand II., and it was with reference to Hungary that he said that he would rather reign over a desert than rule a rich country inhabited by heretics. Strange as it may seem, the Turks were looked up to for a long time by the Protestants of Hungary as their friends, and the Mahomedan flag was regarded as the symbol of religious liberty. The year 1866 marks an important date in Hungarian history. The result of the campaign in Bohemia forced the Emperor of Austria to reconsider his position as regards Hungary. The Empire was then divided into two parts, and Hungary became the head of that portion of it situated beyond the Leitha. Continual difficulties have from time to time arisen with respect to financial relations with the rest of the Empire. The present arrangement is that Trans-Leithania contributes thirty per cent. of the sum required for Imperial expenses. In December of last year, when it became necessary to make a new arrangement, there was a great deal of opposition and criticism, and it became manifest that a considerable party exist in Hungary who are in favour of absolute independence and of the separation of the country from the rest of the Empire. The Prime Minister, Baron Banffy, admitted that Hungary would be within her right to establish a completely independent financial system from that of the rest of Austria, but

but he considered that it would not be advantageous to do so. There was a good deal of heat, much obstruction, and then troubles broke out in Croatia. Several official persons were killed and their dead bodies barbarously mutilated. In the provincial diet of Agram very disreputable scenes took place, which, however, gave clear expression to the hatred of the Southern Slavs for the Hungarians. At the present moment there is a most serious constitutional crisis at Buda-Pesth. It appears that Parliamentary government in Austria is a failure. It seems unable to keep in check the forces of disintegration, and as the interest of each Austrian State is that the Empire, as a whole, should continue to exist, arrangements will have to be discovered which, while preserving carefully individual liberty and national life, will so strengthen central authority as to enable it to keep within bounds, or, if necessary, crush disorderly or separatist movements. Greater consciousness of strength on the part of the central authority could not fail to have a beneficial effect on the foreign policy of the Empire.

The weakness of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy always becomes especially clear when there is trouble in the East. In the year 1874 an insurrection took place in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which caused at once great embarrassment in Austria. One school of statesmen desired that Austria should boldly take the initiative—make war upon the Turks and annex these two provinces. Many of the Hungarians, however, did not wish to see the Slavs of the Empire increased by territorial annexation, and Russia at that time was unfriendly. In 1876 Count Andrassy wrote his famous letter, which formulated the wishes of the civilized world; but the same year the diplomacy of the Powers showed itself powerless in face of the obstinacy of the Turkish Government in Constantinople. Austria was exceptionally weak. Servia and Montenegro went to war with Turkey. The Slavs of the Austrian Empire sympathized strongly with their brethren across the border; but the Hungarians lost no opportunity of showing their sympathy with Turkey. Count Andrassy had the greatest difficulty to restrain the Hungarians at Pesth from going to extreme lengths in their desire for the success of the Turkish arms, while in Prague and throughout Bohemia the Slavs made demonstrations in favour of the Russian intervention in the Balkan Peninsula. The Austrian monarchy, thus paralyzed, was forced into the position of a passive spectator, and had to look on in silence when the Russian troops, after the fall of Plevna, were marching to Constantinople. The Treaty of San Stefano, which was subsequently modified by the Congress of  
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Berlin, proclaimed the independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, and raised Bulgaria into an independent Principality. The Treaty of Berlin handed over Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria in order that she might restore order in those provinces. This introduced a new principle in dealing with the Eastern Question. If Austria were to establish herself in Bosnia and Herzegovina, there was no reason why other provinces of the Turkish Empire should not be claimed by other Powers. This in reality is what has taken place, and the establishment of Austrian power in those provinces must hasten and has hastened the partition of the Ottoman Empire.

The work done by Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina has been brilliant; and no one has rendered greater services to civilization in Europe in the close of the century than Baron Kállay, who has been entrusted with their government. Twenty years ago those countries were in a state of complete barbarism. There was no security whatever for life and property, and now everything is as peaceful and orderly as in any district of Upper Austria or the county of Kent. Most striking is what has been done as regards education. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, when Bosnia and Herzegovina were conquered by the Turks, a great portion of what was up to that time a purely Christian population embraced Islam. At the time when Austria took over the government there were about 449,000 Mahommedans to 706,000 Christians. These Christians were again divided into Roman Catholics and those who professed the Orthodox faith: the latter numbered, roughly, about 407,000, and the Roman Catholics about 209,000. There were also 3,400 Jews belonging to the Spanish and Portuguese rite. The state of education amongst these different confessions when the Austrians took over the country was exceedingly backward and poor. In the Mahommedan schools, which were mostly attached to the mosques, there was very little taught except the Koran, a short sketch of the history of the Turkish Empire, and elementary geography. It is very difficult to find out exactly what the attendance at these schools was. No proper register was kept, and there is every reason to believe that it was extremely meagre. In the schools of the Orthodox Christians there was also no regularly kept register. They had a couple of middle schools, and also establishments scattered about the country, fifty-six in all; but none of them were in a satisfactory state. The Roman Catholic schools were for the most part under the management of the Franciscans, and were fifty-four in number. It is very much more easy to  
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form an opinion as to these schools than with regard to the Mahommedan or the Orthodox. Their books were more carefully kept; but the teachers were, for the most part, foreigners, and the schools were far from being in a good condition. The new Government had a most complicated task before them. The Turkish schools were largely improved, without any interference by the State with their religious teaching. The schools of the Orthodox Christians during the first three years of the Austrian occupation increased in number, and the school rolls and registers were properly kept. The Roman Catholic schools were also largely improved. A number of middle schools have been formed, but perhaps the most remarkable change which has been made is the introduction of schools for commercial education. The first of these schools was founded in 1884; the original curriculum was widened in 1889 in order to meet the growing demand for technical education. Then to these were subsequently added evening and Sunday schools, in which subjects such as the following are now taught: the German language, geography, history, mathematics, the language of the country, natural history, chemistry, geometry, freehand drawing, book-keeping, and the laws of the Austrian Empire so far as they deal with commercial subjects. Besides these, technical schools have been established, and Austria has spared no money to make them as efficient as possible. A very remarkable institution is the seminary in Reljevo for the training of priests of the Orthodox Church. It was founded in 1878, but it only really came into working order in the year 1882. The subjects taught in this seminary are: the old Slav ecclesiastical language, Greek, moral theology, ecclesiastical history, dogma, pastoral theology, canon law, and the like. But each clergyman is obliged to pass an examination in economic science, and the elements of medical science, especially in relation to hygiene. The Franciscan schools have also largely increased, and are in every respect much more efficient than they were twenty years ago.

In a former number of this 'Review' it was pointed out that, during the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to St. Petersburg in April 1897, an understanding was come to between Russia and Austria in regard to the Balkan Peninsula. Although this arrangement was known to very few when we made our statement, it has since become a stage secret. The policy of Austria and Russia was to keep things quiet in the Balkans for the moment. Notwithstanding the splendid work that Baron Kállay has performed in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the moral annexation of these countries is not yet quite complete.



complete. Nevertheless the statesmen of Vienna are perfectly determined, in the event of serious trouble in South-Eastern Europe, to move at once upon Albania, and for several years past the Albanians have been steadily prepared to welcome the advance of Austria. The Franciscan friars especially, who have great influence in that country, and are justly and deeply respected alike by the Catholic and Mahomedan population, are indefatigable and skilful workers in the Austrian cause. The Catholic Albanians are panting for annexation with Austria, and the Christians, generally speaking, are of one mind on this subject. The better class of the Mahomedans, who have seen for the last twenty years how their co-religionists have enjoyed religious freedom and have prospered under the steady government of Baron Kállay, have learned to contemplate without fear, and even perhaps are prepared to welcome, the day when the flag of the House of Habsburg shall be substituted for that of the Sultan in Albania.

The ambitions of Austria are more far-reaching. After Albania there is Macedonia, and the goal of the Austrian march is Salonica. This is quite understood at St. Petersburg, and Russian statesmen have made up their minds that the sphere of the influence of Austria in the Balkan Peninsula may cover all the western portion of it with the exception of Montenegro, whereas Russia aspires to be dominant in Bulgaria and Servia, and perhaps even in Roumania. To carry out this policy, as well as to make such internal changes in the Empire as will render it possible by checking the elements of confusion, Austria must depend upon her alliance with Germany, and Germany has every interest to promote Austrian extension to Salonica, because, if that port were acquired by Austria, and made, as it would be, a great shipping centre, then a customs union between the two countries, or at all events customs arrangements favourable to Germany, would give that Power immense facilities for the development of her trade with the East. Austria has also considerable interest in favouring an Anglo-German Alliance, for it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that really friendly and intimate relations between England and Germany would, through the good offices of the latter Power, facilitate an arrangement between England and Russia which, in the interests of civilization, should certainly be attempted. Austria would get rid of almost any opposition which she might fear to encounter in the prosecution of her policy in the Balkans. It can hardly be anything but advantageous to Russia to be relieved from the constant steady pressure of  
English

English opposition. England, on her side, would obtain at once a free hand to work out her interests in Southern and Central China, in Egypt, and elsewhere. England and Russia stand over against each other in Asia, and they must each of them realize that neither one nor the other can secure for herself alone the whole of that vast Continent. It is surely time, if a collision, which must be the inevitable result of the present policy of drift and bickering, is to be avoided, that some well thought out arrangement should be come to without delay, under which the Russian and English spheres of influence in Asia should be clearly defined. This arrangement should not be of too ambitious a character. It is useless to endeavour to pledge the future indefinitely. As time goes on, new questions will arise which will have to be met by other generations. We cannot, however, but think courageous and steady statesmanship should devise a means which, while satisfying the aspirations and meeting the legitimate interests both of England and Russia, would preserve peace in our time.

The foreign policy of Austria and her international position must be determined by the attitude of the Imperial Government to the various nationalities of her Empire. If mental training and settled habits of industry be taken as tests, the eleven millions of Germans are enormously superior to their fellow-subjects of other races. Almost all the culture of the Empire is German. The educated German middle classes are, however, looked upon with special distrust and disfavour by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and by the narrow-minded Ultramontane set under whose sinister influence he has been from the moment he ascended the throne. He has been taught to believe that, with the exception of the uncultivated peasantry, his German subjects are dangerous people and disloyal to the Crown. Nothing is more untrue. The educated German-Austrians are essentially idealists. They are the only people in the Empire who have held to what is called the 'Austrian idea,' and who have always been ready and willing to make great and painful sacrifices for the sake of Austria as a whole. Notwithstanding their loyalty, every other nationality has been favoured at their expense. The Slavs have been assisted to hinder their industrial progress, and the clerical forces of the Empire strain every nerve to paralyze their intellectual development. Those acquainted with the situation in Austria do not wonder that in various parts of the Empire there is a marked tendency among the German Catholics to join Christian communions separated from Rome. Many thousand Roman Catholics have recently renounced their allegiance to the Holy See. Further secessions are announced

as about to take place. The movement is especially strong in great centres like Eger, Asch, and Saatz, but has made itself felt also in Carinthia, and even in the coast districts. This is a grave political fact, for it is a marked indication of serious discontent, and a sure sign that some arrangement under which certain districts of Austria might be joined to Germany would not be unwelcome to a section of the people. During the year which has just drawn to a close the hostility of the Crown to the Germans has become more and more apparent. When the Badeni Ministry fell at the end of 1897, a better time seemed coming. An administration was formed which appeared inclined to steer on an even keel. It failed because, in the words of one of its members, it was 'attacked from a quarter against which loyal Germans could not point their cannon.' It vanished on the 6th of March, and Count Thun, a pure and simple Ultramontane of the narrowest kind, became the head of the Cis-Leithanian Government. His policy has been exceedingly simple and superficial. He has tried to obtain the support of the more backward portion of the Germans, who are under Ultramontane and obscurantist influence, in order with their help, in alliance with the Slavs, to crush the opposition of the educated German middle class. The Slavs, on the other hand, are to be weaned from these federal ideas by being given preponderance in the Central Government. In other words, the aim of Count Thun at the present moment is to transform the Austrian Empire into a Catholic Slav power, to be ruled by the feudal nobility and the priests. This programme may provoke a smile, but it is the expression of the same desire to crush independence and freedom of thought which has cost in past times in Austria torrents of tears and of blood.

The obvious policy for the Germans in Austria to adopt is one of uncompromising hostility to the policy of Count Thun. They must abandon the delusion that they can promote the well-being of the Empire as a whole, and maintain a leading position in it, by concessions to unjust or exaggerated claims of Slavs and Poles. They must consider the interests of the culture it is their privilege to represent. They must give up the notion that it is possible for them to get any assistance in their struggle from any other nationality in Austria. They must rely on themselves alone, and on the moral support of the great Empire of their race across the northern border. The immediate and pressing work before them is the reconstruction of Cis-Leithanian Austria. They should strive with might and main to alter the relations of Galicia to the Empire. This  
Polish

Polish province is now one of the Cis-Leithanian group of countries. It is a source of unmitigated evil to the interests of German culture in that group. It is in a deplorable financial condition. It has perfect freedom of local administration, but its affairs are managed so badly that, notwithstanding its natural resources, the local revenue is totally insufficient to meet administrative requirements, and a sum in aid, amounting to about 4,000,000*L.*, is given annually by the Empire. This money comes for the most part out of the pockets of the Germans. The return made by the Poles is to join steadily with all parties in the Imperial Parliament at Vienna who are hostile to German civilization. If these Poles were no longer in the Parliament at Vienna, and if Galicia were merely joined to Austria by a personal union, the German party of progress and enlightenment would command a permanent majority, and would be able to hold its own against a combination of Slavs and Italians, even if this combination were supported by the priest-led electors of Lower Austria, Salzburg, and the Tyrol. To make themselves quite secure, the German party should also insist that Dalmatia, where the pure German element is weak, should also be separated from Cis-Leithania and placed under the Hungarian crown. This would be greatly for the advantage of Dalmatia. It is not easy to develop the resources of that beautiful country under present circumstances. It should be under the same government as Bosnia and Herzegovina, and direct and easy communication made between Sarajevo and the sea. The departure of the representatives of Dalmatia from Vienna would, however, leave the Germans complete masters of Cis-Leithania, which is the heart and the soul of the Austrian Empire. A serious crisis in the fortunes of that Empire is at hand; whether the ship of state will weather the storm depends almost entirely on the steadiness of the German portion of the crew. The belief that it is possible to conduct affairs of state on Ultramontane principles betrays a childish ignorance of the actual world. A centralized Austria governed by an Imperial bureaucracy is also an idle dream. Whatever may be said in favour of the policy of the Emperor Joseph II. as suitable to the days when he lived, or even to the period of the long peace which followed Waterloo, it became quite impossible after Königgrätz. The time during which it might have been tried with success has gone for ever. The concessions made to Hungary cannot be withdrawn or even modified in the direction of centralization. In each half of the Dual Monarchy the position of the various nationalities will have to be reconsidered, and,

and, in view of the confusion which would follow the break-up of the Austrian Empire, we are confident a solution will be found. When the time arrives Austria will have a great and honourable part to play in international life. She may bring about a pacific settlement of the Eastern Question, and assist in maintaining the peace of the world. The new century will witness the rivalry of four great empires—the English, the German, the Russian, and that of the United States. A regenerated and enlightened Austria might do much to reconcile many of the conflicting interests of these great Powers.

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